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PASCAL AS A CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.*

ONCE and again there has occurred a resurrection of some great mind upon the European necropolis: the instances are more than a very few; and some of them have been marked by peculiar circumstances. To such an instance we have now to ask the reader's attention: it is that of PASCAL—not indeed quite a recent event in the daily sense of the word, for it is not of this year, nor of last year; but yet it is recent, if the time that has

elapsed since its occurrence be put in comparison with the length of that period—almost two centuries—during which an unreal, or a disguised Pascal, has stood before the world on the pedestal which the genuine Pascal ought from the first to have occupied.

We have said that more than a very few instances of a literary resurrection, resembling the one now in view, have taken place in our European necropolis; and yet none that is quite of the same kind. Aristotle rested in his sepulcher for centuries, entombed—strange to think of it!—embalmed, in Arabic; from which Oriental swaddling he came forth to domineer over the world of mind, in his own Greek, during other long centuries. And so Herodotus, as to his authenticity—as to his historic vitality, has, in these last times, risen from the dead. As lately as

* *Pensées de Pascal, publiées dans leur Texte Authentique; avec un Commentaire Suivi, et une Étude Littéraire.* Par ERNEST HAVET, Ancien élève de l'Ecole Normale, Maître de Conférences à cette Ecole, Agrégé de la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris, 1852.

Studies on Pascal. By the late ALEXANDER VINET, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne, Switzerland. Translated from the French by the Rev. THOMAS SMITH, A.M. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1859.

Gibbon's time the "Father of History" was often contemptuously spoken of, as a teller of stories, a collector of fables for children; but since that age of ill-considered skepticism, this affluent Greek, with his easy Ionic graces, has stepped forward—steady has been his tread; and he now lives among us anew, as "an authority." Instances similar might soon fill a page. Passing by men of second-rate fame, think of Bacon—one might even put on this list his wonderful namesake Roger—but take the illustrious Lord Bacon: little was he read, little was he thought of, seldom was he named, until the morning hour of our now young, modern physical sciences! It is within the recollection of some now living that the *Novum Organon*, and the *De Augmentis*, have come to take a prominent and an undisputed place in the canonical philosophic literature of Europe. If we should not affirm the same of John Milton, yet we may say it of *Paradise Lost*, which, after a long doze, started into life at the call of Addison, in the *Saturday Spectators*.

Blaise Pascal, author of the *Lettres de Louis de Montalte*, has indeed lived on, in the open day; but as to Pascal, the author of the *Pensées*, it is not so much *sepulture* as *pillory* that he has endured these two hundred years. The author of the *Thoughts*—the genuine and the fiery utterances of this soul, so profound, so calm, and yet so intense—this mind, hard and geometric, yet warm and sensitive beyond bounds—this mind, by structure skeptical, and yet unboundedly believing—this mind, rigid and exact as that of Aristotle—rich, and lofty, and deep, as that of Plato—this true Pascal, after he had first been martyred by his ill-judging and timid friends, was then quartered by the Philistines of the *Encyclopedia*; and while he has been admired for qualities he had not, he has been defrauded of his just praise. The *real* Pascal has at length been rescued, as from his friends, so from his enemies.

We may presume that to some of our readers the circumstances of this long obscuration, and of this recent recovery of the genuine *Thoughts* of Pascal, are not unknown. On this supposition, we shall be the more brief in relating them. We must also suppose that, in outline at least, the tragical history of the society of Port Royal—which has once and again been brought into view before the English public

—is well known, and is duly remembered. A recollection of that sad history is indeed needed in framing as good an apology as the case admits of, for the timid and unwarrantable conduct of his friends, the first editors of the *Pensées*.

The leading facts, concerning the literary history of Pascal's posthumous writings, are given at length by the editor of the edition which is now before us. Briefly stated, they are these:—Pascal, from the moment of his abandonment of his secular studies, or soon afterward, and of his dedication of his great powers of mind exclusively to religious purposes, had entertained—so it has been supposed—the project of composing, in the most rigidly logical manner, a treatise in proof, first of Theism, and then of the Christian Revelation. Full of the grandeur of this purpose—great indeed in his view of it, and of the extent and the difficulty of the task—he postponed to a distant time that sort of *ordering* of the various subjects before him which must have preceded a formal commencement of it. To a time of leisure, and of recovered health perhaps—to years which, in his thirtieth year, were yet in his prospect—he reserved this preliminary labor. Meantime, to prevent the loss of any valuable materials, and to secure the daily products of his teeming mind, and at the same time, perhaps, to preclude the supposition on the part of survivors that these loose materials were *all*, or nearly all, that he had intended to make them, it was his habit to intrust to any chance fragments of paper the thoughts of each passing moment. Loose materials indeed—fragmentary, and elliptical, and *enigmatical*, and often interlined, and blotted, and sometimes quite illegible—were these scraps. Nevertheless, if Pascal's *Thoughts* were scraps *in form*—if they were scraps to the *eye*, they possessed a golden continuity of their own—they had an intrinsic oneness; there was in them a coherence, a unity of intention, which belonged to them as being the out-beamings of a mind great in its own tranquil luminousness—translucent and incandescent itself throughout its substance. So is it that all these sparks have all the same splendor; and so does the iron, when it is struck at a white heat, fill the space around the anvil with flaming diamonds.

The mass of writings accumulated in this manner, in the course of some ten

years, was great;—it was a pile of manuscripts that came into the hands of Pascal's literary executors. But who were these? They were the trembling expectants of every wrong which the malice of Jesuitism, and the stolid fanaticism of the Court—its tool, might please to inflict. This—the cruel position of the heads of the Jansenist sect, at that time—must, in justice, be kept in view for mitigating the heavy blame which, at the first moment, one is inclined to throw upon them. But the course pursued at that critical moment in the religious fate of France, by those excellent men—Nicole, Arnauld, and others, involved consequences which they did not—which they could not, have foreseen; and it is partly in regard to these consequences, fatal as they have been, that we are now proposing to bring the facts under the reader's notice. If any one should ask, What is the present religious condition of our nearest neighbors?—an answer to that question must carry us up from one generation of men to the next above it; nor will it be possible to stop, in pursuing the line of moral causation, until we reach the time when the blood-shedding of the Reign of Terror finds its true explication in the blood-shedding of the St. Bartholomew. A strict connection, an unbroken thread of influences—some of them, indeed, highly attenuated, and yet real—give a continuity to this series of events. And dare any one now affirm that this same thread is snapped, and that, from the time of the founding of the revolutionary empire, onward, all things in France—its religion and its irreligion together—have taken a fresh start, and that thus the things of to-day have no hold upon the past? We may not profess to think this; nor may we believe that the great evolution of the French mind, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has yet been sealed, as if for oblivion, and that it will never repeat itself in that country.

We return, then, for a moment to the circumstances that attended the first publication of this remarkable collection—the *Thoughts* of Pascal. In relating them, we regard as trustworthy the summary of facts prefixed by M. Ernest Havet to his edition, and most of which are attested in other recent publications.

Rough-cast and fragmentary as these *Thoughts* must appear, if we are looking at Pascal's autograph—morsels as they

are, bits, rendered illegible often by interlineations, and by many erasures, and by the reinsertion of words and phrases that had been expunged—they are not, in truth, as to their literary quality, as rough as they seem:—this, their *appearance* would give a false idea of them as *compositions*. Pascal was a most severe critic of his own style: slow was he in satisfying himself, (so have the best writers always been;) exact was he in his requirements, as to his choice of words; and still more severe was he in the adjustment of his thoughts; for he combined, in a remarkable manner, the rigid geometric temper—abstemious in terms, inexorable in the excision of whatever he thought superfluous—with a freedom, a spirit, and even a *license* of speech, which had much of the dramatic cast. It is this freedom which *now* imparts so much freshness to the *Thoughts*, but which alarmed his scrupulous friends of Port Royal, who misused a frigid discretion in drawing the pen through every startling word and phrase that made their nice ears tingle. So it is, therefore, that what some of us, years ago, were used to think a rather heavy book, reads *now*, in these recent recensions, almost like Moliere, and too often like Rouchefoucauld. It is amusing to trace the instances—hundreds of such instances there are—in which the pious Nicole, and others, his coadjutors, have disguised the bright and witty author of the *Provincial Letters*, by putting upon him the broad brim and the straight-cut drab coat of Port Royal Quakerism!

Although so spirited and so free, Pascal wrote on morals and religion in as severe a manner as if he were framing the demonstration of a geometric theorem. It was his aim so to write, says his modern editor, as that there should not be a word too much—not a word wanting; no false graces—no conventional utterances; nothing so said that the *author* should appear rather than the *man*. He did not hesitate to repeat a word in a sentence, if it was the most proper word for the occasion; and he would at any time do this, rather than, merely for avoiding a repetition, introduce a word that was less proper. In his compositions, every thing of ornament—*luxure*—was cut off; and if, as a writer, Pascal is *elegant*, this word must be understood in the sense in which mathematicians apply it sometimes to a demon-

stration. He turns upon and works his thought — *tourmente son idée* — in such manner as shall bring it out, clear of mistake; and, in doing this, he pays attention, not merely to the choice of terms, but to the *order* in which they are presented. Nothing was more important in his view than *order*; nor any thing more difficult: to this end he labored—he spared no labor; he would revise and correct what he had written eight or ten times over, where every one but himself would have said it was admirably expressed at the first. If, in fact, Pascal has written little, and nothing of a much extended kind, this was not merely—so thinks his editor—because health and strength for doing so failed him, but because the rigorousness of the criticism to which he subjected his compositions was such, that the execution of any work on a large scale would have been, to him, a task and a labor exceeding the powers of human nature. It has often been said that, if Pascal had completed the *Thoughts*—that is to say, had brought his materials into form, as a finished composition—it would have been a work of matchless excellence. There may, however, be reason to doubt whether a *finished work*—ever and again commenced anew—could have come from under his hand; and there is room also, with another of his editors, to say that, admirable writer as he is when he finishes any thing, he is still more to be admired in any instance in which he was cut short.

At the time of Pascal's death, in 1662, the establishment at Port Royal, and the Jansenist body, was in doubtful conflict with their powerful and ruthless enemies, the Jesuits. His papers came into the hands of his friends of Port Royal, who appear to have hesitated long as to the expediency, or the safety to themselves, of giving them publicity. It was not until seven years afterward, in 1669, that what is called the Port Royal edition of the *Pensées* appeared; and, during this lapse of time, the worthy and learned persons of that body had, at their leisure, not only *deciphered* the autograph, which was a very difficult task, but they had, at their discretion, and with too little regard to the limits of their responsibility in the execution of such a task—editing the products of a mind of immeasurably greater compass

than their own—foregone or suppressed much; and this perhaps they might think themselves at liberty to do; but they had dared to substitute words, phrases, sentences of their own, in place of the flashing, the burning words and phrases of their departed friend. Almost every one of those dramatic turns of expression which, in truth, are the *natural* out-speakings of a mind and soul so teeming with life, so sharp, so robust, are either smoothed over, or are simply struck out! Feeble wisdom, indeed, was this! The fearless Montalte, wielding his own two-edged, terrible weapon of logic and satire, had once saved Port Royal. Was it not an error, then, not to allow the same champion, wielding the same weapon again, and, as if starting from his grave, to save Port Royal anew?

The Port Royal editor, Stephen Perier, in his preface, speaking of the huge, disorderly collection of papers which came into the hands of his friends, says of them—and we may well believe it—that—*tout cela était si imparfait et si mal écrit, qu'on a eu toutes les peines du monde à le déchiffrer*. This being the case, these good men might have felt themselves excused in declining the all but impracticable task of preparing such a mass for the press; but, assuredly, if published at all, the *Thoughts* should have truly represented the mind of their departed friend. It was, however, well that *they*, to whom Pascal's handwriting was familiar, did actually achieve the task of completing a legible copy, without the aid of which—for it is still in existence—it may be doubted, says M. Havet, if, *at this time*, it would have been possible to read the autograph at all. At first, the Port Royal editors had intended, as they say, to give the best continuity they could to the fragments, by supplying what was wanting in form and in order, by clearing up obscure passages; and, in fact, by—writing a book, such as they *imagined* Pascal himself would have written, if he had lived to complete his own intention! Happily, from so audacious an attempt these worthy divines were soon turned aside; and it was well it was so, for it is not every man that can get himself into the steel armor of Richard Cœur de Lion, and wield his battle-ax, and bestride a Flanders stallion with ad-

vantage. This method of dealing with the *Pensées*, and another also having been rejected, these editors determined, as they tell us, to give to the public such of these fragments only as seemed the most intelligible and the most finished, "just such as they found them"—telles qu'on les a trouvées—"without adding or altering any thing"—sans y rien ajouter ni changer. These are queer words for men of honor to employ—the facts being—what they are!

These editors, says M. Havet, have given—generally speaking, or very loosely speaking, *The Thoughts*; but it has been with alterations in detail of all sorts, and some which seriously affect the very meaning of Pascal; the editors, Arnauld and Nicole, especially, had their scruples; his personal friends had their exceptions; and beyond this, the functionaries to whose approval the work was necessarily submitted, demanded that some things should be changed. But above all, care was to be taken that no advantage whatever should be put into the hands of the enemies of Port Royal, under the favor of Pascal's name. It was at length to M. Cousin that the world was to owe the important service of dispersing the thick cloud of all these mystifications and of this cowardly prudence, which had so long veiled the real Pascal from view. This distinguished man, prompted, probably, by literary curiosity only, had given some time to an examination of the genuine autograph, collating it, by the aid of the copy, with the printed editions, earlier and later; and in consequence of the strange discoveries which he then made, a careful collation of the whole of this manuscript, treasured as it had been in the King's Library,* was undertaken by a competent literary person.

M. Cousin, in making a general report of the differences between the autograph and the editions, says:

"Some of the alterations affect the actual meaning, and these are the most serious; but they were (probably) compulsory, (or were deemed indispensable;) others affect the form, and these are, as to their motive, the most inexplicable, and they are the most numerous too—alterations of words, alterations in the term of expression, alterations of phrases; suppressions, substitutions, additions; compositions which are arbitrary and absurd—sometimes

of a paragraph, sometimes of an entire chapter; and these effected by the means of phrases and of paragraphs foreign altogether to the context, and inconsistent among themselves; and, what is worse, a dislocation quite arbitrary and absolutely inconceivable (as to its motive) of chapters which, in the manuscript of Pascal, are strictly consecutive—part following part in a manner which had been the fruit of labor and deep thought."—*Avant-propos de M. Cousin*.

Inconceivable, in truth, in many instances, as to the motives which prompted these *emendations*, are the various readings of the Port Royal editions. Incredible, almost, as to the principles assumed to warrant them, are the misrepresentations, or the falsifications, which have thus been brought to light. Like breeds like; was it so that the same slimy casuistry which Pascal had pursued to the death in the *Provincials*, had taken possession of the leaders of Jansenism, and that so Jesuitism had got its revenge in poisoning the consciences of its adversaries? One need not doubt that these good men *believed* they were doing only what "a sound discretion" warranted—and it has been a so-called "sound discretion" that has burned scores of heretics.

The present editor excuses himself from the task—intolerable and unprofitable—of indicating these variations throughout; he says, there is not a page free from something of the kind; but in his notes, which for the most part are pertinent and serviceable, he has brought under notice those differences which materially disfigure, either Pascal's *Thought*, or his style. Alterations of the latter kind appear to be attributable chiefly to the impertinence of the Duke de Roannez, who had labored at the task of re-writing the *Thoughts* on an improved plan! and in a better style! It is instructive to think of such an instance of boundless coxcombry! Finding himself unable to accomplish what he had so modestly intended, this noble person did what he could—en mettant à chaque instant ses expressions à la place de celles de Pascal! Inasmuch as the *Thoughts* of this great mind are the property of modern literature, as well as the pride of France, it is a work deserving of a European vote of thanks, thus to have given us at length, Blaise Pascal in the place of—the Duke de Roannez!

Other editors followed the same track, in bringing forward, either portions of

* Now the Imperial.

the *Thoughts*, or some of Pascal's minor pieces; among these was the "Père des Molets." But, in 1776, an editor very differently minded came forward, and gave to the world an edition of the *Thoughts*, or rather, a selection of them, with notes, indicating very plainly the intention of the annotator. In what way, or rather, by means of what misunderstanding of this Christian writer's purpose, the leaders of the atheism of that time might avail themselves of his doctrine and principles, it will be our part, a little further on, to show. The edition of Condorcet, taken up and patronized by Voltaire, who also added his notes, was printed (as would seem) in London. Condorcet, luminous and geometric as he was, did something in attempting to redeem the collection from the desperate confusion and disorder of the Port Royal editions. His edition was not, however, more than what might be called, in usual phrase, "The Flowers of Pascal;" all the more strictly theological passages were omitted, and those only were produced which fell in with his design in bringing out a work of this strange kind. As to the spurious and the falsified passages of the Port Royal edition, Condorcet adopted them without inquiry. In 1779 M. Bossuet gave to the world a complete edition of Pascal's works. This edition included several pieces which had not before appeared, or which had not been duly edited; but, as to the *Thoughts*, it followed on the same path, reproducing the vitiated portions of the Port Royal edition.

It was in 1842 that M. Cousin—as we have said—amazed every body by announcing the fact, that, while believing they were in possession of Pascal's *Thoughts*, these, in truth, had never been given to the world. The autograph, as was known, was preserved in the Imperial Library, where it had been deposited at the time when rescued from the fire which destroyed the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, in 1794. In the National Library this collection was always open to every eye; and yet—so it is affirmed—neither the philosophers who disputed among themselves as to Pascal's principles, nor the literary men who studied his style, nor even the men who, year after year, had taken upon themselves to superintend new editions of his works, had troubled themselves to examine these manuscripts. M. Cousin could not be

easily satisfied: he collated the editions, as well with the Port Royal manuscript copy, as with the printed editions; he brought forward samples of the variations; and he made known his opinion, that an edition of the *Thoughts* was a labor to which some one, who should be competent to the task, must give his time. By various citations, exhibiting the gravity and extent of the variations from the original text, he demonstrated that, although the author of the *Provincial Letters* had always been regarded as a fearless writer, uttering strong things, in bold language, the author of the *Thoughts* was a far more intrepid writer—more violent even, and in every way more startling, than the writer who hitherto had been regarded as bold enough. The world—the world of French literary intelligence, was awakened by this discovery: the charms of the style of this standard writer, and the inimitable touch of a master's hand, revealed now at length, excited a vivid feeling; and this feeling could not fail quickly to bring about what was needed—a careful perusal of the autograph, and a trustworthy edition of the *Thoughts*—a restoration of this mass; or, what we have ventured to call—a resurrection of the real Pascal.

It is thus that the present editor sums up his report of this strange entombment, and of the return to life of his author:

"The text of the *Thoughts* has, in fact, undergone three successive revelations: in the first, the Port Royal editions—the spring, the vigor of the writer, was almost entirely suppressed; in the second, the extracts brought forward by Des Molets, and which were repeated in the editions of Condorcet and of Bossuet, there was perceptible, in degree, and sparingly, something of the temerity, as well of Pascal the Jansenist, the sectarist, as of Pascal the philosopher and the skeptic; so that a surmise was suggested as to that which at length was to become manifest. The third, and the last of these revelations, has left nothing more to be wished for. The *Thought* of this daring writer, in all its startling audacity, and his style too, in all its freedom and its vivacity, is in view. The date of this revelation, of which M. Cousin was the instrument, will ever be memorable in the history of French literature."—*Etude*, p. 64.

M. Cousin, who had made the discovery, had produced samples: he had shown what was to be done; but had not himself undertaken the heavy task which remained to be achieved. In 1844, M.

Prosper Faugère brought out in two octavo volumes, an edition of the *Thoughts*, and of other small pieces, to which he pledged himself as being faithful, complete, and authentic. This laborious editor attempted to bring the scattered materials before him into what he imagined to be their true order, as intended by Pascal; but probably this was attempted on insufficient grounds.* But M. Havet, not himself believing that Pascal had actually digested any plan, as if for a complete treatise, has not attempted to make search, in the confused mass, for the indications of what he thinks never had existence. He has therefore fallen back upon the arrangements of his predecessors; not as if these were better, or that one was better than another; but because, in his view, they are all alike unauthentic and unimportant. The arrangement of the edition of Bossuet, to which the readers of Pascal are accustomed, is followed in this edition, with some few exceptions, which need not be here specified.

We have now said what may suffice for putting before those of our readers who are not already acquainted with them, the actual facts of this, perhaps, unexampled instance of the literary substitution of a factitious for a genuine image of a mind—and this, a mind of the highest order. The instance is in itself fraught with instructive inferences, which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader. Presuming, then, that our readers are of the thoughtful class, we may leave them to pursue such meditations at their leisure, and at this moment turn toward subjects of a wider meaning. Pascal's mind, seen as we now see it, in conflict with the great problems of all time, gives an exhibition of the true nature of those problems, as they display their relation to the vigorous evolution of the mind of France in the seventeenth century. This evolution was preliminary to that of the next following century, which itself has shaken the European commonwealth; nor must it be thought to have reached its ultimate consequence, even at this late time. The *beginning* of this end takes date from the appearance of the *Essays*

of Montaigne, in 1580; and therefore this "time of the end," as to the religious destiny of France, wants now about twenty years to make up its three centuries.

In giving this prominence—as the leader of modern French thought in religion—to Montaigne, we follow the guidance of our subject. If Pascal has already been rescued from the hands of his Jansenist editors, there is something still to be done in rescuing him, as to the *Pensées*, from the *Essays* of his master. At an early time in his course, and, as appears, before the hour of his conversion, Pascal had read, and had—might one say so—sodden his soul in the mind of Montaigne; and thus it is that, in almost countless instances, when putting a thought on paper, what he was doing—whether consciously or unconsciously—was noting and repeating, for his own future use, a something then floating in his mind, which now proves itself to be, either in substance, or perhaps in very words, a citation from the *Essays* of Montaigne. These are not instances of plagiarism in any proper sense of the word. The notes were made by Pascal for his own use in future; and he cared not to recollect precisely whence they had come to him. The present editor adduces many instances of these formal and informal coincidences; and the reader who will take pains to do so, availing himself of M. Havet's aid, and having also the quaint *Essays* in hand, may come to know what is Pascal in Pascal, and what is Montaigne. But, in truth, the two minds, little as we may have been used to think it, were *consecutive* minds. There was a principle of connection—there was a sequence of occult causation between them; and thus it is that the great writer to whom, on the Christian side, it has become trite to make a confidential appeal—"Was not Pascal a Christian?"—was, in an intellectual sense, the son and heir of the writer who has often been named, and denounced too, as the father of the modern French infidelity—the very writer behind whom BAYLE, in making up his apology for his own freedoms, says: "Après tout, oseroit-on dire que mon Dictionnaire approche de la licence des *Essais* de Montaigne, soit à l'égard du Pyrrhonisme, soit à l'égard des saletés?"—*Dict.* p. 3025. It is not apart from a careful distinction made and insisted upon, that we should risk the *apparent* paradox

* This edition, 1844, found its way into England at the time, and it may be in the recollection of some of our readers, as it is in our own; albeit a copy is not now before us.

of naming, in causative order, Montaigne, Pascal, Bossuet, Condorcet, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, with Voltaire as chairman of the committee of Unbelief. This needful distinction, in rescue of Pascal, we may suggest as we go on: it is such as might lead to useful reflections in these times!

But a word as to Montaigne. This bold thinker, and humane and upright man, who was neither Huguenot nor atheist, flung himself off with heat from the ferocious fanaticism of his times. Cruelty and bigotry he abhorred; and, subject to such restraints only as his public position imposed upon him, he spoke and wrote as he thought. In so thinking, speaking, and writing, he distanced himself, intellectually and morally, yet not ecclesiastically, from the men of his time—in fact, from all the world of the sixteenth century. Looking at the social system and at the manners of his countrymen, as from the vantage-ground of a needful perspective, he fell naturally into the habit of dissecting every thing—of stripping off every mask—of working himself well up to the core of every subject—of probing, analyzing, opening out all things, whether sacred or profane. It can be no wonder that the young and ardent author of the *Provincial Letters*, himself so searching a practitioner with the knife in morbid anatomy, should take to himself a teacher, such as was the author of the *Essays*. Or, if this might be a wonder, it must cease to be so accounted when, as now, we come near to this same Pascal, in the perusal of his genuine thoughts. This, then, is the order of intellectual causation: Montaigne leads the way, a sincere Catholic, but Pyrrhonist; Pascal follows in the next century, not only Catholic, but a devout Christian, and yet a Pyrrhonist also. But—may we say it?—he leaves the royal banner of genuine religious thought, theistic and Christian, floating loosely in the winds! Alas! his co-religionists of Port Royal—*Catholic* in the sense of spiritual slavery, and *Christian* in the sense of devout feeling and of compromise—knew not their vocation: they heard not the voice of Heaven; they lowered the colors of their chief, and these, available as they were for sinister purposes in their torn condition, were hoisted with acclamations upon the wall of Atheism! Thus, then, come we up to the verge of the pit out of which, in the next hour, issued a roaring

storm of blood and fire—all the ingredients of hell flung up to the skies, and thence descending, to deluge the earth.

Pascal did much—and he did it with profound skill—in the way of barring the inference which the world would be quick to draw from his Pyrrhonism, which was at once *constitutional* with him, and *geometric*: it was a matter of temperament, and it was also a result of mathematical logic. But what he did in this way, or for this purpose, was left in an inorganic state; and thus it failed of effecting its purpose according to his own intention. It was as if a man, for the protection of his house and goods, had put into the hands of his servants sword-blades without handles, and rifle-barrels without stocks!

Then, beside this—the impracticable condition of Pascal's weapons, defensive and offensive—he wrought under a condition which has ever been fatal to success in those who, conscientious as they may have been—and he was inexorably, immovably, profoundly conscientious in all things (witness his temporary disagreement with his Port Royal friends)—have so stood forth as champions of Christianity: in the fewest words expressed, Pascal earnestly desired to save the Gospel—*salvâ ecclesiâ*. So it has been with a succession of great and honest men, from Augustine to our times. What availed that noble work, the *Civitas Dei*, in stemming the torrent of superstition and confusion which so soon after deluged Africa and the western world? Little or nothing. Read the African Salvian, and find your answer. Respectfully we would here say—Think of this, whoever it may be now, in this crisis of Christian belief, in whose secret unconfessed purposes this same maxim or principle may crouch—save Christianity—*salvâ ecclesiâ*.

There is extremely little of Romanism in Pascal. But although in theology he himself outdoes Calvin's Calvinism, there is in him a profound dread of the Calvinistic schism; and, just as the Donatists kept Augustine true to the Church, and induced him to be the champion of its corruptions, so did the Huguenots drive Pascal in upon the Church of Rome—its corruptions notwithstanding.

We should say something, perhaps, of Pascal's personal history; but this is one of a few instances in which the greatness of the mind throws into a position of com-

parative non-importance the facts of personal history. In his case, this history was quite uneventful; nor is it of a kind to be signally instructive. As a leader in science, and as a profound mathematician, his course came early to an end: he did indeed secure a place for himself in the annals of philosophy; yet he did little more than give evidence of a depth and sagacity which, if it had been devoted through many years to secular science, would undoubtedly have given him a name second to few or none among its chiefs in modern times. It is in its reflected influence upon his religious course that this great scientific reputation has chiefly become noticeable.

The memoir of her brother, as given to the world by his devoted sister, Mme. Perier, (Gilberte Pascal,) is rather a eulogy than a biography; and, while it mentions leading facts of the personal history, it leaves the reader to seek elsewhere for information concerning some of the most important occurrences thereto belonging. Nothing is related by his sister of the circumstances to which Pascal's conversion has been attributed, (as incidental cause;) nor do we find in this memoir any statements of his connection with Port Royal, or of his controversy with the Jesuits. This connection, which made him to a great extent the *sectarist*, we should think it wearisome, at this time, to bring into prominence; and as to that controversy, the fruit of which was the *Provincial Letters*,* it would be beside our purpose, just now, to bestow much space upon it.

This great soul came into the world (June nineteenth, 1623) consorted with a material organization of a very peculiar kind. Such was the body—or such the brain or nervous system—that it could never consist with that easy equipoise between mind and body to which the term—health properly applies. There could be no health, there could be no buoyant enjoyment of either mental or corporeal existence, in the instance of one whose mind—a Titan mind—was ever struggling and beating against the walls of its cell, as if determined to get out, or to break and shatter every thing that was in the way of its liberty. Then the miseries

which the living man was thus destined to endure were vastly aggravated by the enormities of the asceticism which he practiced; and yet, were not these very enormities—was not this hideous asceticism itself—a product of the life-long quarrel between the lodger and the lodgings?

The notes of the surgeons who made a *post-mortem* examination of the mortal remains are extant. This document contains particulars of this sort: "The stomach and the liver were withered—shrivelled; the intestines were in a gangrenous state." These derangements had no doubt been induced, in the course of years, by the incredibly absurd ascetic practices in which Pascal had persisted—spite of the remonstrances of his physicians and his family. So it is that the *post-mortem* of a man who kills himself at forty or fifty, by drams of gin, offers to the dissector nearly the same revolting appearances as those that are the product of a life of religious infatuation! As to the head, the appearances were indeed singular. We do not profess to be qualified to say whether they are of a kind that is in an extreme degree rare. There were no traces of sutures, except the sagittal; the cranium was, therefore, in a manner a solid unyielding case or osseous helmet! As to the frontal suture, instead of the ordinary dovetailing which takes place in childhood—we believe, about the eighth year, at which time the brain has reached its final dimensions—the natural closing up of it had been prevented by the want of elasticity in the rest of the cranium, resulting from the absence of the temporal sutures; and then the wide gap had become filled in with a calculus, or non-natural deposit, perceptible to the touch on the scalp, and which probably obtruded also upon the *dura mater* within, and so would be the cause of intense suffering through life. As to the coronal suture, there was not a trace of it! The brain was of unusual size and density—such, in fact, as to keep the sagittal suture open, in default of the relief afforded ordinarily by the other sutures. But, as a sufficient explanation of Pascal's death, and of the miseries of his later years, there were found within the cranium, and at the part opposite to the ventricles, two depressions, filled with coagulated blood in a corrupt state, and which had produced a gangrenous spot on the *dura*

* It is unlucky that this customary rendering of the French *Lettres Ecrites a un Provincial par un de ses Amis*, conveys a wrong idea, as if the letters were a provincial product, instead of the contrary.

mater. Thus are some born to anguish, beyond the reach of remedial art; and so was it with this great and burning spirit; and so did Pascal's frequent saying realize itself in him—*La maladie est l'état naturel des chrétiens!* It may well be believed that, in his case, the suffering to which he was born had induced a state of mind and temper commingling philosophic fortitude with Christian principle, and then therewith the ascetic mood; which state of mind expressed itself in many of the stern paradoxes, and the ultra-rational maxims, which abound in, and which, we must confess, disfigure, the mass of *Thoughts* now before us.

Pascal's paradoxes in morals, his harsh and gloomy views of human life, and the enormities of his personal mortification, what were they but outward expressions of the organic anguish which it was his lot to endure year after year? Thus speaks his modern eulogist:

"Pascal would not permit himself to be conscious of the relish of his food; he prohibited all seasonings and spices, however much he might wish for and need them; and he actually died because he forced the diseased stomach to receive at each meal a certain amount of aliment—neither more or less, whatever might be his appetite at the time, or his utter want of appetite. He wore a girdle armed with iron spikes, which he was accustomed to drive in upon his body (his fleshless ribs) as often as he thought himself in need of such admonitions. What folly! and yet how sad is such a spectacle! how disheartening is it! And then, as to his virtues—they were in a sense virtues out of joint. His purity—what was it? He was annoyed and offended if any one in his hearing might chance to say that they had just seen a beautiful woman! He rebuked a mother who permitted her own children to give her their kisses. Toward a loving sister, who devoted herself to his comfort, he assumed an artificial harshness of manner, *for the express purpose*, as he acknowledged, of revolting her sisterly affection! This is the man whose wont it was to describe man as a compound of greatness and of wretchedness! Thus, indeed, did Pascal truly describe himself—great always, and miserable always! Let us then cease," says this editor, "to think of these miseries, and fix our attention upon this grandeur—grandeur, not of the intellect only, but of the heart also."—*Notes*, p. 29.

In estimating, at their just value, Pascal's labors on the side of Christianity, and in coming to think equitably of the

causes which lessened so much the actual product of these labors, it is necessary to understand the degree to which a mind so powerful and so penetrating had suffered damage—*first*, from the misfortune of his physical conformation; *next*, from his too great admiration of Epictetus and of Montaigne; *then* from his Jansenist sectarianism; *then* from his devotion to the Papacy, which in him was at once a logical and a religious inconsequence, or incoherence. If he had not, in these several modes, lost or forfeited his proper advantage, it is just conceivable that the influence of his writings upon the mind of France, in that age, would have been of lasting and beneficial consequence. At the least, he might have precluded the possibility of what actually happened, when a sinister use was made of his reputation by the Encyclopedists of the next century. Moreover, the position he assumed on the noted occasion of the "miracle of the holy thorn" becomes explicable (or it is in some measure explicable) when we find that he was not able to rise superior to the most abject infatuations of the ascetic practice. These extravagances are, of course, spoken of with admiration by his devoted sister. To reject every gratification of the senses, to refuse every pleasure, to abstain from every thing that might be called superfluous, was, we are told, the one maxim or sovereign rule of Pascal's life. And yet this Bible-reader had the New Testament by heart; and so well acquainted with it was he, says his sister, that if, in his hearing, by chance any passage was quoted incorrectly, he never failed to correct the error, saying: "*That is not Holy Scripture.*" Thus cognizant of the Heaven-given principles and rules of virtue, and thus knowing how that rule was exemplified in the practice of Christ and his ministers, he could so grievously misunderstand all! Paul had said: "I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound. I am instructed (divinely instructed) both to be full, and to be hungry; both to abound, and to suffer need." In the face of Scripture, in defiance of the divine example and precepts, this strong logical mind could persuade itself to enact the fakir after the most outrageous fashion! With an incessant vigilance toward the senses and the appetites, he absolutely refused them

the smallest satisfaction. He had acquired a wonderful skill, his sister says, in turning away his consciousness. If in any instance the diet which his maladies compelled him to use was agreeable to the palate, he would not *taste* it—he *swallowed* it only! Never did he utter any such exclamation as this: "This is very nice."

Of a piece with these frivolous severities, and with these pitiable perversions of the nobler moral sense, are very many of the iron-like cynical conclusions and the startling paradoxes which are scattered up and down among the *Thoughts*, as they now stand; and when the reader comes upon passages of this class, he will do well to recollect that what so much offends common-sense in the writings of one like Pascal—deep thinking and severely logical as he was, should be put on one side, or should be thrown on to the heap of his ascetic mistakes. Compensated, in the equitable balance of the Christian moralist, were these damaging errors by the practice of virtues which are always admirable. His alms-deeds reached the utmost extent of his resources; he gave to the poor, daily, all he could give; his humility, his patience under an extremity of suffering, and especially his denial of that ambition which never fails to be present in powerful minds, gave evidence of the intensity, and of the sincerity of the surrender he had made of himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of God and of his fellows.

Some however of those instances of extravagance or of paradox which occur in his sister's narrative, or among the *Thoughts*, are traceable to a very different source; for they are the product of the geometric hardness of his mode of thinking; they are violences offered to common-sense at the demand of that logic which sometimes he followed wherever it might lead him. An explanation similar to this is perhaps the best apology which the case admits of, in the instance of some of Jonathan Edwards's astounding affirmations in his *Essay on Virtue* and other writings. Common-sense forgotten—Scripture out of view—and then the most enormous of all imaginable conclusions may be boldly drawn from what?—from "*our premises!*" Alas for virtue, for piety—for theism, for humanity, for every thing fair and precious—when some awful conclusion is coming down upon us

—by right of logic, like an express train in the dark, with its glaring red eyes, and we—on the rails! Pascal did not hesitate to tell his loving sister that she was guilty toward God—was chargeable with a crime—if she loved her brother with any personal affection; and here, on a page before us, (324,) this geometrician says: "It is an *injustice* for any one to become attached to me, (in the way of personal regard or affection,) although this attachment be free on their part, and be to them a source of pleasure. It is so because I can not be the *end* of any one. I possess nothing that can satisfy any one. Am I not about to die? and so the object of their affection dies! As I should be blameworthy if, in any case, I made what was false to be believed, although I did it sweetly, persuasively, and that the belief itself was pleasurable to those who entertained it, so, in like manner, am I blameworthy if I make myself loved, or if I induce any of those about me to attach themselves to me." It what sense was the writer of a *Thought* like this, accustomed to read the narrative of Christ's behavior in the family circle at Bethany? But what is Scripture when opposed to an unanswerable syllogism! It is, as we may see in a thousand instances, it is—as a bundle of straws! Volumes of absurd *certainities*—of nonsense demonstrations, have sprung from the unlucky usage of applying terms proper only to mathematical reasoning to moral and theological problems. What meaning can cleave to to the word *infinite* in many of its usual applications?—as much as to such phrases as these—infinite *blue*, infinite *yellow*, infinitely *sweet* or *sour* or *bitter*. Pascal's reasoning was of this sort: God, who is infinite, has a rightful claim to the *whole* of my love, (as if love were a *quantity*;) therefore to set off any portion of *this* love, which is *finite*, can be nothing better than a *robbery*—it is so much love *misappropriated*. If Pascal had been a husband and a father, and happy as such, he would have come to know that love is—not a ponderable mass, but a sunshine, which suffers no diminution in diffusion.

It is quite needful, in attempting to bring Pascal into his due place on the field of Christian argument, to set off from the instance not a small amount of over-statement, and of paradox, and of cynical asperity, which were his disadvantage—*first*, as a geometrician who

trusted far too much to his rules, as if they could be applicable to moral problems; *secondly*, as an ascetic, and a coëls, after the fashion of the most fanatical species of Romanism; *thirdly*, as the inheritor of a lifelong anguish; and, *fourthly*, as the partisan of a persecuted sect—the Jansenists.

In advancing these necessary cautions, we shall, as we think, have acquitted our

duty toward Pascal in drawing the reader's attention to his genuine *Thoughts*. Enough, then, of what relates to the man; and we now turn to the theologian—the theist and the Christian philosopher; or, in a word, we look to this great mind, regarding it as the property of the modern religious community.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the Edinburgh Review.

M A C A U L A Y ' S H I S T O R Y . *

FOR the last time we prefix to our critical labors a volume of Macaulay's *History of England*. The last sounding cords which the hand of the great master ever struck have now reached the ear of the public; the hand is cold, and the great heart which inspired it has ceased to beat. The country which he loved so well, the liberty which he cherished, and the constitution which he fenced round with his eloquence and research, have lost their ardent defender. Over the recent grave of so great a man criticism must lower its tone, and even malice must be subdued if not silent. His powers were great, his aspirations lofty, his ends noble and generous. Prejudices and peculiarities, as fall to the lot of all, no doubt he had; but they arose chiefly from his impetuous sense of right, his disdain of meaner minds and motives, and his wrath against oppression. When the volcano once began to work, the lava overflowed in a torrent which, while irresistible, was

sometimes perhaps indiscriminating; but there was breadth, massiveness, and grandeur throughout; a noble example of prodigious intellect dedicated to the purest and truest patriotism, without one selfish tinge to sully, or one base ingredient to taint its influence.

Macaulay writes himself so plainly in his works, that it would be impertinent to attempt any labored delineation of his genius; but as it begins to recede from the point of vision, its radiance increases. Gradually taking his place among those that dwell in that Pantheon in which the present world places the heroes of the past, he fills a higher position than when envious critics and indignant friends wrangled over his intellectual conquests, and grudged or defended his renown. Now that he is gone we can better appreciate what we have lost, and what in our day we can not look to have replaced.

With whom shall we rank him? In intellectual power certainly with the greatest. Neither the versatile Bolingbroke, nor the wayward, graceful, inspired, and impracticable Burke, need have disdained the comparison. In pliancy and ease, Bolingbroke surpasses him, as Burke does in delicacy of fancy, but in fertility of resource, fire, and power, he excels them both. We choose these two names as the

* *The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.* Vol. V. By LORD MACAULAY. Edited by his sister, Lady TREVELYAN. London. 1861.

The New Examen; or an Inquiry into the Evidence relating to certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History. By JOHN PAGET, Barrister-at-Law. Edinburgh and London. 1861.

greatest of the class to which Macaulay properly belongs—the literary statesmen of England. It is needless to compare him with historians like Hume or Gibbon, or with political leaders like the great chiefs of the rival parties. He did not belong to either order. His writings were for the most part political, not philosophical; and, like those both of Bolingbroke and Burke, they derived their tendency and color from his views of public and political life. He was a statesman writing of history. With Burke, indeed, he has a strong affinity; the same impetuous temperament, the same ear for sonorous composition, the same delightful power of abstracting and absorbing the mind, and the same genuine and unaffected warmth. But Burke, with all his refinement, has an element of coarseness about him, of which Macaulay was entirely destitute, and if the touch of the Irish statesman was freer, his drawing was not so true. Burke's judgment followed, Macaulay's led, the course of passionate and intense emotion, which frequently lured the first astray, but never beguiled the manly sense of the last.

Bolingbroke, in capacity and power, is, perhaps, a more ambitious standard than Burke. But he must be judged more by what he could have done than by what he did. He seems, so far as we know him, to have had, like Macaulay, a prodigious memory, which served him as a storehouse where he found every thing worthy of remembrance in letters or in time whenever he had occasion for it, and he wielded, perhaps, the most brilliant, pure, and sparkling style of any writer in the language. He had also an amount of ability as a man of affairs, with a knowledge of, and power of adaptation to, men and things, to which the two others had no pretensions. But he has left, after all, only *nominis umbra*—the shadow, ill-defined and misty, of a mighty name. Save that he has in a few tracts, intended to be ephemeral, embalmed in the richest words the language could furnish some grand muscular delineations of that constitution which he did his best to upset, nothing tangible remains of his genius. He did nothing, and the fault lay not in his stars which he blamed so freely, but in himself—in the coldness, selfishness, and insincerity of his nature.

Alongside either, Macaulay holds his place, nor does he suffer by the contrast.

Within his own range, and it was large, his power was prodigious. Gifted with a force of memory of the rarest kind, retentive and precise to a degree which rendered pastime to him what to most men is laborious toil; an extent of scholarship both cultivated and varied; a glowing fancy which colored and tinted with the flush of poetry the inmost recesses of his learning; a fine ear for rhythm; a true pleasure in the roll and music of words—he brought these rare materials to bear on the best and highest interests of his country and mankind. In large and single-hearted views of public policy he far outstrips either of his rivals. As an orator, as a deliverer of great, weighty, powerful rhetorical appeals, we know not any one who can be placed before him. Had he not been so soon removed, and to a certain extent physically disabled from pursuing his parliamentary career, there was no light of eminence to which he might not have attained. It is the fashion to say he was not a debater. We do not at all concur in this estimate of him. Except in practice, he had all the qualities which make up a debater—quickness, ready wit, ever present resources, keen reasoning, powerful, sonorous, although sometimes ponderous declamation. Indeed, if his reputation in other departments had not been so high, and if his tastes had not rather led him to shun the contention of political assemblies and to prefer the retirement of his more studious avocations, there is no light to which Macaulay might not have risen in the arena of debate. His power, perhaps, was somewhat unwieldy for the ordinary gladiatorship of the House of Commons. But he had versatility enough to have overcome that defect. He showed on more than one occasion that aptitude for reply, and, above all, that power of swaying large assemblies, which constitutes the true power and efficiency of Parliamentary oratory. Even as it is, some of his recorded speeches may rank with the greatest ever delivered in the House of Commons. The very last speech he ever made in that House had the rare result of converting a minority into a majority—indeed a very small minority into an overwhelming majority. The question was the right of the Master of the Rolls to sit in Parliament. The bill which had for its object to render that judicial functionary ineligible, had passed the second

reading without a division. On the motion for the Speaker leaving the chair, Macaulay came down and delivered one of his most weighty and effective orations. The consequence was that the bill was lost by a large majority, and although we regret to say that since that time the privilege has never been taken advantage of, the Master of the Rolls remains eligible for a seat in Parliament.

Thus while alongside even the thunders of Burke, and the vast influence of Bolingbroke, Macaulay holds his place; while he was a debater and an orator, a scholar and a poet; while he could inspire the fancy either in its graver or lighter moods, impress the judgment and warm the heart, he had beyond them that steady burning flame of patriotism, that ardent love of liberty, that strong, consistent, impressive sense of the rights of his fellow-countrymen, which from first to last, in the midst of great political excitement, living when great questions were canvassed by strong heads, kept him constant in his course. Liberty was his earliest and was his latest theme. The scorn of oppression and fraud and falsehood, sympathy with all struggling humanity against injustice and wrong, and, above all, the honest pride of an Englishman in the former contests of his countrymen, and their triumphs and successes, were the prevailing emotions of his mind. For these he wrote and spoke; to these ends he used all those great stores of learning, all those wondrous powers of memory and reflection, with which he was endowed. He wore his harness to the end. He fell in the battle. It was his ambition to lay the foundations on which future historians should build the structure of English constitutional history. He has not, alas! lived to complete the great book which he contemplated. He has left us, after all, but a mighty fragment; yet his work is to a great extent accomplished. Time-honored error, prejudice, bigotry, and narrow-minded intolerance have fled before the voice of the enchanter. These mists and clouds he has cleared away forever; and although the fabric remains an unfinished monument of his genius, he has done more for British liberty, and for healthful political feeling in his time, than we need hope for from any other pen in this generation.

There is something very touching and

melancholy in the fragmentary volume before us. Lady Travelyan has done her part with great good taste and discretion. She has rightly judged that the public would prefer to receive at her hand the last words of the great historian precisely as he left them; and the fidelity with which this is done is so complete, the grand, sonorous utterances are so strong and powerful to the last, and break off with so sudden and abrupt a fracture, that we could almost have told, even had we not known, that the full-toned string had snapped in an instant, and that death had found and claimed his victim in full career. To ourselves, there is something inexpressibly affecting in this transition from life to silence—from vigor to the grave, which, without a word of comment, or a line of epitaph, this volume suggests.

It begins as it ends, abruptly. It embraces in its range the period from the rejoicings for the peace of Ryswick in December, 1697, to the passing of the Resumption Bill in the summer of 1700; and contains a supplementary passage or chapter of little more than twenty pages, commencing with the death of James in April, 1701, and ending with the death of William in March, 1702.

It will thus be seen that, although the conclusion has been deprived of the rounding and finishing touches of the author, the most essential portion of the work which Macaulay proposed to himself has been accomplished. He has not, indeed, written the History of England from the accession of James II., "down to a time which is within the memory of men still living," according to the comprehensive and ambitious design with which he started. It soon must have become obvious to himself that the scheme which he had sketched in his fertile brain was beyond the physical powers he could command. No life could be long enough, no constitution sufficiently vigorous, to afford the leisure or to sustain the labor which such a task, to be so performed, must have put in requisition. It was, however, within reasonable hope, and formed the limit of his own expectation, that his work might have reached to the end of the reign of Queen Anne. But much as we have lost, by the want of his account of the first twelve years of the eighteenth century, so brilliant both in literature and in

arms, and splendid as, beyond doubt, would have been the historical epic which he would have composed out of Blenheim and Ramillies, Swift and Atterbury, Bolingbroke and Addison, the last reign of the House of Stuart, and the first adherents of the House of Hanover, the chief part of his design has been achieved. He has written the English history of William of Orange in characters deeply carved on our constitution — never to be obliterated while it remains. To clear away the rust and rubbish which time had accumulated; to scatter the mists and vapors of subservience and party rancor, and time-serving philosophy, which obscured our great Exodus from arbitrary power; to disclose in their massive grandeur the true foundations of our present liberty, was a task equal to, and not too great for, his genius; and this he has performed. As time mellows the judgment, and distance combines more completely the proportions of this history, the vast gift which he has bestowed upon his country will be the more truly appreciated. We have not been slow, as our criticism on his last two volumes evinces, to speak our minds freely on his faults and defects and prejudices. But now that all is done, trying to bring back our minds and associations and impressions to what they were in 1847, it is impossible not to feel that the real narrative of the Revolution settlement dates from this publication. The bones, indeed, existed previously, scattered up and down in recesses more or less obscure; but the life was wanting until breathed into them by his ardent and courageous spirit—and as long as the memory of English liberty survives, we believe these five volumes will be regarded as its noblest vindication.

The characteristics, indeed, of the three publications vary with the characteristics of the three periods to which they are devoted. The first full of incident, adventure, and romance — the shaking of thrones, and the agitations of society which accompany changes of dynasty — afforded to his brilliant pencil a theme of rare attraction; and no one will ever forget the admiration and wonder with which his opening volumes were perused, and with which, in all parts of the world, a work was received which united the rarest accuracy of an historian to the

charms and witchery of a romance. The rarest accuracy we may well claim for them; for although the world has long since forgotten most of the microscopic cavils with which he was then assailed, and although the more shallow and dull of his readers were slow to believe that truth could be made more interesting than fiction, it should not be forgotten that it came triumphant out of not only the more lofty crucible of opinion, but the meaner meshes and cobwebs of minute censors of dates, and carping critics of small facts. To some of these we adverted in our notice of the two first volumes in 1849, and further investigation has only resulted in placing his industry and fidelity as much above those of his hostile critics, as he soars above all his predecessors in lofty conception and comprehensive grasp.

His object was to lay the foundations of a History of England from the Revolution which should be firm and stable; to fix firmly in the public mind, and to illustrate and perpetuate in the remembrance of his countrymen, the real principles on which our constitution was founded, and the importance as well as the glory of the struggle from which our political privileges arose. He had seen, as we have all seen, how easy it is, when the battle is over, to forget the principle for which the contending armies fought in the ease and security of the victory. He had seen those who lived in liberty and in peace, because their forefathers lived in strife and action, only too ready to recall, amid the constitutional privileges which we enjoy, the obsolete doctrines of discarded prerogative, and to weep over the woes of unworthy rulers. The theme, therefore, which the two first volumes of his history profess to illustrate, was the commencement of that great struggle; and no one can forget with what a trumpet-tone he sounded in the ears of the British public, and indeed of the world, the great principles of individual and constitutional liberty.

In these volumes he told, with a spirit and elegance never, we believe, surpassed, the eventful story of the Revolution, painting it in colors not more brilliant than true. That he created a hero for his theme out of his materials, in no way detracts from his merit; as it only implies that he was in earnest, and that his heart was in his work, and in the moral which

he designed that it should convey. His devotion to William of Orange may, in detail, partake somewhat of exaggeration; but it is exaggeration of that sort which a skillful artist employs to produce the effect of life and reality. He was the center of his historical picture, nor can the most impartial lover of truth complain that the light falls on him advantageously.

The third and fourth volumes were devoted to themes more varied in character, less exciting, and more difficult to handle. The Revolution was over. The new dynasty had taken possession, and inspired confidence in England and respect abroad. But the difficulties which common dangers had smothered, broke out on the return of safety and order. The scope of these volumes was to recount how the foundations of constitutional government were laid, on the ruins which the Stuarts had left behind them; how the jealousies incident to the power of a foreigner were met and surmounted; how the intrigues of the exiled family and the designs of France were counteracted and baffled—for how long treachery was on the eve of success, what difficulties it caused, and what disasters it threatened, and how in the end it was trodden out and extinguished. In the course of this narrative, the historian, of course, was obliged to encounter many topics of controversy, of smaller influence, but on that account more keenly contested now, than the broader battles of Jacobite and Whig. But here, also, although the occasions for criticism were of course more numerous, Macaulay's power, knowledge, and brilliancy have imparted an interest and life to his narrative which no other historian has attained. No doubt his campaigns are dull, and so, we suspect, were the campaigns themselves. But the gradual growth of the existing system of government, the first cabinet, the rise of the Bank of England, the history of constitutional finance, and many subjects of a cognate nature, are treated of in a style both weighty and striking, fitted equally to attract the attention, to impress the memory, and to stimulate inquiry. We there are taught how the turbid and troubled state of the political waters, the instability of all public men, the intrigues of most of them with the Court of Saint Germain, and the strong, sturdy form of parliamentary supremacy

cropping up amid the general disquietude, surround, perplex, and disturb the uncongenial mind of the Dutch monarch, whose thoughts are far away in Holland, and whose cares and dreams are all with the ambition of France and the balance of power. Ireland, too, has to be conquered, Scotland has to be appeased and settled, her Church to be satisfied, and her clans to be conciliated or overawed.

We took occasion, when in the course of our critical labors it became our duty to review these volumes, to enter into various discussions as to the different views which Mr. Macaulay had maintained in the course of them. As he was obliged to deal with subjects less exciting and less interesting in themselves, to some extent the prejudices of the writer became more apparent than they had been when his topics were more general, and we did not hesitate to express the opinion which we entertained upon several questions on which we differed from his views. But although it was impossible to deny that this great work, like all others, was fairly susceptible of criticism, we never abandoned the opinion which we formed at first, that while Macaulay had added a new charm to history, and had thrown over the detail of facts all the interest of fictitious narrative, he was not only the most eloquent, but the most accurate, of historians. It is true that he paints so vividly and writes with so much emphasis, that any errors he does commit strike more vividly than in a duller and a tamer style. And so he has been assailed by small critics upon numberless little points of very little materiality to the general scope or accuracy of his narrative, but which have been made the excuse for assaults as slender in their foundation as they are ungenerous and unworthy in themselves.

We hardly expected that it would have been necessary now, after the lapse of twelve years, to have resumed any topic of that kind. We quoted, in our criticism on the first two volumes, a passage from a cotemporary periodical, which, with reference to a few remarks we are now going to make, it may not be amiss again to present to our readers:

"We shall not," (said a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* in a critique on the two first volumes,) "in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions. We shall

not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than the author. We shall not set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a life-time. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine with the utmost minuteness every particular of his narrative, and make in consequence a vast display of knowledge wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the seventh of October, 1674, instead of the eighth of February, 1675, as the historian with shameful negligence has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish-register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, where he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when in point of fact he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. *We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticism to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information.*"

We have made this quotation because an attempt has been recently made to revive the notion which was so thoroughly exposed and refuted at the time, that while Macaulay's history is interesting, it is not trustworthy. And, strange to say, in the very journal in which these honorable sentiments were expressed, a variety of articles have appeared which have for their object to convey this impression to the public, and which are now published separately under the somewhat pretentious title of *The New Examen*—a work which we have prefixed to our present article. Had Lord Macaulay been alive, we should certainly not have taken the trouble of replying to so very superficial and so very inaccurate a performance. He knew himself how to deal with all assaults of that kind in a fashion which never left his adversaries any reason to congratulate themselves on the result of their tourney. We only call attention to it now from a feeling of indignation not unnatural at the flimsy grounds on which the assault is

made, and the time at which it has appeared. Probably the author, in collecting and publishing these essays, had no intention but to promote historical truth; but we could only wish that he had borrowed from the historian whom he so unreservedly attacks, a little of his careful study, clear appreciation, and accurate research.

We have no intention of following Mr. Paget through the various criticisms which this volume contains. But we mean simply to illustrate in a few sentences the inconclusive nature of his arguments, and the carping spirit of his work. He chooses as the subject of his depreciatory remarks five themes—the Duke of Marlborough, the Massacre of Glencoe, the Highlands of Scotland, Viscount Dundee, and William Penn; and he thinks he has proved in all these that Macaulay has committed errors, has omitted facts which he might have known, or has stated facts which he has not verified. He thinks he is unjust to Marlborough; he thinks that he palliates William in his narrative of the massacre of Glencoe; he thinks that he speaks with too great bitterness of the Highlands, and paints them with a pencil dipped in something like gall and dislike; he thinks that Claverhouse was a hero, while Macaulay looks upon him as a savage; and he winds up with the everlasting criticism on his estimate and strictures on William Penn.

Well, if all this were true, what then? Is Macaulay not a great historian, even if these things be as Mr. Paget pretends they are? Has this critic no soul for liberty, no love of his country, no pride in her contests for popular rights, that he can not appreciate so noble an offering on the altar of freedom, because in his small researches he has found a date wrong here, or a letter omitted there? It is impossible that a man writing of fifteen years of great events can avoid some casual slips, or be free of some inclination of the scale; but it is a paltry task to depreciate and cry down the greatest efforts of genius, and the noblest aspirations of free men, because of blemishes and faults such as these, if blemishes and faults they be.

But is the general charge true? Has it any semblance of truth? We may judge of Hercules by his foot, and of this critic, who is no Hercules, by one or two instances; and those we shall select will be more than sufficient. At least we are en-

titled to require at Mr. Paget's hands that he shall be free from the defect which he so bitterly blames. And now for a word or two on some of the illustrations by which he endeavors to make good the attack which he has with so much temerity undertaken.

As to Marlborough, he uses very strong language; he quotes a passage—a striking passage enough—in which Macaulay charges Marlborough with having betrayed to the French government the intended attack upon Brest in 1694, and having thereby lured Talmash the admiral to an action, which resulted in his death. Macaulay says not only that Marlborough had betrayed the intended attack to the French, and that thereby the enemy were prepared for it, and Talmash's life was sacrificed, but that Talmash complained that he had been led into it by treachery, and that this treachery was one of the basest of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough. Mr. Paget says, that he accepts "this passage as the battleground on which to decide the question how far Lord Macaulay's treatment of evidence entitles him to confidence as an historian." He then says: "The charge may be divided under four heads:

"I. That Marlborough, making use of sources of information peculiar to himself, discovered the design of the Government to make a descent upon Brest, and revealed it to James, and through him to Louis, who would not otherwise have known it in time to prepare for defense.

"II. That the information so communicated by Marlborough enabled the French government to take such steps and that they did thereupon take such steps, as rendered the expedition abortive.

"III. That Talmash was by these means lured into a snare, and to use Lord Macaulay's words, 'perished by the basest of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough.'

"IV. That Marlborough was thus the real author of the slaughter at Camaret Bay, and the murderer of Talmash; his object being to get rid of Talmash as a personal rival, and to force himself back into the service of the government and the possession of the important and lucrative places from which he had been discharged two years before.

"It is impossible to deepen the shadows of this picture. If it be true, Marlborough was a monster of depravity; if it be false, and if it can be shown that Lord Macaulay had before him the evidence showing its falsehood, we should be sorry to put into plain English what Lord Macaulay must be held to be in the estimation of all honest men."

He then proceeds to a professed examination of the evidence, and sums up by saying:

"It is impossible for any Englishman, it is impossible for any honest man, to rise from a perusal of this attack upon Marlborough, and an examination of the evidence upon which it rests, without feelings of the deepest indignation;" and that "Lord Macaulay is beyond comparison the greatest master of brilliant and unscrupulous historical fiction that ever adorned the language of England."

Well, these are very strong, very foolish, and very unpardonable words; they, at all events, require strong facts to warrant them. And what do our readers think is the foundation on which so sweeping and so presumptuous a censure is founded? Does Mr. Paget deny that Marlborough betrayed the intended attack to the French government? Not at all. Does he deny that Talmash thought he had been betrayed? Not in the least. He admits that Marlborough acted the traitor, that he informed the French government of the design, that the attack was made when the enemy were better prepared than was anticipated, and that Talmash in consequence received his death-wound, and attributed his defeat to treachery; but he says others were as great traitors as Marlborough, and that Godolphin had, prior to the date of Marlborough's letter, conveyed the same information to the French government.

We do not see that the attack upon Marlborough was in any degree undeserved, supposing all this to be true. We do not feel the deepest indignation at Lord Macaulay. We feel the deepest indignation at his shallow critic. We think every word that Macaulay said was thoroughly justified. Marlborough was not the less a traitor because Godolphin had betrayed his master before; Marlborough did not the less most treacherously and villainously convey to the French government information in regard to the attack, because the French government might previously have had information from other quarters. If the question be in regard to the character of Marlborough, if the question relate to an attack upon that character, what could be more base, or what better foundation could there be for the remark of Macaulay that he only added one to his hundred villainies?

Mr. Paget writes as if Macaulay were

the first historian who had taken this view of Marlborough's character, and in particular as if he, for the first time, invented this charge, which no honest man can rise from reading without indignation. But the truth is, although Mr. Paget seems to know nothing of it, neither the general estimate nor the particular charge are in any respect new. We do not mean to say that Macaulay may not take an exaggerated view of the defects of Marlborough's character, or may not have painted these defects in somewhat glaring colors. We find even in this volume that the tone in which Marlborough is mentioned is considerably subdued. But is Macaulay the inventor of this estimate of the great general? We do not indeed refer to the assaults which were made on him by his enemies. Swift said of him :

"Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings;
Let pride be taught by this rebuke
How very mean a thing's a Duke,
From all his ill-got honors flung,
Turned to that dirt from whence he sprung."

This, indeed, was satire, envenomed by political and personal animosity. But Mr. Paget seems not to know that, from a far more trustworthy source than the satires of Swift, the same character of Marlborough, and the same view of his conduct on this very matter, were given to the public many years ago in the calm and judicial pages of Hallam. In a note to the fifteenth chapter of his *Constitutional History* occurs the following passage :

"As for Lord Marlborough, he was among the first, if we except some Scot renegades, who abandoned the cause of the Revolution. He had so signally broken the ties of personal gratitude in his desertion of the King on that occasion, that, according to the severe remark of Hume, his conduct required forever afterward the most upright, the most disinterested, and most public-spirited behavior to render it justifiable. What, then, must we think of it if we find in the whole of this great man's politi-

cal life nothing but ambition and rapacity in his motives, nothing but treachery and intrigue in his means! He betrayed and abandoned James, because he could not rise in his favor without a sacrifice that he did not care to make; he abandoned William and betrayed England, because some obstacles stood yet in the way of his ambition. I do not mean only, when I say that he betrayed England, that he was ready to lay her independence and liberty at the feet of James II. and Louis XIV.; but that in one memorable instance he communicated to the Court of St. Germaine, and through that to the Court of Versailles, the secret of an expedition against Brest, which failed in consequence, with the loss of the commander and eight hundred men. (Dalrymple, III. 18. Life of James, 522. Macpherson, I. 487.) In short, his whole life was such a picture of meanness and treachery, that one must rate military services very high indeed to preserve any esteem for his memory."

It would be quite enough, to prove the extravagance of this attack on Macaulay, to show that it is one equally applicable to Hallam. If Macaulay has falsified history on this subject, so has Hallam; and the same plain English which Mr. Paget refrains from printing about Macaulay, would be quite as justly insinuated about Hallam.

But, as might be expected, no one is wrong, or even went wrong, about this matter, excepting Mr. Paget himself. He expends a great deal of research in proving that, in the spring of 1694, Lord Godolphin had betrayed to the French government the design of William to make a naval descent on Brest; that the French Court knew this from Godolphin before the date of Marlborough's letter, and that William himself knew that he had been betrayed. All this is quite true, and quite notorious; but Lord Macaulay's propositions, even as paraphrased by Mr. Paget, are not the less, one and all of them, accurate. Lord Godolphin's treachery had, in point of fact, no connection with the defeat at Camaret Bay, and the information furnished by Marlborough was entirely new, and entirely the cause of the disaster.

From the London Review.

POEMS OF MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY has been called the American Mrs. Hemans; and though it can hardly be said that the two writers have very much in common, there are certainly some productions of the former which, had we to guess at their parentage, would at once be ascribed to the author of the *Voice of Spring*, and the *Treasures of the Deep*. Take the following lines to the *Coral Insects*:

"Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone,
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's King;
The turf looks green where the breakers
 rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath
 been.
But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field;
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys
 yield;
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are
 up;
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle
 breath;
And why need ye sow the floods with death?
With moldering bones the floods are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the Gods of Ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed, 'mid their halls of glee.
Hath earth no graves? that ye thus must
 spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead?"

Here the image and superscription of the English lyrist seem plain enough to swear to in a court of justice. But, although we often find, on topics which suggest a similar train of thought, this close resemblance between the two, Mrs. Sigourney has a wider range of subjects; and in her treatment of them has a freshness and variety that stand in very agreeable contrast with the wearisome monotony which runs through the *Songs of the Affections*. The American songstress can

also be sprightly, and—at least, as far as her intention goes—facetious and humorous; we should not gather from the writings of Mrs. Hemans that she was aware of a joke having ever been made since the beginning of the world. But this will hardly meet the requirements of popular and successful poetry. The emotions of the soul, like the muscles of the body, must be separately called into action; and although we may not often look for the Shakspearean genius that can so sweep all the chords of the instrument as to awaken from each of them its befitting music, no mortal patience can stand the everlasting twanging of a single string. If to this we add that a large proportion of Mrs. Heman's poetry was hastily thrown off to meet the exigencies of the hour, and that she never truly understood how wide is the distance between poetical feeling and poetical conception, it is not wonderful that with the exception of a few lyrics which have become household words, her effusions as a whole are rapidly passing to the limbo of forgotten authors. Of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry a far greater proportion will probably remain; but we can not indorse the wholesale panegyrics with which her editor introduces the volume before us. We are told that "every printed poem in the present collection will leave its own bright impression upon the reader's heart, with just such sunshine and power as must leave him or her without the inducement to look upon any other landscape, or listen to any other voice." In spite of this high-flown eulogium, and the lawyer-like precision of language which tells us that the poetry will leave "him or her" without the inducement to read any thing else, we must respectfully submit that Mrs. Sigourney is only one of a very large class of readable poets. Many of her pieces have great merit; many more, though pleasant enough, and not apparently lacking any of the requisites of good poetry, induce no desire for a second perusal; and this we regard as fatal to all high pretensions.

With the metaphysics of this question we do not deal; but the reader can not have failed to notice the fact itself, that vast quantities of published poetry, the production of elegant, tasteful, and accomplished minds, and in which the most critical investigation can discover nothing that should prevent its living for ages, is yet *felt* to be only the poetry of a day. We may read it by the volume, or by the dozen volumes; and when we have admired and praised it we dare not think the world would be much the loser if it was never again heard of. But there is another poetry, which does not come under this description; poetry which, without challenging criticism, or asking our approbation, enters the heart at once, and abides there forever. We read it, and can not forget it if we would; it intertwines itself with

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame."

and becomes henceforth a part of our very existence.

One means of beguiling the middling class of poets into a profitless exuberance of song, is the temptation presented by blank verse. In this species of composition our American authoress deals somewhat largely; but it hardly needs to be observed, that no order of poetry so much requires the hand of a master, and that therefore so few who undertake it can really do it justice. Lured by its freedom from the trammels of rhyme, and by the stately and imposing march of its numbers, they too frequently forget that the commonest inanities may be served up in this form, and that the general material of a newspaper might with small trouble be done into a moderately sublime poem by embodying it in blank verse:

"*Sorrow as on the sea.* A woman mourns;
Pale as the little marble form she folds
Close in her arms, resisting all who touch
The darling of her bosom. 'Twill awake;
It hath but fainted. The wild, rocking sea
Hath made it sick. I tell ye 'twill revive.
Child! baby! look on me! 'Twill smile
again.'
'Yes, mother, yes! but not below the skies.'
Spasm and convulsion seized her at the
thought
That the dear idol, whom but yesterday
She cradled from the zephyr's roughened
breath,
Alone must to the unfathomed depths go
down," etc.

This hardly seems to justify the editor's encomium, though it is not given as an average specimen—far from it—of this class of Mrs. Sigourney's compositions.

The opening poem in this volume is the tale of *Oriska*. Oriska is the daughter of an Indian chief. A young Frenchman, coming into her neighborhood to traffic, engages her affections, and induces her to become his wife; and the old chieftain her father, at first strongly opposed to the match, is gradually won over. For a time every thing goes well with the wedded pair:

"Their sweet bower
Rose like a gem amid the rural scene,
O'er-canopied with trees, where countless birds
Caroled unwearied; the gay squirrel leaped,
And the wild bee went singing to his work,
Sate with luxury.
Nor lacked their lowly dwelling such device
Of comfort, or adornment, as the hand
Of gentle woman, sedulous to please,
Creates for him she loves. For she had hung
Attentive on his lips while he described
The household policy of prouder climes;
And with such varied and inventive skill
Caught the suggestions of his taste refined;
That the red people, wondering as they gazed
On curtained window, and on flower-crowned
vase,
Carpet and cushioned chair, and board arranged
With care unwonted, called her home the court
Of their French princess."

But this life in the wilderness soon palls upon the Frenchman's taste; and after giving various evidences of decreasing affection for his wife and home, he gives her the slip, and retires into Canada. There he comforts himself with another spouse; but ere the honeymoon is well over, the midnight slumbers of the bridegroom are broken by a wild strain of music at his door; and he conjectures but too truly, that for this unexpected serenading he is indebted to the forsaken Oriska. After a very hasty toilet he appears at the door and warns her off, indignantly rebuking her for disturbing his rest with what he calls her "wild, savage music." She retires, after a promise that he will call at her lodgings and explain matters. On the second evening he makes his appearance; and before him are Oriska, her child, and the old chieftain, his father-in-law, who has just been overtaken by sickness, and is getting near his end. Oriska's proposals are very moderate for so injured a woman. She will neither upbraid him for

his desertion, nor enforce her conjugal claims; it shall be enough for her if he will take her into his establishment as a servant of all work — enough for her if she can only be within the sound of his voice and the echo of his footsteps. The objections to such an arrangement are obvious; but the simple-hearted Oriska only sees in her husband's unqualified refusal, that he will have nothing more to do with her. The old man, not disposed to mince matters, gathers up his remaining energies, and, after venting a terrible execration on the faithless Frenchman, makes his exit. He is taken back to his tribe to be buried; and Oriska, after fulfilling her last duties to the departed, steps with her child into a canoe, and hastens to that sure refuge from matrimonial miseries — the Falls of Niagara.

The story is unequally told, and it is in all respects far inferior to the tale of *Pocahontas*. Powhatan, the king of the country where the founders of Virginia first chose their residence, had a daughter, at that time ten or twelve years old, who not only exceeded the rest of her people in countenance and expression, but "for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country." This girl, Pocahontas by name, procured by her intercession with her father the release of a white captive, who was just about to undergo the war-club. When the infant colony was in danger of utter extinction from the want of food, she managed to convey to the fort every few days baskets of corn for the starving garrison. At another time, by a seasonable warning, she saved them all from being massacred by the Indians. She was eventually captured by the colonists, and held as a hostage — not a very grateful return for her services, but apparently with no worse object than that of bringing her father to terms, or to get from him a large ransom. Here, however, a new era dawned upon the child of the forest. She was instructed in the Christian faith, she learned the English language, and finally her marriage with Mr. Rolfe took place in the church of Jamestown, Powhatan and his chieftains being present at the ceremony. Under her new name of Lady Rebecca, she sailed with Mr. Rolfe, and arrived in England. Attentions and hospitality were shown her by persons of rank and influ-

ence; even the King and Queen had her in honorable estimation.

"Yet, amid the magic of these regal walls,
The glittering train, the courtier's flattering
tone,
Or by her lord, through fair ancestral halls,
Led on, to claim the treasures as her own,
Stole back the scenery of her solitude:
An aged father, in his cabin rude,
Mixed with her dreams a melancholy moan,
Notching his simple calendar with pain,
And straining his red eye to watch the misty
main.
Sweet sounds of falling water, cool and clean,
The crystal streams, her playmates, far away
Oft did their dulcet music mock her ear,
As restless on her fevered couch she lay;
Strange visions hovered round, and harpings
high,
From spirit-bands, and then her lustrous eye
Welcomed the call; but earth resumed its
sway,
And all its sacred ties convulsive twined.
How hard to spread the wing, and leave the
loved behind!"

When preparing to return to her native land, she was taken sick, died, and was buried at Gravesend. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, says that "she was saved, as if by the hand of mercy, from beholding the extermination of the tribes from which she sprang, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory under the form of perpetual youth."

"Like the fallen leaves those forest tribes have
fled;
Deep 'neath the turf their rusted weapon
lies;
No more their harvest lifts its golden head,
Nor from their shaft the stricken red-deer
flies;
But from the far far-west, where holds so
hoarse
The lonely Oregon its rock-strewn course,
While old Pacific's sullen dirge replies,
Are heard their exiled murmurings, deep and
low,
Like one whose smitten soul departeth full of
woe.
Forgotten race, farewell! Your haunts we
tread,
Our mighty rivers speak your words of yore,
Our mountains wear them on their misty
head,
Our sounding cataracts hurl them to the
shore;
But on the lake your flashing oar is still,
Hushed is your hunter's cry on dale and
hill,
Your arrow stays the eagle's flight no more;
And ye, like troubled shadows, sink to rest,
In unremembered tombs, unpitied and un-
blessed!"

We had marked for quotation several of Mrs. Sigourney's minor poems, but have already exceeded our limits. Longfellow excepted, no American poet is better known on this side of the Atlantic; and we are therefore content that our extracts should be less copious than in the case of those with whom the reader

may not be quite so familiar. Of all her pieces, we should ourselves prefer the *Farewell of the Soul to the Body*—one of her earliest productions; one, however, which, had she written nothing else, would have secured her a far greater fame than has fallen to the lot of many a more voluminous author.

From the British Quarterly.

OLD ICELAND—THE BURNT NJAL.*

MEANWHILE Gunnar, though most upright and honorable, becomes involved in a bitter feud with Otkell, who refuses the atonement he is willing to make. At length Otkell and his friend set upon Gunnar, who, by the aid of his magic bill, and the steadfast courage of his brother Kolskegg, slays eight, the other four taking to flight. There is a touching trait of the gentleness of this true hero's character when, in his reply to his brother's exulting remark, "Well hast thou avenged thee now," he says: "I would like to know whether I am by so much the less brisk and bold than other men, because I think more of killing men than they."

But Gunnar is a doomed man. Again and again he is attacked by foemen bound to avenge the death of relations he had killed, and again and again he meets them right valiantly—in one instance slaying fourteen. Njal at length counsels him to leave the country for a short time, "lest he should be slain by the kinsmen of those whom he had killed." He therefore prepares for his voyage with Njal's two younger sons, and bids farewell to his household, who make great lamentation.

"He threw his arms round each when he was 'boun,' and every one of them went out of doors with him; he leans on the butt of his spear, and leaps into the saddle, and he and Kolskegg ride away. They ride down along

Markfleet, and just then Gunnar's horse tripped and threw him off. He turned with his face up toward the Lithe, and the homestead at Lithend, and said: 'Fair is the Lithe; so fair that it has never seemed to me so fair; the cornfields are all white to harvest, and the home mead is mown; and now I will ride back home and not fare abroad at all.' 'Do not this joy to thy foes,' says Kolskegg, 'by breaking thine atonement, and thou mayest be sure that all will happen as Njal has said.' 'I will not go away any whither,' says Gunnar, 'and so I would thou shouldst do too.' 'That shall not be,' says Kolskegg."

So they parted. Gunnar returned to Lithend, while Kolskegg fared to Sweden, and won great honor, and then, having become a Christian, he eventually "fared out to Micklegarth, [Constantinople,] and there took service with the Emperor; and the last that was heard of him was, that he wedded a wife there, and was captain over the Varangians, and staid there till his death-day; and he now is out of this story."

"Now Gunnar sits at home that fall and winter," but his foemen are ceaselessly plotting against him. At length there were forty men in league to waylay him, and Njal warns him of his danger and urges him to have the aid of his two elder sons. "I will not that thy sons should be slain for my sake; thou hast a right to look for other things from me," is Gunnar's chivalrous reply; and Njal, full of sad forebodings, rides home. More than a twelvemonth passes ere the murderous

* Concluded from page 20.

intention of the league is fulfilled, and then, one dark autumn night, while Gunnar's men were away finishing their hay-making, the band set out, and stealthily surround the house. Gunnar, Hallgerda, and his mother are sleeping in a loft above the hall, and roused by the dying howl of his faithful hound, he looks out, slays the first that climbs up with his stout bill, and then makes a stout defense with his bow, until at length one of his foemen springs up on the roof and cuts his bowstring. Gunnar deals him his death-blow with his bill, but then asks Hallgerda for two locks of her hair, which, with two of his mother's, would twist into a bowstring. This the vindictive woman, reminding him of the blow he had formerly given her, refuses, and the gallant champion, after a long single-handed combat, falls covered with wounds. "We have now laid low a mighty chief, and hard work has it been," says Gizur, "but the fame of this defense of his shall last as long as men live in this land."

When the news was made known, "it was ill-spoken of throughout the whole country, and his death was a great grief to many a man." Wise Njal mourned greatly, and recommended that vengeance should be taken. "They cast a cairn over Gunnar, and made him sit upright in the cairn." They would, too, have buried his famous bill with him; but his sorrowing mother declared that it should not be, but that he alone should have it who was ready to avenge Gunnar's death. She also drove Hallgerda away, saying, very truly, she had been the cause of her son's slaying. Meanwhile, the simple faith of these impulsive Northmen could not admit that he, whom they had so lately seen full of life and energy, was lying unconscious of all around him, so the story spread that Gunnar "was merry, for he was singing inside his cairn." Much doubt of this story was expressed by the more cautious, so at length Skarphedinn, Njal's eldest son, paid a visit to Lithend. Now one evening, he was standing with Hogni, Gunnar's eldest son, "by the cairn on the south side. The moon and stars were shining clear and bright; then, all at once, they thought they saw the cairn standing open, and lo! Gunnar had turned himself in the cairn, and looked at the moon. They thought they saw four lights burning in the cairn, and none of them threw a shadow. They saw that Gunnar

was merry, and he wore a joyful face. He sang a song, and so loud, that it might have been heard though they had been farther off"—a song of exulting defiance, ending with the characteristic lines:

"I will die the prop of battle,
Sooner die than yield an inch."

"Such tokens," says Skarphedinn, "teach us what we ought to do;" so he promises Hogni to be ever helpful to him, and the son goes and takes down Gunnar's dreaded bill, to the great joy of his grandmother, who bids him avenge his father in good earnest. Forth fare the two avengers, "and two ravens flew with them all the way." Four of Gunnar's slayers meet the same fate. Eventually atonement is made, "and Hogni is now out of the story."

The history next tells how gallantly Njal's two younger sons bore themselves in fight against some Norwegian Vikings, and how, throughout the long strife, "they were ever where there was most need." Here they meet the second hero of the story. "They see ships coming from the south, but on that ship that came first stood a man by the mast who was clad in a silken kirtle, and had a gilded helm, and his hair was both fair and thick; that man had a spear inlaid with gold in his hand." This was Kari, the hero of the second part of the story, as Gunnar is of the first. He does them good service, and together they defeat the Vikings, and gain great spoil; and then "they go sea-roving, and every where won the victory." After defeating the King of Man, and receiving rich presents from Sigurd, Earl of the Orkneys, they at length return to Iceland, and Kari marries Njal's daughter Helga.

Meanwhile, news came that there had been a change of faith in Norway, and many men said it was a strange and wretched thing to throw off the old faith. Then wise old Njal said: "It seems to me as though this new faith must be much better, and he will be happy who follows this, rather than any other; and if those men come out hither who preach this faith, then I will back them well." He went often alone, away from other men, and muttered to himself. Soon after, a preacher of the new faith arrived from Norway, Thangbrand by name, a more illustrious exponent of "muscular Christianity" than

even Mr. Kingsley could desire—challenging men to single combat, exorcising the most savage Baresark in the land, and by the help of his companion Gudliel, “who was a great manslayer,” carrying the cause of Christianity with a high hand. Next spring they set out on their preaching mission; they find a man named Thorkell, who opposes the faith and challenges Thangbrand. He, bearing a red cross on his shield, encounters and slays him, and then “Hilder and all his household took upon them the new faith.” Onward they fare, and a man named Sorcerer Hedinn withstands them; so Gudliel chases him, gets within spear-shot, and “shoots a spear at him and through him.” Weatherid the Skald speaks against them; so Thangbrand and Gudliel slay him, and then they fare to Bergthorskknoll, and Njal and his household “take the faith.” Strange does it seem that, thus preached, Christianity should have prevailed at all; but we find that at the next Althing the question of change of faith was brought solemnly before the Assembly.

As might be expected, there was a great strife; at length Thorger, “an old speaker of the law,” but a heathen, was requested to decide for the meeting. He seems to have been solemnly impressed with the importance of his decision. “He lay all that day on the ground, and spread a cloth over his head, so that no man spoke with him; but the day after, men went to the Hill of Laws, and then Thorger bade them be silent, and listen.” To their great astonishment, his decision was in favor of the new faith. “This is the beginning of our laws,” he said, after having taken pledges that the meeting would adhere to his judgment; “all men shall be Christian here in the land, and believe in one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but leave off all idol-worship, nor expose children to perish, and not eat horse-flesh.” We can not help thinking that the prominence here given to so very unimportant a usage as the eating of horse flesh, corroborates the generally received opinion that the Odin religion was directly derived from those Scythian tribes among whom the horse was a sacred animal, and eating horse-flesh an act of solemn religious worship. The keeping of “the Lord’s day, and fast-days, Yuletide and Easter, and all the greatest high days and holi-

days,” was also decreed, and “after that men fared home from the Thing.”

Some years pass on; Njal grows old in years and honors; his sons and daughters marry, and he marries his foster-son Hauskuld, to whom he is much attached, to the fair but proud Hildigunna; and the whole family dwell together in such love, that “none of them thought any thing that he did or said of worth, unless the others had a share in it.” At length Valgard the Guileful returns to Iceland, and owing an old and bitter grudge to Njal, takes counsel with his malignant son Mord—who seems the very embodiment of spiteful Lok—how he may, as he very characteristically expresses it, “pay him off by something that will drag them all down to death; and this thou canst do by setting them by the ears by tale-bearing, so that Njal’s sons may slay Hauskuld; but there are many who will have the blood-feud after him, and so Njal’s sons will be slain in that quarrel.” The old man shortly after dies, but the legacy of vengeance is solemnly bequeathed to the son, who bends his whole power to its accomplishment.

The story how Mord ingratiates himself alike with Njal’s fierce and impulsive sons, and with the gentler Hauskuld; how cautiously he awakens suspicions on either side; how unwillingly Hauskuld listens, and how cunningly Mord presses each little incident into proof of the truth of his assertions, is most skillfully and dramatically told. More than a year passes, and the coolness between Njal’s sons and his foster-son grows into actual hostility. Hauskuld visits his wife’s uncle Flosi, who warns him, and at parting “gave him a scarlet cloak, and it was embroidered with needlework down to the waist;” so he rode home. The winter passes away, during which “Mord slanders Hauskuld after his wont, and has now many new tales to tell;” and at length by persuading Skarphedinn that he has received insults which only blood can atone for, he pledges him to slay him. The manner of this “slaying” seems to us to differ very little from a foul murder. The sun has just arisen, Hauskuld throwing over him the rich cloak Flosi had given him, with corn-sieve in one hand, and sword in the other—how thoroughly belligerent the state of society must have been—sets forth to the peaceful occupation of sow-

ing his field. Skarphedinn and his band fell upon him, and Hauskuld receives his death-wound, meekly exclaiming: "God help me, and forgive you." His wife breathing vengeance against his murderers, takes off the embroidered cloak, and wiping off the blood from the deadly wound, folded it together, and laid it in her chest. "Sorrowful tidings are these," said Njal; "methinks it were better to have lost two of my sons, and that Hauskuld had lived;" and truly "this thing touched Njal so nearly, that he could never speak of it without shedding tears."

The meeting at the Althing now drew nigh, and preparations were made for prosecuting Njal's sons; and then Mord, who had urged them on, turns against them, and calls on the "nine neighbors who dwelt nearest the spot, to take witness of Hauskuld's wounds." But money atonement will not satisfy the widow; so when her uncle Flosi rides by on his way to the Thing, she prepares the hall for him and his followers, and bids her hand-maidens bring the meat.

"After that Flosi sat down to the board, and bade men eat. Then Hildigunna came into the room, and went before Flosi, and threw her hair off her eyes and wept. 'Heavy-hearted art thou now, kinswoman,' said Flosi, 'when thou weepest; but still it is well that thou shouldst weep for a good husband.' 'What vengeance or help shall I have of thee?' she says. 'I will follow up thy suit,' said Flosi, 'to the utmost limit of the law, or strive for that atonement which good men and true shall say we ought to have as full amends.' 'Hauskuld would avenge thee,' she said, 'if he had the blood-feud after thee.' 'Thou lackest not firmness,' answered Flosi, 'and what thou wantest is plain.' 'Amor Ornlolf's son of Ferwaterwood,' said Hildigunna, 'had done less wrong toward Thord Frey's priest, thy father; and yet thy brothers Kolbein and Egil slew him at Skaptarfells-Thing.' Then Hildigunna went back into the hall, and unlocked her chest, and then she took out the cloak, Flosi's gift, and in it Hauskuld had been slain, and there she had kept it, blood and all. Then she went back into the sitting-room with the cloak; she went up silently to Flosi. Flosi had just eaten his full, and the board was cleared. Hildigunna threw the cloak over Flosi, and the gore rattled down all over him. Then she spoke and said: 'This cloak, Flosi, thou gavest to Hauskuld, and now I give it back to thee; he was slain in it, and I call God and all good men to witness, that I adjure thee by all the might of thy Christ, and by thy manhood and bravery, to take vengeance for all these wounds which he had on his dead body, or else to be called every man's dastard.'

Flosi threw the cloak off him, and hurled it into her lap, and said: 'Thou art the greatest hell-hag, and thou wishest that we should take that course which shall be worst for all of us; but women's counsel is ever cruel.' Flosi was so stirred at this, that sometimes he was blood-red in the face, and sometimes ashy pale as withered grass, and sometimes blue as death. So Flosi and his men rode away."

Hildigunna's solemn adjuration, however, eventually produced its effect. After long consultations at the Thing, Njal's sons are sentenced to pay the atonement for Hauskuld, and the silver is laid down; but after an angry colloquy between Flosi and Skarphedinn, "Flosi spurned the money, and said he would not touch a penny of it; he would only have one of two things, either that Hauskuld should fall unatoned, or they would have vengeance for him." Flosi now summons his men up to the Great Rift. "This will I promise," said he, "not to part from this quarrel before one of us bites the dust before the other." They then take oaths to be true to each other, and appoint Flosi as leader, who directs that they shall ride to Bergthorsknoll, fall on Njal's sons with fire and sword, and not turn away till they are all dead.

Meanwhile, wise old Njal foretells to his sons that evil is at hand. Portents too are seen, and Runolf Thorstein's son going out one Lord's day night, heard a great crash, and looking toward the west, "thought he saw a ring of fiery hue, and within that ring a man on a gray horse. He had a flaming-fire brand in his hand, he was as black as pitch," and he sang a song ending:

"So fares it with Flosi's redes
As this flaming brand flies;"

and then hurled the firebrand east toward the fells, when such a blaze of fire leapt up, that he could not see the fells for the blaze. He tells this to a friend, who "said he had seen the Wolf's Ride, that comes ever before great tidings."

When autumn came, Flosi busked him from the east, and summoned all his men who had promised him help and company. Each of them had two horses and good weapons. With a revolting feeling of superstitious devotion, "Flosi made them say prayers betimes on the Lord's day;" and again, after they had proceeded on their journey to Kirkby,

"he bade all men come into the church, and pray to God, and men did so." Doubtless, the old faith of heathendom was strong in them, although their prayers were offered at a Christian altar. And onward they went, a numerous and well-knit band, and arrived at Bergthorsknoll just as supper was ended. "Njal stood out of doors, and his sons, and Kari, and all the serving-men, and they stood in array to meet them in the yard, and there were near thirty of them." Njal now counsels that they should go indoors — a fatal counsel, as Skarphedinn points out — but his better judgment is overruled. "Let us stand by one another well, brother-in-law," he says to the gallant Kari, as, foreboding his own death, he goes into the doomed house. "That I have made up my mind to do," replies Kari; "but if it should be otherwise doomed — well, then it must be as it must be." "Avenge us, and we will avenge thee, if we live after thee," says Skarphedinn. Kari said so it should be.

"Now they are all 'fey,'" said Flosi exultingly, when he saw them enter the house. So the band close round it. Njal's sons and Kari, however, do good service with their spears; one man is slain, and many wounded. At length Flosi says: "We have two choices left, and neither of them good. One is to turn away, and that is our death; the other, to set fire to the house, and that is a deed which we shall have to answer for heavily before God, since we are Christian men ourselves; but still we must take to that counsel." The character of Flosi here and throughout is skillfully drawn. Compelled to take up Hauskuld's blood-feud, he shrinks back from no danger; but still all along his better feelings struggle with his fiercer; and although he perceives the band's only chance of escape will be by firing the homestead, he acknowledges and laments the necessity. When the roof is set fire to, he bids the women, the children, and the domestics go out, and with reverential feeling for the venerable Njal, prays him to depart also. "I will not go out," is the answer, "for I am an old man, and little fitted to avenge my sons; but I will not live in shame." Flosi then entreats Bergthora to come out. "I was given away to Njal young, and I have promised him

this, that we would both share the same fate," is the steadfast reply. So the aged couple, taking their grandson Thord, Kari's son, who refuses to leave them, "lay down both in their bed, and put the boy between them. Then they signed themselves and the boy with the cross, and gave over their souls into God's hand, and that was the last word that men heard them utter." They are quickly suffocated.

Meanwhile a chivalric strife ensues between Skarphedinn and Kari as to which shall attempt to escape, which ends in Kari leaping from the roof, Skarphedinn promising to follow him. But the family of Njal is doomed, and he and his brothers perish. The roof falls in, and now there are only smoking ruins. "Men will call this both a mighty deed and an ill deed," says Flosi sadly; "but that can't be helped now."

The new of this outrage aroused great indignation. Flosi and his band were compelled to flee, followed by the hue and cry; and then search was made for Njal's bones; and lo! he and Bergthora, and their grandson, were found wholly unburnt. "All praised God for that, and thought it was a great token." They found Skarphedinn, too, only partially burnt; "and all men said they thought it was better to be near him dead than alive, for they weened no man was afraid of him." So they carried the bodies to the church, and buried them with holy rites.

The remainder of this most graphic and spirited story tells how sternly Kari fulfilled the vow of vengeance for his father and brothers-in-law and young son's death, to which he had solemnly pledged himself. There is a fine poetical feeling in the dream of Flosi, where he dreams that he saw a man with an iron staff come out of a cavern, and summon most of his band, "some sooner, and some later, and named them by name." The reader will be reminded by it of the solemn summoning of the king and nobles doomed to die at Flodden, by the phantom heralds at Edinburgh Cross—that tradition which Scott has introduced so finely into *Marmion*. And signal, though not always swift, vengeance falls upon all save Flosi. In this concluding part, the character of Kari comes out very finely; his uprightness, his truthfulness, his stern de-

termination to fulfill the office of avenger, not from love of bloodshed, but as a bounden duty, together with his kindness, render him the true hero of the story. "There are few men like Kari," says Flosi admiringly; "and I would that my mind were shapen altogether like his. His valor, too, surpasses even that of Gunnar; and his sword "Life-luller" does more good service than Gunnar's magical bill, or Skarphedinn's ax, "the ogress of war." There are materials for a score of spirited ballads in the narratives of his vigorous onslaughts and his hairbreadth escapes; and we follow his wanderings on the land and on the sea with an interest we could scarcely believe it possible to feel for the rude Northman of nine centuries ago.

The cause is brought forward at the Althing; and "there had been never such a crowded Thing before that men could call to mind." The pleadings are narrated at great length, and supply a curious picture of the jurisprudence of the Northmen, and many points, too, that suggest a singular coincidence with our ancient legal usages. But Kari sternly refuses all compensation; and after a fight, in which two of the Burners are killed, it is awarded that Flosi and all the Burners should go abroad into banishment. Flosi was to stay abroad three winters; but the four most guilty were never to be allowed to come back. Then Kari with Thorgerir, to whom, as one of the most stalwart of men, he had given Skarphedinn's ax, rode eastward, and coming upon fifteen of the Burners, boldly summoned them to battle; and dealt so gallantly, that "men long kept in mind that hunting of theirs, how they two rode upon fifteen men, and slew five, but put those ten to flight, who got away." Meanwhile Flosi prepares for going abroad in "a big ship, that will take us all;" but sorely against his desire, the sons of Sigfus determine first to ride west, "to set their houses in order." They and their friends, eight in all, prepare to depart. "Bear in mind my dream," said Flosi to Kettle, "for many are those in thy company who were then called." But naught foreboding, "they kissed Flosi, who said he and some of those who rode away would not see each other more." Onward they rode, but Kari was keeping his stern watch, and aided only by Bjorn, takes vengeance on six of them. "I mean to fare abroad

after the rest," said Kari; and strictly was his promise fulfilled.

Flosi busks him for his voyage with his company, and after storm and shipwreck, find themselves at Fressey, in the Orkneys. He finds favor here with Earl Sigurd, and there they remain. There is high feasting at Yule, and Earl Gilli and King Sigtrygg are Sigurd's guests.

"Now King Sigtrygg and Earl Gilli wished to hear of those tidings which had happened at the Burning, and since. Then Gunnar, Lambi's son, was got to tell the tale; and a stool was set for him to sit upon. Just then Kari and Kolbein came to Fressey unawares to all men. They went straightway up on land, and to the Earl's homestead, and came to the hall about drinking-time. It so happened Gunnar was just then telling the story of the Burning. Now King Sigtrygg asked: 'How did Skarphedinn bear the Burning?' 'Well at first, for a long time,' said Gunnar; 'but still, at the end of it, he wept;' and so he went on, and every now and then laughed out loud. Kari could not stand this; and then he ran in with his sword drawn, and sang this song:

'Men of might, in battle eager,
Boast of Burning Njal's abode.
Have the princes heard how sturdy
Sea-horse racers sought revenge?' . . .

"So he ran up in the hall, and smote Gunnar on the neck with such a sharp blow, that his head spun off on the board before the king and the earls."

Earl Sigurd bids them seize Kari, and kill him; but Flosi generously answers, that he had not done it without cause; "he is in no atonement with us, and he only did what he had a right to do." So Kari walked away, and there was no hue and cry after him. Kol Thorstein, "who of all the Burners had used the bitterest words," met a similar fate. He had gone to Wales, and "had talked so much with a mighty dame, and he had so knocked the nail on the head, that it was all but fixed that he was to have her. That same morning Kari went into the town, and came where Kol was buying silver. Kari knew him at once, and ran at him, and smote him on the neck; but still he went on telling the silver, and his head counted 'ten' just as it spun off the body."

Eventually, "fifteen men of the Burners fell in Brian's battle," (the celebrated fight of Clontarf, in which Earl Sigurd and King Brian were slain;) and Flosi, now the sole survivor, sets forth on pilgrimage to Rome, fares back again after having received much honor, and peace-

ably settles down in his old homestead. Kari, his vow of vengeance fulfilled, also sets forth on pilgrimage. Returning, he "bused him for Iceland;" but it was late in the season, and their ship was dashed all to pieces near Flosi's homestead, but the men's lives were saved. "Now they ask Kari what counsel was to be taken; but he said their best plan was to go to Swinefell, and put Flosi's manhood to the proof. So they went right up to Swinefell in the storm. Flosi was in the sitting-room. He knew Kari as soon as ever he came into the room, and sprang up to meet him, and kissed him, and sate him down in the high seat by his side." All feuds were now forgotten in the joy of that meeting; Flosi asked Kari to be his guest that winter; Kari consented, and finally his marriage with Flosi's niece Hildigunna sealed their life-long union. Flosi and Kari lived to an honored old age, fast friends, Flosi at length finding his death at sea; and thus peacefully and pleasantly, like a calm sunset after a stormy day, ends this most interesting "Story of Burnt Njal."

We have thus endeavored to give an epitome of this fine prose epic, but we have found it impossible adequately to place before the reader the skill with which each character is drawn, or the dramatic power of the more important scenes. Each character stands out like those in our old dramas, and the dialogue in its spiritedness, and often keen humor, really reminds us of Shakspeare. We fully echo the translator's opinion, that, "as a rounded whole, in which each part is finely and beautifully polished, in which

the two great divisions of the story are kept in perfect balance and counterpoise, in which each person who appears is left free to speak in a way which stamps him with a character of his own, while all unite in working toward a common end — no Saga has such claim on public attention as Njal's Saga."

As illustrative of our ancient ballad-lore, and even more, as illustrative of the state of society among us during the earlier portion of the Middle Ages, we have found this venerable Saga truly valuable. Seen by its light, much of the lawlessness which has been charged against our Saxon forefathers becomes the rude assertion of the right, in times when law was weak, of the man himself to follow out the blood-feud, and to take that office upon himself as a bounden duty, which in later times was the province of the law alone. Many peculiarities, indeed, of our ancient law-courts find an unexpected illustration here, and in reading the proceedings subsequent to the Burning, in the chapter entitled, "Of the Declarations of the Suits," we are greatly struck with their similarity to those enjoined in regard to the "Wager of Law," in our good city of London some six or seven hundred years ago. We heartily thank Dr. Dasent for his most interesting and suggestive volumes. He modestly contents himself with claiming merely a foster-father's care in being the first to present this venerable Saga, in an English dress, to the public; but we are sure that in all the admiration his foster-child receives, the foster-father has a just right to participate.

"LET me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder-mill.

WHEN is a lane very unlike an action at law? When you can see the end from the beginning.

DEATH and to-morrow are never here; they are either not come or gone.

DON'T always be troubling yourself about the effect of what you do and say—shouting to hear the echo of your own voice.

THE snake's poison is in his teeth; the slanderer's in his tongue.

PRAISE is the handmaid of virtue, but the maid is much oftener wooed than the mistress.

THE world doesn't know a fool's infirmities half so well as a wise man knows his own.

MANY minds are Mammoth caves, all underground, and unlighted but by the torches of selfishness and passion.

From the Westminster Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF COUNT CAVOUR.*

SUCH steps on the part of an adversary so superior in power, amply justified the proposal of a loan, and the assembly of the army on the Ticino. But Count de Cavour was too certain of the justice of his cause not to found his chief hopes of success on the verdict of public opinion, and when the English government, alarmed at the turn events were taking, called upon him to state the grievances of Italy, he drew up his memorandum of the first March, 1859, an act of accusation against Austria and her satellites no less striking and conclusive than the one aimed at the Papal Court three years previously. Compared with such a document, the complaints of the Austrian Cabinet seemed those of the wolf against the lamb in the old fable; yet we may fairly admit that the alarm of the huge empire was far from being groundless, for despotism is only secure so long as its power is unquestioned. The smallest concession is the necessary forerunner of a fall, and the practical working of a constitution in any part of Italy was the logical condemnation of the imperial system; so that the mere allowing it to exist was, in fact, a tacit acknowledgment of impotency, the consequences of which could only be avoided by successful war.

This was the universal conviction on either bank of the Ticino and the Po; and while Austria poured down her frontier battalions, never moved save in case of imminent hostilities, the committees of the National Society, secretly at work in every town, assisted the youth of all the Italian provinces in their escape to join the royal army. It was a strange sight to behold the noblest and wealthiest rushing to enlist in the ranks, and Count de Cavour, as he received the young volunteers, hailed their arrival as the best proof of the approaching triumph of his ideas, for he well knew how indissoluble is the bond between those who have fought side by side. Piedmont was now

virtually Italy, and this gave the Italians and their leader courage and patience to look calmly on all the diplomatic efforts of England and Russia to avert war. They knew their hour was at hand, and in his certainty that it must strike, Count de Cavour showed himself willing to enter into negotiations, to accept a congress, even to disarm, provided that condition were made common to both parties; in short, to make every concession compatible with the independence of his native country which the neutral Powers could reasonably demand.

Nor was he deceived in his belief that Austria would deem this moderation more fatal to her interests than all the risks of war. On the twenty-third of April, Baron Kellersberg appeared at Turin with the Austrian ultimatum, which was of course peremptorily rejected. All doubt being now at an end, the Sardinian army was concentrated on the second line of defense of Casale, Valenza, and Alessandria, so providently prepared for it. Victor Emmanuel, in a spirited proclamation, called the Italians to arms; the Sardinian Chambers, with a trust never before accorded either to king or minister, suspended the constitution during the continuance of hostilities, that no formal obstacle might delay the taking of any measure dictated by the urgency of the case; and Count de Cavour—who though the greatest of revolutionists, not only in spirit but in fact, never admitted violent change save as a last resource when every other had been exhausted—called upon the *soi-disant* independent princes of Central Italy to make their election between a national policy, which might have saved their thrones, and open adherence to Austria, a summons to which they successively answered, the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena by repairing to the Imperial camp, the Duchess of Parma by a more politic retreat into Switzerland.

Few passages in modern history are better known than the Italian campaign of 1859. The Austrian invasion, the stoi-

* Continued from page 11.

cal patriotism of the Piedmontese peasantry, the arrival of the French, the marches and battles which led to the rapid liberation of Lombardy—have all been described over and over again; be it rather our task to tell what was the life of Count de Cavour during those busy ten weeks. Charged with the four ministries of war, marine, foreign affairs, and the interior, in addition to the presidency of the council, he seemed to multiply himself to accomplish all the duties thus heaped upon him. For years it had been his habit to rise at five, or even four, in the morning, and only allowing himself the occasional refreshment of a cigar, or a single cup of black coffee, to work uninterruptedly till six, the hour of his one daily meal, devoting the evening to rest, in society; but dinner was now often delayed till nine and ten o'clock, or else he returned to labor till past midnight. By this incessant toil, only diversified by flying visits to the camp, to confer with his own sovereign or the French Emperor, he contrived to discharge every task so efficiently that those brought in contact with him in each capacity almost refused to believe he had any other department to preside over. All the wants of the army seemed known to him, and were instantly provided for; he superintended the equipment of the ships destined to join the French fleet in the Adriatic; as Minister of Foreign Affairs he kept the Sardinian envoys abroad in a position to explain every step in his game to the courts to which they were accredited, and on the death of Ferdinand II. dispatched an extraordinary ambassador to Naples, to endeavor to induce the young King, the son of a princess of Savoy, to embrace a constitutional system and the Piedmontese alliance, while in the Home Department he extended the benefits of the Statute to Lombardy and the Duchies, which, as having voted their union with Sardinia in 1848, were provisionally incorporated with the monarchy, while, through the royal commissioners sent to facilitate their participation in the war, he less directly influenced the government of Tuscany and Romagna.

Such activity would seem incredible were it not a matter of cotemporary history; and even thus, it may be a subject of medical doubt, how long the health and faculties of any human being could have withstood such a strain? Yet harder still to bear than even this hercu-

lean labor was the shock that awaited Count de Cavour, when, in compliance with a telegraphic summons, he hastened to head-quarters at Desenzano, and learned the tidings of the Convention of Villafranca. What he then endured no tongue can tell, for he himself never fully described his feelings, though they might be guessed from the expression of agony which would cross his expressive countenance at any allusion to the hour in which his dearest schemes seemed broken in the midst. But whatever his grief, his resolution was promptly taken; he could not set his hand to any treaty consecrating the servitude of the Venetians, and the presence of Austria in Italy; and as it would have been madness for Piedmont to attempt to carry on the war single-handed, he threw up all his offices, in spite of the passionate entreaties and reproaches of Victor Emmanuel—entreaties and reproaches hard to resist, for his sovereign was also his friend; but his sense of right was stronger even than affection, and he only consented to hold the seals till his successors should be appointed.

The resignation of Cavour left the fate of the peninsula dependent on the firmness of the central Italians, but would populations so long oppressed prove equal to encountering such a crisis, deprived of their trusted leader? The first consolation that reached the fallen statesman was a letter from Farini, then governor of Modena, proposing resistance, and the creation of a dictatorship for that province in his own person. Count de Cavour promptly replied by telegraph: "The minister is dead—the friend approves and encourages you." Next came the news that Baron Ricasoli, who, on the departure of the Sardinian commissioner had assumed the presidency of the Tuscan provisional government, was resolute to oppose the return of the Grand Duke, and had summoned an elective assembly to decide on the propriety of union with Piedmont; and henceforth sure that his principle was right, and reposing as it did on the basis of eternal truth, had imbued the minds, not only of the thinking men, but of the masses in Italy, and thus founded, might defy the caprices even of so powerful a potentate as Napoleon III., Count de Cavour retired to his country-seat of Leri, near Vercelli, there to await the day of his return to office.

At that villa he chiefly resided for the

next six months, and to one of a less nervous and irritable temperament, that repose from official toil might have been of service, but the same man who, when minister, would escape to Leri for a few hours, there to enjoy himself with all the zest of a schoolboy, discussing with his steward the state of his herds and rice-grounds, or providing for the well-being of his peasantry, seemingly oblivious that politics even existed, now found no rest amid his once loved rural pursuits, fretted himself almost into fever at his inability to do more than advise where he longed to act, and while the populations were daily forwarding his views by their wonderful intelligence and abnegation, could ill brook to see that progress jeopardized by the moral cowardice and impolicy of the Piedmontese ministry, composed of men he himself had raised into reputation, who now implored his counsel in each difficulty, to despise it the moment the crisis was past, and by their abuse of the full powers, voted by the Parliament in his own favor, tampered with that inviolable sanctity of law, respect for which was with him almost a superstition.

So false a situation could not endure longer than the circumstances which had created it. In stormy weather the most experienced mariner holds the helm, and scarcely had the Peace of Zurich rendered his resumption of power possible, than the Italians became eager to see it restored to Count de Cavour. In January, 1860, the Rattazzi government fell under the weight of its own errors, and the desire of the nation was instantly fulfilled. Few paused to inquire who formed the Cabinet, it was enough that the trusted minister presided over it, and all looked forward to great events. The first care of Count de Cavour was to return to a legal position by dissolving the old and convoking a new parliament, to include the representatives of Lombardy; his next, to provide for the prompt annexation of Tuscany and the Emilia. Himself convinced that hesitations of the late ministry as to the votes of the Assemblies rendered necessary a fresh manifestation on the part of those provinces, and privately warned that France would recognize no decision but that of universal suffrage, he provoked a secret conference with Baron Ricasoli and Signor Farini, at which was decided that appeal to

the people, the brilliant result of which is so well known.

It was a triumphant day for Count de Cavour when he could advise his sovereign to accept those votes, and summon the deputies of half Italy to meet in a single parliament; but, coincident with the victory, storms and clouds arose on other points of the horizon. We have already stated that the transfer of Savoy and Nice to France was to have been the price of the total expulsion of Austria; at Villafranca the claim was naturally abandoned, but it was revived on the fusion of Northern and Central Italy. Did Count de Cavour unmixedly regret the pressure to which he could but yield? We are not prepared to assert it, for though no minister can ever willingly sign a treaty of cession, and in this case especially, he knew he must overcome the natural repugnance and grief of the King, and a strenuous parliamentary opposition, he was too profound and subtle a statesman not to be aware that he was fortunate in being able to discharge the debt of material obligation at so cheap a rate, and not to foresee that by claiming her own disjoined provinces at the hands of Italy, and annexing them in virtue of universal suffrage, France implicitly acknowledged the principle of Italian unity, and precluded herself from objecting to any fusion henceforward carried out by the same means. We believe him to have been far more disturbed by the rising at Palermo, brought on by accident, against his most earnest wishes, since he thereby lost the direct control of events in the southern provinces, and the chances of insurrection were substituted for that co-ordination of well-organized forces to which he loved to owe the victory of his ideas.

The formation of his army under General de Lamoricière had made the Pope think himself able to dispense with a French garrison at Rome, and Count de Cavour was aware not only that the latter was about to be withdrawn, and that their departure would be followed by a joint attack on Romagna by the Papal and Neapolitan forces, but he also knew the latter to be so deeply imbued with Italianism, that the very chiefs could not be counted upon to oppose the Piedmontese soldiers, whose victory and advance southward would raise the popu-

lations, sweeping away the Bourbon despotism as mists disperse before the morning sun. That this plan was feasible we can not doubt after the autumn campaign in the Marches; but the outbreak of the Sicilians, and the expedition of Garibaldi, in consequence of which the French remained at Rome, forced Count de Cavour to renounce all thoughts of its execution. He could only bide his time, certain that the advent of anarchy must sooner or later exhaust the forces of tumultuous revolution, and restore the control of events to his own hand. Seeing the frightful social and administrative disorganization, the culpable squandering of the public resources, the substitution of a huge deficit for a well-filled treasury,* and of bands of brigands for a well-equipped and organized army, which have been the fruits of the brief passage of Garibaldi at Naples, who can blame Count de Cavour, if, foreseeing all this, and knowing that—to borrow the dictum of one of the most revolutionary spirits† of the present century—"peoples perish from the absence of authority," he sought by a prompt annexation to snatch Sicily, as a brand from the burning, out of the hands of the insurrection, and even at the price of leaving Francis II. awhile longer on the throne, to revert to the system of pacific and well-prepared revolutions which had succeeded so admirably in Central Italy. The attempt was vain, for the democratic flood, so unfortunately let loose, had not yet expended its force, Garibaldi swept on like a fiery meteor, dissolving to its primitive elements every object he touched, sowing the storm, leaving the whirlwind to be reaped by his successors, whoever they might be, and dreaming, in the intoxication of success, of attacking both France and Austria with his volunteer bands.

Such madness was becoming too dangerous to the very existence of Italy, and Count de Cavour felt it must be arrested at every hazard. Happily he was equal to the emergency, for never did it fall to the lot of any statesman to take a bolder resolution than that which dictated

the invasion of Umbria and the Marches. The risks were immense, but inaction was certain to be fatal, well-timed temerity might save all, and the die was cast almost at the moment that Garibaldi entered Naples. Fortune proved true to the brave in soul; and while the unexpected resistance of Capua, and the doubtful skirmishes near the Volturno, arrested the progress of the volunteers, the activity of the Italian generals in the Marches* enabled them to reach the line of that river, and throw themselves between the contending forces in time, not to obviate a collision with the French, as had been the original object, but rather to save the revolution from perishing through the excesses into which it had been betrayed. The audacity of Count de Cavour, well supported by the firmness of the parliament, which, summoned to ratify or condemn his policy, had by an almost unanimous vote affirmed his principle of unconditional fusions, and authorized him to accept any such as should be voted on these terms, had thus reconquered in October that control over events which had seemed to slip from his hands six months before; and despite his own unwillingness and the evil influences by which he was surrounded, the force of circumstances obliged Garibaldi to sign the death-warrant of his own power by ordering the universal vote which was to hand Naples and Sicily over to the royal government, and, as soon as the result was known, to retire to Caprera, though he did not depart without giving a last sign of ill-will in his refusal to concur in the proposed incorporation of his volunteer army with that of Northern Italy, unless on the impossible condition of his own appointment as absolute Dictator of the Two Sicilies, quite heedless of the reply of the King that the bestowal of such authority belonged to the parliament alone, and exceeded the power of any ministry.

The administration of Naples may be pointed at by his opponents as the least successful page in Count de Cavour's career, yet his excuses are so many, that even his warmest admirers need not scruple to acknowledge his failure. The country was handed over to him in a state of absolute anarchy, its fortresses still resisting on behalf of the fallen Bour-

* 100,000,000*fr.* were found at Naples when Garibaldi entered. In his budget of this year, the Italian finance minister had to meet a deficit of 114,000,000*fr.* on account of the Neapolitan provinces.

† Paul de Flotte: Speech in the French Legislative Assembly, 21st May, 1850.

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* The campaign lasted eighteen days from the passage of the Rubicon to the surrender of Ancona.

bons; and he, accustomed to judge every thing with his own eyes, had no personal knowledge of Naples, while the concentration of all power and responsibility in himself, which was the mainspring of his ministerial system, forbade him even a short absence from Turin to acquire any. Moreover, let us confess it, he would have been more than human—and to be human was an essential feature of his greatness—if the senseless and ever-reviving enmity of Garibaldi, and the unceasing vituperation of his friends, had not made some impression upon him, and inspired a certain almost unconscious prejudice against all supposed to yield fealty to that party, a prejudice which passed with far greater intensity into the minds of his own followers. Hence the infelicitous appointment as Viceroy of Signor Farini, who, with all his excellent qualities, was the last man for such a post, since his very character and position rendered his many errors in it unavoidable, and when the Prince of Carignan was at length sent to replace him, that nomination came too late to remove difficulties it might have obviated at an earlier period. But we need not dwell longer on this gloomy episode, the development of which would require long statements of facts and explanations of causes, leading us into digressions wholly foreign to our subject, since not to Cavour was reserved the solution of the knotty Neapolitan problem. His course was nearly run, and we rather turn to his last appearances on the parliamentary stage of his earliest public triumphs.

The elections had taken place on the twenty-seventh of January, 1861, every where proving singularly favorable to government, and the parliament was formally opened on the eighteenth of February, but owing to the delay necessary for the verification of powers, business did not begin till the middle of March. The first bill presented was one constituting the new monarchy, which passed the representative chamber unanimously, the senate with but a single dissentient vote, given at the dictate of religious bigotry, and thus was the youthful dream of Cavour fulfilled after the lapse of twenty-nine years. He was first minister of the kingdom of Italy, and to himself was the great result mainly due. The sovereign had assumed his new title, the state was proclaimed, but it was yet incomplete, for

Rome the capital, and Venice the bulwark, were unrepresented in the Italian parliament, and on the former and most vital of these questions Count de Cavour hastened to explain his views. In answer to interrogations he had himself instigated, he expounded at length his favorite theory of a free Church in a free State. Considering Rome to be the necessary metropolis of Italy, he desired to offer the Pontiff, in exchange for his precarious temporal power, sovereign honors, and the renunciation by the state of all right of interference in spiritual affairs, with the hope that such ample terms, backed by the guarantee of the Italian government for the safety and respect due to the supreme head of the Church, would induce the concurrence of the Catholic Powers, and persuade France especially to withdraw her garrison, concluding in favor of an order of the day to the same effect, which was voted by an immense majority. These explanations were renewed in the upper chamber a fortnight later, for Count de Cavour held the thorough ventilation of a question to be the essential preliminary to its solution; publicity was his weapon, as freedom his device, and it was on this occasion that in answer to the Neapolitan Senator, Vacca, who, after urging the state of Naples to be an additional reason for seeking to hasten the deliverance of Rome, suggested the proclaiming a state of siege in the disturbed frontier provinces, that he vehemently exclaimed, almost in the very words he repeated during the delirium of his last hours: "No state of siege, no exceptional laws—liberty must not sully her cause by assuming the arms of tyrants!"

The Roman debates were but the holiday tournament; the real battle for power between the ministry and more advanced opposition must be fought on other grounds; and the question of the volunteer, or southern army, supplied the latter with an endless theme of invective and covert accusation; for the public mind was agitated and divided on this subject, and unaware that the sullenness of Garibaldi had prevented a general arrangement, (for the ministry had been chary of unavailing the errors of one to whom Italy owed so much,) felt dissatisfied with the partial measures adopted, so that, to secure them a parliamentary sanction, Baron Ricasoli (whose lofty character and independent position gave him a peculiar

right to be heard) proposed, and Count de Cavour accepted, a debate which might settle the matter forever.

The discussion of the eighteenth April must long remain memorable in the parliamentary annals of Italy. In reply to the questions of Baron Ricasoli, the minister of war made a long statement of the forces of the country, and explained the position assigned to the volunteers by the royal decrees on their organization; after which Garibaldi, who had taken his seat that same day, started up, and reading from a paper, (previously prepared, alas! for had the cruel words been *spoken* in the heat of debate, not *written*, the sting had been less deep,) accused Cavour of being the enemy of Italy, the would-be fosterer of civil war. The chamber was indignant, his own lieutenants shocked, and the most fiery of them, General Bixio, earnest for conciliation, implored the accuser to retract, the accused to pardon, the unjust taunt; nor was Count de Cavour, though wounded to the quick, slow to accept the proffered mediation, and for the weal of Italy he offered not merely forgiveness but oblivion, and joint labor in the cause both equally loved, and holding out his hand, he called upon Garibaldi to come and grasp it as that of a patriot, who, if trained in a different school, was no less ardent than himself. Had Garibaldi only done so, what evil might have been averted! But irresolute, and dependent on the opinion of those immediately about him, he half rose to comply, then yielding to the whispered remonstrance of Zuppetta, who was next him, again sat down. Cavour sank back, struggling with fearful and visible agony; insulted as knight, as gentleman, as patriot, his nature was one to feel to the very core such a blow, coming from such a quarter; yet Italy was so dear to him, that for her sake he mastered his passion, retained his wonted urbanity throughout the debate, and when the large majority in favor of government, and the adherence of his military lieutenants to its proposals, had persuaded Garibaldi of the necessity of reconciliation, and he sought it through the intervention of his sovereign, Cavour, too high-souled for rancor, cheerfully assented. But from that hour he was not the same. The poisoned shaft had reached his heart, the wound closed outwardly, but did not heal, and affection noted with sinister prevision,

that his once bright eye was now dim, and that while he acknowledged fatigue, he complained of his inability to rest. As if actuated by a foreboding wish to give utterance to his thoughts on every subject nearest to his heart, he repeatedly addressed the chamber, with even more than his wonted power and earnestness, on the fundamental principles of free trade, (his last great speech,) Venice, Rome, and the interests of the exiles from those cities, bequeathing his words, as it were, a legacy to his successors and his country.

The hour was at hand, the knell was about to ring. The morning of Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of May, was spent as usual, amid the cares of office. In the afternoon Count de Cavour appeared in the chamber, sustaining his part in the debate with all his wonted animation, replying to every objector in his usual lively, half-jesting, conversational tone, but in the evening he was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy. It was not the first, and this seemed to yield, like its predecessors, after two bleedings, so much so that on the thirty-first, in spite of all entreaty, he insisted on transacting business with his colleagues, and giving his usual audiences; the result was an excitement which brought on a fresh attack, with new and more dangerous symptoms, conflicting with each other, and indicative of various maladies, for all of which the pharmacy of Turin knew but one remedy—the lancet. Whether greater prudence on the part of the sufferer, or more skilled physicians, would have preserved so precious a life, can be only a matter of conjecture, but we may state our own belief that though the method of treatment was probably the very worst that could have been selected, no other would have been more successful. Years of toil and intense anxiety had strained to the utmost nerves of the most exquisite sensibility, while a most unhealthy mode of life, long fasts, alternated with abundant meals, and scarcely any physical exercise, had gradually undermined health, and left both body and mind without power of reaction from any sudden or violent blow. That blow was given by the hand of Garibaldi, and the effort to conceal its immediate effect was probably more fatal than even the shock itself, so that those who knew him best considered him doomed from the hour of the second attack, and in the al-

ternate phases of his malady only saw the last struggles of an exhausted nature. The multitude was naturally less clear-sighted, and the second of June, the day set apart in honor of Italian unity, was celebrated with all the ordained pomp, as Cavour had bidden. Yet amidst their rejoicings the people did not forget their Papa Camillo, and as days went by, and the well-known face and figure did not reappear under the porticoes, anxiety grew deep, and vast crowds day and night blocked up all the streets leading to his palace, standing for hours in their silent, serried ranks, to learn the contents of the bulletins constantly issued. Within lay the sick man, on his bed of death, grandly, calmly, awaiting the fate he knew to be impending. In his occasional hours of delirium he spoke of his country, of her generals and statesmen, of her hopes and her difficulties, for, dying as a shepherd in defense of his flock, his thoughts were ever with his people, but not one word of rancor or enmity fell from his lips, for there was no hatred in his heart. When he was lucid, he conversed gayly, and even jested with the relatives and friends around him, discoursing of agriculture, the crops, silkworms, but above all of Italy, and as the end drew nigh, that theme more exclusively occupied his mind. On the morning of the fifth, he sent for his parish priest, Father Giacomo,* of the Franciscan order of monks, for years his friend, and one of the dispensers of his numerous charities to the poor of Turin, confessed, and toward night received the sacraments. His will was already signed, and having thus fulfilled his duties toward God and man, he dedicated his last hours on earth to the thought of his country. Late in the evening he was visited by his sovereign, who affectionately embraced and took leave of him, a visit which deeply touched the dying minister. To the last his commanding intellect remained bright and clear; he looked steadily forward through the mists which to inferior minds yet

seemed to hang over the future of Italy, and though not blind to her dangers, expressed his unshakable faith in her future and success; "Non temete, l'Italia è fatta," (fear not, Italy is made,) he said to his colleague, Minghetti, but an hour before the end, and his last faint words were, "Tutto è salvo," (all is safe,) and with these yet upon his lips, the glorious spirit passed away in the early dawn of Thursday, the sixth of June, 1861, leaving those who had the privilege of watching that last vigil, bewildered in the excess of their mingled admiration and grief.

Who shall describe the wail of all Italy at this great loss? The shops and theaters were every where closed, in every church arose the solemn chant for the dead, and the population, all classes, high and low, mingled together, and alike clad in the deepest mourning, crowded to the celebration of the sacred rite. Never did Turin, nor perhaps any other city, present a spectacle like that on the day of the funeral. After lying in state in the great hall of the Cavour palace, where it received the last homage of the constituted bodies, and indeed of the whole people, who crowded to gaze for the last time on those beloved features, the corpse was borne on a royal car, which had served at the obsequies of Charles Albert, through the principal streets, to the church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, where mass was to be celebrated, attended by both chambers, the Knights of the Annunziata, the judges, the ecclesiastical, municipal, and commercial corporations; the whole garrison was under arms, the cannon thundered from the heights, no pomp that majesty itself might claim was wanting, nor could the pouring and incessant rain deter noble, citizen, or humble artisan, from walking bareheaded in the train, while the women, with no better protection than their mourning-veils, stood for hours on the balconies to catch one glimpse of the procession as it passed. Turin, his native city, and Florence, the Pantheon of Italy, vied for the honor of enshrining the dead, to whom the King offered a resting-place in the royal sepulcher of Superga, that his own bones might one day be laid beside those of his great minister; but all rivalry gave way before the simple reply of the Marquis de Cavour, to whom these proffers were made, that years before his lost brother had expressed a wish to be buried in the family

* The adventures of this worthy friar at Rome are too recent to need more than a passing allusion, but they serve thoroughly to refute the fable of the clerical journals, insinuating that Count de Cavour at the last hour repented the policy he had pursued. We now know beyond dispute (even if the statement of Marquis de Cavour, that no recantation was made or demanded, had not sufficed) that he died as he had lived, with all his convictions unshaken.

vault at Sant'ena, near a beloved nephew who had fallen at the battle of Custoza. To that wish all yielded, Cavour was laid in the spot he himself had selected, and in the little chapel of Sant'ena, a simple stone, inscribed but with a name and a date, points out to the pilgrim of genius the last home of him who "made Italy."

Thus lived, thus died, Camillo Benso de Cavour. For the sake of preserving the continuity and clearness of our narrative, we have reserved to the last our consideration of his character, both as man and minister. At the present day, who is unacquainted with his outward appearance? Engravings, busts, and photographs have made us all familiar with the short, square, fat figure, the deep chest, the shoulders broad as those of an Atlas, supporting the round, compact head, (in which the unusual proportions of the fore part seem to trespass on the share oftener allotted to face and skull, and overpower the really massive though short chin,) the eyes sparkling behind the eternal gold-rimmed spectacles, and the close-shaven firm lips, on which played a continual smile, sometimes in irony, far oftener as the involuntary outbreak of that inward glee and good humor which so rarely failed him, even in the most trying circumstances. Many of us may have seen him thus, under the porticoes of Turin, attired in his simple brown coat, as he rapidly (Count de Cavour could do nothing slowly) traversed on foot the short space between his home and his office, hastily returning the salutations he received, or exchanging a passing word with a friend; or in the chamber, where the restlessness to which the activity of his mind impelled him, was still more visible. There he was never quiet for an instant, but was constantly sorting, examining, and tearing up the heaps of papers before him; conferring with his fellow-ministers, or different deputies, whom he summoned to lean over his chair for a brief eager chat, for few indeed were the orators to whom he deigned to give apparent attention, and he might have been deemed unconscious of what was going on, but for the eager way in which he would rub his hands when he detected an opponent in a blunder, or the almost uncontrollable impatience with which he tossed himself upon his seat if one of his own followers fell into a strain of reasoning he thought likely to be injurious; but that illusion would

soon have been dispelled when he rose to reply. His style of oratory was not precisely eloquence, but something far more business-like and practical, for he was essentially a debater. Continually on his feet, he took up the cudgels for every one of his colleagues in turn; he was always ready to correct any error, and showed himself better acquainted with the details of each department than the minister who presided over it; each reply was short, pithy, often but a few sentences; but this only served to heighten the effect he produced, when, on grand occasions, he took a longer and higher flight. Yet, even then, his manner can not be illustrated by short quotations. To be judged, his speeches must be read at length, (and, if well reported, they may thus attain their full effect, with which voice and delivery had little to do,) for, as in his state papers, each sentence was as closely connected with the one following it, as if the statement of facts or ideas had been a demonstration in mathematics, and he only who has followed the whole chain of reasoning can legitimately acquiesce in the conclusion.

As a colleague, Count de Cavour was often imperious, though in his usual good-humored way. Not unconscious (as what truly great man can be, after measuring himself with others in action?) of his own unrivaled genius and capacity for business, he was impatient either of slowness or error, and firmly believed nothing could go right without his own supervision. This led to his weakest point as a minister; for, so great himself, he founded no school of greatness. He taught men to *obey*, rather than to *think*, and, alone in his glory, he remains a model, not a teacher, for so potent was the impress of his master spirit, that, while it developed the talents of all who were brought into close contact with him, it robbed them of a portion of the independence of their own minds. This concentration of all thought in a single brain was, perhaps, essential to success, during the earlier stages of development of Italian regeneration; but when it was no longer a question to create, but to organize, it became rather an impediment, and, though Count de Cavour seemed to feel this himself, the habit of exclusive self-reliance had become too strong to be cast off.

But to compensate this one weakness, how much was there that was unequaled.

Deeply skilled in the politics of parliament and parties, consummate in diplomacy, a minister of the creative class, Count de Cavour was yet more than politician or diplomatist; a statesman of a type of which he is yet the sole representative, though we trust the future will see many struggling to follow in his footsteps. The breaker-down of feudalism and privilege, the extender of religious liberty to Protestant and Jew, the creator of a state, he yet looked upon all these measures as means to an ulterior end—the well-being of the nation. The removal of custom barriers, the extension of railroads, the erection of manufactories, the development of commerce, education, and agriculture—these were the objects that rejoiced his very soul. With all the daring and self-dependence of an aristocrat, he united the acquirements of a mathematician, an engineer, and a scientific agriculturist, without the exclusiveness engendered by pursuing any of these callings as a profession. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" was what he sought to promote, whether as writer, speculator, landowner, or minister; and great as his fame must ever be as the founder of Italy, we doubt whether posterity will not still more admire the foresight which, overlooking dynastic alliances and political conventions, could, so early as 1851 and 1852, discover commercial treaties and the intimate relations that spring from them to be the only true bonds between peoples, and, by uniting little Piedmont on that basis with the most advanced nations of the West, devise the means for endowing all Italy with law and liberty, with the right of unrestrained political, commercial, and agricultural development.

The portrait of the minister is engraved for all time on the tablets of history; but the memory of the man, though it holds a dearer place in the minds of those who knew him, would pass away with them; and, as if to retain its evanescent image, many a page has already been penned to record personal peculiarities, or characteristic anecdotes. Yet who shall paint worthily the easy and brilliant conversation, the gay, genial laugh, the charm of manner, which seemed so thoroughly to belong to the world of idleness, that only some chance remark, no one inferior could have uttered, reminded the auditor that he who spoke was Count de Cavour;

and, indeed, the great statesman never seemed more thoroughly himself than when, the cares of office thrown aside, he indulged in a tour of visits in the theater, played the courteous host at his own ministerial parties, or at a masked ball, throwing open the door of his opera-box, surrendered himself to the embraces of the dominos, though he only returned the salutes of such as a peep under their masks persuaded him were worthy of the honor.

Yet, in private life, he had better and higher qualities than these. The poor of Turin will long retain a grateful remembrance of his large and judiciously dispensed charities, while the peasantry of his estate mourn him as a father, who never grudged either thought or money to ameliorate their condition, and whose kindly smile and cheerful words of encouragement were perhaps as much valued by them as material aid. His memory was prodigious; he never forgot a fact or a date, a name or a face, though seen but once, and after the lapse of years; and to his friends his heart was ever true, though the necessities of his political position at times seemed to sever him from them. Those most in his intimacy, when they differed with him, had occasionally to stand fiery attacks, for his temper was passionate, and his convictions were so absolute as ill to brook opposition; but his good humor soon returned, and he then became as eager to offer every amends for the offense he might have given. Of personal enmity he was totally incapable, and he could less be said to forgive an injury than to forget it, while to praise and blame he was almost equally indifferent, save that he turned from the first with suspicion as to its motives, while, in the second, if set forth with ability, he would at times seek a hint for the future.

We could fill our pages with countless anecdotes illustrative of all these qualities; but our limited space warns us to conclude, yet before we do so, we would fain express the hope that some one among Count de Cavour's numerous friends may be found, both able and willing to furnish posterity with a more detailed and less perishable biography than can be given in any periodical journal, for his name is the heirloom of Italy and the world, and should not be left to the guardianship of chance.

Kindly and tolerant, good no less than great, Count de Cavour passed away in

charity with all men, after a life spent in striving to promote their weal. Dying in the prime of life, but worn out in their service, the mourning of his countrymen over him was passionate, and all but unanimous. Alas! that when the *Armonia** and its colleagues were grave and decorous, the one discordant note which dared to vituperate the dead, and insult the grief of the nation, should have been struck by men styling themselves the friends and trusted followers of Garibaldi, and that that chief himself, pent in his lonely hermitage of Caprea, far from disavowing such unworthy clamor—barks of the curs over the dead lion—as might have been expected from his better nature, found no word of sympathy for weeping Italy. With that single exception, all was harmony, from the sovereign

to the lowest of the people. Either chamber decreed an image of the departed to be placed in the hall of its assembly, to keep alive his memory among them, and his speeches were ordered to be collected and printed at the expense of the state. Every great town determined to raise a monument to him; Santa Croce, at Florence, the squares of Turin, Milan, Genoa, Naples, and many others of inferior note, will be adorned with his statue, while his picture will be seen in many a public hall. But whatever the skill of the limner, or the art of the sculptor, not even in the Campidoglio itself, can a monument to Camillo Benso, Count de Cavour, be erected so grand and noble as that afforded him by his own great work—the unity of Italy herself.

From Chambers's Journal.

L I G H T N I N G - P R I N T S .

Of all meteors, lightning, though one of the most common, is doubtless one of the most interesting and surprising in its manifestations and effects. The admirable experiments of Franklin and Dalibard having proved the identity of the lightning-flash with the spark of our electrical machines, the meteorological effects of the former become doubly interesting, as we endeavor to imitate them in the laboratory.

Now, among the curious effects produced by lightning, there is one class of phenomena which appears to us well deserving attention, and which, from the rarity of its occurrence—or perhaps we should say, the small number of observations we possess—is yet very little known.

We are all acquainted, in these days of photography, with the peculiar action of light upon papers imbibed with salts of silver, or other chemical preparations sensitive to its influence, by which the im-

ages of surrounding objects are permanently and elegantly fixed upon the paper; but few are aware that the lightning-flash is capable of producing a similar effect upon the bodies of its victims. That such phenomena have really occurred, and will undoubtedly occur again, is now an established fact in the scientific world; some meteorologists have recently given the name of *Keraunography* (from *κεραυνός*, lightning, and *γράφω*, I write) to these images produced by lightning, and have collected together the most authentic observations relating to them; and it is principally to papers recently published by Orioli in Italy, Dr. Boudin and Baron d'Hombres-Firmas of Paris, and M. Andrès Poey, director of the Observatory of Havana, that we owe most of what we know upon the subject.

The first mention that appears to have been made of lightning-prints is found in a work of one of the so-called Fathers of the Church, St. Gregory of Nazianz, who

* The clerical organ of Turin, usually known for its violence.

declares that in the year 360, images were printed by lightning upon the bodies and clothes of the workmen occupied in rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem. The Jews having been caused by the Emperor Julian to reconstruct their temple, the laborers were occupied with the foundation-work when an earthquake took place. It was preceded by a whirlwind and tempest, which suddenly arose and forced them to take shelter in a neighboring church. According to St. Gregory—a cotemporary of the Emperor Julian, and the only one who has left us a detailed description of the circumstances—during the tempest, “globes of fire were seen to proceed from the earth,” and the workmen who had taken refuge in the church had certain *figures of crosses* mysteriously printed upon their clothes and their bodies. These crosses are said to have been dark or invisible during the day, but brilliant or phosphorescent in the darkness of night.

These facts are repeated by many ancient writers who lived a century or so later, and whom it is useless to quote here. More modern writers, however, such as Moyles in England, and Basnage in France, do not admit them, and appear to be of the same opinion as an anonymous writer in the *Encyclopædia Perthensis*, who says, speaking of this impression of crosses, that “some have endeavored to account for it on electrical principles. But it is a degradation of philosophy to attempt to account upon philosophical principles for a fabulous legend which bears the most evident marks of one of those *pious fraude* which have so often disgraced the Christian faith.” However, it will be seen, from other cases brought forward in this paper, that it is not improbable some workmen may have been struck with lightning during the building of the temple, and had figures of crosses printed upon their bodies. In more modern times, this same impression of crosses upon the body by the action of lightning was noticed by the Rev. Dr. John Still, Bishop of Wells, in Somersetshire, and handed down to us by Isaac Casaubon, who inserted the observation in his *Adversaria* about the year 1610-1611. It appears that one summer day in the year 1595, when the people were attending divine worship, in the cathedral of Wells, two or three claps of thunder were heard, which frightened them so much that they

all threw themselves upon the ground. Lightning fell without hurting any one present, but, strange to relate, crosses were found to have been printed upon the bodies of those who attended the church; and, what is more, the bishop himself found upon his own body (upon his arm) a similar mark. Others had these crosses upon their shoulders, or upon their breasts, and they were witnessed by many persons.

A third case of crosses printed probably by lightning is on record: it happened during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1660. The fact was communicated to Father Kircher, who published a long dissertation upon it in 1661, entitled *Diatribes de Prodigiosis Crucibus quæ post ultimum Incendium Vesuvii Montis Napoli comparuerunt*. A copy of this work exists in the *Bibliothèque de Ste. Geneviève* of Paris. It informs us that, after the eruption of the volcano, crosses were seen upon various articles of linen, such as shirt-sleeves, women's aprons, and table-cloths, which were exposed to the open air during the volcanic phenomenon. These crosses were observed in great numbers throughout the kingdom of Naples. Thirty had been counted by one individual upon the linen cloth of an altar, fifteen upon a shirt-sleeve, and eight upon the dress of a child. According to the same author, the size and color of these crosses were very different. Pure water could not efface them, but soap and water caused them to disappear. Some are said to have lasted for a fortnight, others longer still. It has not been recorded by Kircher whether lightning was observed or not during this eruption; but it is well known that atmospheric perturbations and often the most violent tempests, accompany the volcanic eruptions of Vesuvius, and indeed of all volcanoes.

In 1750, William Warburton published a curious book, entitled, *Julian, or a Discourse concerning the Earthquake and Fiery Eruption which defeated that Emperor's attempt to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem*, in which the author appears to be of opinion that the crosses printed upon the bodies and clothes of the workmen were really luminous or phosphorescent at night, and dark or invisible in the day-time. Rufin and Socrates, according to the same author, assure us that the impressions were indelible, and could not be effaced by any means that were at-

tempted. Warburton supposes the form of a cross to be owing to the zigzag shape of the lightning discharge, which, when not clearly defined as a zigzag, might easily appear as a cross. Another circumstance worth noting is the following: the crosses observed at Jerusalem were printed upon the skin and upon the clothes of the workmen; those observed in the cathedral of Wells were printed only upon the skin; whilst those at Vesuvius appeared solely upon clothes exposed to the air.

Robert Boyle, in the fourth volume of his works, adopts an opinion put forth by Kircher in the book quoted above, and attributes the production of the figure of crosses to the transport of some volatile matter exhaled from the earth, and which, being deposited upon the threads of the linen, crossing each other at right angles, would infallibly give rise to crosses.

A paper printed in the *Journal des Savants* for 1690, by the Abbé Lamy, puts us in possession of another curious fact relating to lightning-impressions. On the eighteenth July, 1689, lightning struck the tower of the church of St. Sauveur, at Langy in France, and, in an instant printed upon the cloth of the altar some Latin words of a prayer-book. The words *Qui pridie quam pateretur*, etc., to the end of the prayer, were all reproduced, with the exception of *Hoc est corpus meum*, and *hic est sanguis meus*, which were printed in red ink, whilst the others were in black characters. The only difference remarked between the two sets of characters—namely, those of the prayer-book and those printed by the lightning-flash—was, that the later were reversed.

But leaving these impressions of crosses and prayers, the accounts of which have come down to us chiefly from ecclesiastics, we pass on to some more interesting and more tangible cases of what might almost be called *lightning-photography*.

In the year 1786, that distinguished member of the Academy of Sciences, Leroy, announced that Franklin had frequently repeated to him, some forty years back, the case of a man who, whilst standing at his door during a thunder-storm, saw the lightning fall upon a tree opposite to him. It was afterward remarked that a reversed image of the tree was indelibly printed upon the breast of this man. Another still more extraordinary

case occurred in the year 1812. It was related by Mr. James Shaw to the members of the *Meteorological Society* of London. In the year named, there existed, near the village of Combe Bay, about four miles from the town of Bath, an extensive wood, composed chiefly of oaks and nut-trees. In the center of the wood was a pasture-ground of some fifty square yards in extent, where six sheep were lying when a storm came on, and "all the sheep were killed by the lightning." When the skins of these animals were afterward taken off, it was observed that the internal portions of each separate skin bore the most faithful image of the surrounding landscape—every detail of which was distinctly printed upon the skins. "When the skins were taken from the animals," says Mr. Shaw, "a *fac-simile* of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin. . . . I may add that the small field and its surrounding wood were so familiar to me and my school-fellows, that when the skins were shown to us, we at once identified the local scenery so wonderfully represented." These skins were exposed to public gaze for some time, as a curiosity, in the town of Bath.

M. José J. Figueroa has communicated to M. Poey several interesting cases of lightning-printing, from which we select the following:

An old inhabitant of Cuba, who has now entered upon his eighty-first summer, relates that in his younger days he knew an individual who had the image of a *piece of money* printed upon his arm by lightning. At the moment the electric discharge took place, the person in question was seated at a table upon which the piece of money lay, and with his right arm (which received the impression) leaning upon the table.

M. José Blanco, a lawyer of Havana, has often heard a story related of a countryman, who, while riding on horseback through a wood, was overtaken by a tempest, and the image of a *cross* was printed upon his breast by the effect of a flash of lightning, which killed his horse instantaneously. This image was the exact representation of a metallic cross which hung upon his breast, and which was nowhere to be found, when the man recovered from the electric shock.

From the same source we get also the history of a cat killed, while suckling its

young, by lightning, which struck the Audience Chambers recently erected at Havana. On the body of this animal was observed the impression of a *circle*, an exact representation, though much smaller, of another larger circle which formed part of the building.

And lastly, in the province of Jibacoa, (Cuba,) lightning was seen to strike a large tree in August, 1823, and printed upon the trunk of it the image of a bent *nail* which had been driven into one of the higher branches.

We now come to a very well-known case of lightning-photography, recorded by Professor Orioli, and communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. d'Hombres-Firmas in 1847. In September, 1825, lightning fell upon the ship *Il Buon Servo*, lying at anchor in the Bay of Armiro, (Italy.) A sailor, who was seated at the foot of a mast, was struck dead by the flash. On his body were observed two slight marks—the one yellow, the other black—which proceeded from the man's neck, and continued as far as the region of the kidneys, at which spot the most distinct image of a *horse-shoe* was printed. This image was the exact representation of a real horse-shoe nailed upon the mast, at the foot of which the sailor sat. Moreover, the image and the real object were exactly the same size.

Wonderful and exceptional as this fact may appear, we have, from Orioli, another very similar and no less extraordinary case. A sailor was struck by lightning, while asleep in his hammock on a ship lying at anchor in the port of Zante, (Italy,) and the *number* forty-four was most distinctly printed upon his breast. The sailor was killed by the discharge; but all his comrades attested that the figure of this number did not exist upon the man's breast before the accident. It was the exact copy of a metallic figure forty-four attached to the ship, and placed between the mizzen-mast, upon which the lightning fell, and the place where the sailor slept.

To Mr. Poey, who has been at great trouble to assure himself of the authenticity of the facts he relates, we owe several other extraordinary examples of lightning-prints, which we will endeavor to describe in a few words.

The first happened in the province of Candelaria, (Cuba,) in 1828. A young man was struck dead by lightning near a

house, upon one of the windows of which was nailed a horse-shoe. The image of this *horse-shoe* was most distinctly printed upon the neck of the unfortunate young man, underneath the right ear.

The next is the case of a lady of Trinidad, (Cuba,) who fortunately was not killed, but upon her body was found the *image of a metallic comb or brooch*, which she wore in the band of her apron.

The following case of this kind is exceedingly curious, and reminds us that lightning-prints may occur upon inanimate tissues, such as linen, etc., as well as upon the bodies of men and animals. The phenomenon we are going to describe was related in a letter addressed to Dr. Boudin by Monsieur de Bessay, who was present when it occurred. On the fourteenth of November, 1830, lightning struck the Château de la Benattonnière in La Vendée. The following day, one of the inmates remarked upon the back of a lady's dress a *peculiar design*, which happened to be a faithful copy of the ornaments on the back of one of the chairs in a saloon of the château. The lady to whom the dress belonged remembered that she was sitting in that chair when the storm raged over the château. The image upon the dress was so distinct, that it appeared as if it had been recently copied, with great pains, from the design at the back of the chair.

We now come to an example of lightning-prints which is not only known to be perfectly authentic, but which has given rise to some scientific discussion as to the manner in which the image was produced. The facts are simply these: On the ninth of October, 1836, lightning killed a young man near Zante. He had around his body a belt containing some gold pieces, and the *images of six* of these *pieces* were indelibly printed upon his right shoulder by the electrical discharge. An account of this phenomenon was communicated to the Neapolitan Scientific Congress, on the twenty-second of September, 1845, by the president of the congress, Professor Orioli, with a report by Dr. Pascal Dicapuolo of Zante, and certain legal certificates relating to the affair. A discussion ensued upon the subject. Professor Orioli said he had no doubt that the electric current which killed the young man had passed through each of the six pieces of money, and left the impression of them upon the skin; and Signor Gennaro Galano corrob-

orated this opinion; besides which, Professor Palmieri brought forward an electrical experiment, which appeared to confirm Orioli's statement. At the next sitting of the Congress, on the twenty-third of September, Signor Vismara, Signor Longo, and some others evinced the opinion that the electrical discharge had carried off some of the metal, and deposited it upon the skin. But it appeared, after further examination, that the pieces were completely intact. On the seventeenth of December of the following year, (1846,) Baron d'Hombres-Firmas brought the case before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and again in January, 1847, when it gave rise to more discussion. The images produced were not *fac-similes* of the gold pieces, but *circles of three different dimensions*, corresponding precisely in size and form with the *three kinds of pieces* in the young man's belt. The impressions were upon the *right shoulder*, and the money in the belt was slung over the *right side* of the man's body. The circles were not colored; the skin in the printed parts was of its natural color, but all around it was blackened by the lightning-flash, so that the images were seen by contrast. To sum up, it appears most probable that the six pieces of gold, being good conductors, concentrated the electrical discharge, which, radiating from them in all directions upon the man's body, produced a chemical change in the constitution of the tissue of the skin which it blackened.

It has been imagined that the blood of the person struck by lightning participated somewhat in the production of these images, and the case we have just related seems to point at this conclusion. Indeed, Arago, Bossut, and Leroy were all of opinion that the electrical discharge forces the blood into the capillary vessels on the surface of the skin, and so modifies this liquid as to leave indelible impressions. They quote the case of a man struck by lightning, whose body was covered with very singular marks, resembling the ramifications of minute blood-vessels. Again, in July, 1841, a magistrate and a miller's boy were struck by lightning in the department Indre-et-Loire, (France,) when it was remarked that the breasts of both were covered with spots resembling the leaves of a poplar-tree. The miller's boy was killed, but the magistrate recovered, and the marks upon his

body disappeared *as soon as the circulation was reëstablished*.

We have no doubt ourselves, that in most of these examples of lightning-prints, where external objects, either in contact with the body or at some distance from it, have been reproduced as if by photography, the blood in the capillary vessels is the medium which received the electric influence. Such, for instance, was evidently the case with Madame Morosa, an Italian lady of Lugano, who, whilst sitting at her window during a storm in 1847, felt a severe shock; and the *image of a flower*, which appears to have been in the electric current, was so indelibly printed upon her leg, that she preserves the mark to the present day. But a difficulty seemingly arises with regard to various objects where no blood is present; for instance, the impression observed upon the lady's dress in the château de la Benattonnière, quoted above, and that of the nail upon the tree, not to mention the images of crosses and Latin words upon linen, etc., alluded to before, which are the most unsatisfactory reports we have had to deal with in this paper. Moreover, a Cuba newspaper reported in 1852, that lightning struck a palm-tree on the plantation of St. Vincent, and *engraved upon the dry leaves* of it a representation of some pine-trees growing in the neighborhood, at a distance of some three hundred and forty yards. The image was so perfect, that it appeared more like an engraving than any thing else. These and similar apparent difficulties will vanish at once, when we become acquainted with what has already been done in the laboratory; for instance, when we know that by placing a medal upon a plate of resin, and passing an electric discharge through it, we can obtain an image of the medal upon the resin, we can not see any thing marvelous in lightning being able to print forms upon similar inanimate matter.

Cases similar to that reported by Franklin of the *image of a tree* being impressed upon the body of a person struck with lightning, have been more than once observed of late years. In August, 1853, the New-York *Journal of Commerce* reported that a young girl was struck with lightning whilst standing at a window during a storm. Opposite to the window was a *nut-tree*, the entire image of which was indelibly stamped upon the girl's body. Again, M. Raspail has mentioned

lately a few similar facts, among which one, where the *image of a bird's nest* was impressed upon a child who was climbing a tree to get it; and in 1857, the *Echo de Bruxelles*, a daily paper, reported a very remarkable case, which first drew our attention to this class of phenomena. In September, 1857, a peasant-girl who was minding a cow in the department of the Seine-et-Marne, having taken refuge under a tree during a severe storm, the lightning struck the tree, the girl, and the cow. The latter was killed, but the girl recovered. However, whilst loosening her dress, to induce respiration, a *distinct image of a cow* was observed upon her breast.

Last year, the French scientific periodical, *Le Cosmos*, registered the account of a terrible storm at Lappion, (Aisne,) where six workmen and a child received severe shocks, and a woman of forty-four years of age had the *image of a tree, trunk, branches, and leaves*, distinctly printed in red upon her person. There appears no doubt that in all these cases of lightning-prints, the image produced upon the body indicates the object from which the electrical discharge emanated on its way to the person struck with lightning; in other terms, that the object whose image is produced formed part of the electric circuit. The extraordinary velocity with which electricity travels renders it of little import whether the object printed upon the body be in contact with the latter or at some distance from it. The same remark holds good for the action of light in photography. As to the molecular change induced in the tissue upon which the image is impressed, it may be assimilated to what takes place upon a photographic plate; and when we can explain how the forms, and even the colors of objects placed at a distance, print their images upon certain chemical preparations, we shall have made a step toward the complete solution of the problem of lightning-prints.

Of late years many curious experiments have shown us that images similar to those of the lightning-flash can be produced in the laboratory. One of the most interesting was recently made by

Mr. Grove. Having scratched a design with the point of his pen-knife upon a piece of white paper, he placed it between two plates of polished glass, which were then submitted to an electrical discharge. On removing the plates, no image was visible upon the glass; but on exposing the latter for a few minutes to the vapor of hydrofluoric acid, the impression came out most distinctly.

In another experiment, made in Germany, a manuscript was transferred, by means of an electric discharge, to a paper imbibed with iodide of potassium and starch.

Experiments such as these will doubtless lead to some useful applications in the arts. We are not of those who are constantly exclaiming that steam, light, heat — every thing, in fact — should be nowadays replaced by electricity; but we fancy that the phenomena which have occupied us in this paper, when submitted to deeper study than they have been up to the present time, will lead to some extremely practical results, especially in this country, where so much *printing* of every description is daily at work. The calico-printer, the lithographer, the photographer, and the engraver, may soon have to coincide with our opinion.

Lately, a Belgian author proposed that the guillotine should be replaced by the electric discharge. "Fancy the criminal," says he, "standing on the scaffold addressing the multitude. The hand of justice lowers itself upon his head, the electric spark flashes and cuts him short. . . . Death, which we fear so much, is only *the pain multiplied by the time*, and electricity traveling some two hundred and forty thousand miles per second, whilst the biggest criminal rarely exceeds two yards, the passage from life to death would be accomplished in about the one four hundred thousandth part of a second!" Our author soon perceives, however, that such a death would be too easy, and would be likely to tempt mankind to crime, whereupon he proposes torture instead. Had he known any thing of lightning-prints, he would certainly have proposed electricity to *brand* his criminals, and not to kill them.

From the London Review.

POEMS OF LONGFELLOW.

As a truly popular poet—the man of the million—no American songster has obtained such a favorable hearing as HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. How it may be in his own hemisphere we know not, but certainly in this part of the world Mr. Longfellow's poems have had a greater circulation than those of all the other American poets together. Possibly it might be no great disgrace even to be ignorant that Bryant and others had written poetry at all; but it would argue a strange isolation from the world of letters to know nothing of *Eccelsior* and the *Psalm of Life*. These, and other lyrics from the same pen, have been promoted to the rank of household words. Young ladies every where sing *Eccelsior* to the accompaniment of the piano; and promising lads, just gliding out of their teens, are imbued by thousands with the stirring sentiments of the *Psalm of Life*—resolved at all hazards not to quit the world without leaving some “footprints on the sands of time.” Nay, we have heard of a certain minister, better known as a popular lecturer, who frequently commences his Sabbath worship with, “Tell me not in mournful numbers,” etc. This somewhat strange effusion, while in many quarters regarded almost with a veneration due to inspired words, has not always been spared from running the gauntlet of adverse criticism. There is no mystery, about the success it has obtained. It has a certain number of pithy aphoristic utterances on the value of time and the greatness of men's destinies; and these, given in the full flow of poetic grandiloquence, produce their effect. There is genuine poetry in the composition, though some of the lines are exceedingly uncouth, and the figures such as will not bear much handling. To many a reader who refuses to sacrifice logic for sound, the following lines are still a stumbling-block:

“Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our life sublime,
And departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

How it is that these footprints can make any permanent impression on the “sands” of time—how it is that this forlorn brother sailing o'er the solemn main can manage to see these prints on the shore, or what is the particular connection between seeing them and taking heart again, are, we confess, things not easily understood. It is useless, however, to quarrel with them now; the world has consented to receive them. A more important question, we think, remains. What is to be understood by the lives of great men reminding us that we may make our own lives “sublime”? Sentiments like this have occasioned a deal of castle-building. The sophistry that identifies a sublime life with a life that makes a great figure in the world, is a very common snare and delusion. The true sublime of life is to turn to the best account the means which Providence has actually placed at men's disposal; and were this actually done all the world over, the number would be very small of those who were sublime enough to have books written about them. As a rule, the lives of great men can not do much by way of example, whatever they may suggest in the way of instruction; for that which has made them great in the world is not imitable by the generality of mankind. It is all very well that examples should be given of those who, through difficulties mostly regarded as insurmountable, have made their way to eminence of whatever kind; but that is a false and pernicious teaching which leaves the impression that where what the world calls “greatness” is wanting, the sublime of life is wanting. No more important lesson can be learned than that the ordinary, the unpoetical business and duties of every-day life are enough to stamp that life with its true greatness; that

"The simple round, the daily task,
Will furnish all we want or ask;"

for those ordinary duties are very often neglected by many a precocious aspirant after greatness, whose life in consequence exhibits a sad predominance of the sublime over the beautiful. It would be captious thus to dwell on an occasional poetical extravagance, were it not that sentiments of a false or doubtful character are, when embodied in popular poetry, mischievous in the extreme. In *Excelsior*, the leading idea—that progress must be resolutely maintained, come what will—is unexceptionable; and this moral, conveyed as it is in words of much force and beauty, makes us comparatively indifferent to the circumstantialia of the tale, which have in some quarters been mercilessly ridiculed. "We have no very bright examples," it is said, "of the true spirit of progress, in the career of a hasty and inconsiderate youth, who at a very unreasonable time of the night, hurries through an Alpine village with his *Excelsior* banner in his hand, and, disregarding all manners of peril from torrent, precipice, and avalanche, treads his way upward, eventually perishing in the snow, where the monks of St. Bernard find him on the following morning." This statement can not be gainsaid. The jury at the coroner's inquest would, doubtless, express their opinion that deceased met his death from causes too clearly attributable to want of proper caution. But when the voice comes "like a falling star," answering to the watchword of the noble victim, we must have done with these matter-of-fact objections, or take them elsewhere.

No greater injustice, however, could be done to Mr. Longfellow than that of testing his merits as a poet by the verses which have found most favor in the drawing-room. He is confessedly at the head of all the American bards. No other has written so much and so well in the main, although we can easily point out in the other collections some single poems which please us better than any thing this author has produced. His longer pieces—*Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and *Miles Standish*—his many and varied lyrical effusions, and his translations from the German, Spanish, and other languages, are scarcely ever below mediocrity, and are generally

of great excellence. True, his flights are never of the highest character; he never rises to those altitudes upon the mount of song, where the great poets of the world have "based the pillars of their imperishable thrones." On the other hand, it must be remembered that the men to whom the genius of poesy has distributed its noblest of gifts have mostly written for a limited class of readers. *Paradise Lost* has never been a popular poem; *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *The Tempest*, can hardly yet be said "to take" with the people. Tennyson's poetry is not for the million; and Wordsworth is still "like a star, dwelling apart." It may be said, in reply to this, that poets of less caliber are not much complimented by being told that their popularity is mainly owing to the fact that the best poetry is not the most highly appreciated; and this may be granted. But there is another side to the story. To gain the ear, to stir the pulses, to delight the imagination of the thousands and tens of thousands on whom the highest efforts of poetic genius are comparatively lost, is no mean triumph. Mr. Longfellow has done this. His pages are every where instinct with life, beauty, and grace. Seldom very sublime, seldom very pathetic—for the cast of his mind is, on the whole, gleesome and joyous—no writer exhibits a better combination of those general qualities which make poetry pleasant and lovable. The healthful and breezy freshness of nature is on all his productions; and in the rich and teeming variety of his muse we have the results of that passion for the fair and bright things of the present and the past, so well described in his own *Prelude*.

The poet is equally happy in the varied subjects which lay his muse under contribution. He sings of the charms of nature, the pleasures of love, the beauty of life, and the mystery of death; rings changes upon bells and old clocks; holds converse with skeletons; and revels in the old romantic legends of Germany and Scandinavia. His *Evangeline* and *Children of the Lord's Supper* have triumphed over the fantastic and barbarous meter in which he has thought proper to put them; and had he chosen to cultivate his dramatic genius, he would, if his *Spanish Student* may be taken as a specimen, have attained a very proud position in that de-

partment of literature. Among the sweetest of his lyrics we have *The Rainy Day*:

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

"My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common lot of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Yet there is probably no poem in the collection which exhibits so great a mastery of composition as the *Goblet of Life*:

"Filled is life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

"No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

"This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

"And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

"Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its lowly flowers;
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

"It gave new strength and fearless mood;
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

"Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less;
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give.

"And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

"The prayer of Ajax was for light:
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noon-day night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

"Let our unceasing earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

"O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones! who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid, to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

"I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side!"

From the North British Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF EDMUND BURKE.*

WE think it is Sir James Mackintosh who praises the Irish writers previous to the end of the eighteenth century, for their elegance and simplicity, and specially alludes to Swift, Berkeley, and Goldsmith in illustration of his remark. It is not proposed at present to hold up Edmund Burke as a model of chastity in style, or, indeed, as excelling in any of the minor arts of a great writer's calling. No man could write more pithily or more elegantly than Burke when he chose; but, for the most part, his writings and speeches are distinguished by entirely different excellences, and charm much more from their total effect than from isolated beauties.

It is gradually becoming admitted by all writers of eminence, that Burke, during his century, was without a rival. His understanding was singularly capacious; his sensibility was exquisite; and his imagination truly regal. None of his contemporaries could come near him as an orator; when he began to speak, he seemed lifted up into an angelic sphere. At times his audience could only wonder; they dared not say they appreciated. His oratory often outran the slow march of his hearers, as far as his intellect soared in grandeur beyond them. The parliament of his day could admire the dignified rhetoric of Chatham, the fervent logic of Fox, the solid eloquence of Pitt, the brilliant fervor of Sheridan, the subtle refinement of Windham, and the forensic elocution of Erskine; but in what category they were to place the oratory of Burke, was a question which no candid cotemporary cared to answer. All they could say was, that he was the most extraordinary man they had ever heard.

No doubt, in the bitterness of political animosity, petty jealousies were generated and narrow strifes were fomented, so that a speaker in the grave House of

Commons would occasionally be treated almost as rudely as if he had lifted up his voice in a bear-garden. Yet strife does not always last; party must give place to humanity, and politics to wisdom. The age of chivalry is not yet gone, although, in Burke's day, it was very nearly so. Chatham can sometimes admire Burke, though Burke is a sworn foe to the great statesman; and Burke can pay a noble tribute to Chatham's memory, though he declined doing so while he lived. Fox does not always contend with Lord North; nor this eccentric statesman with Lord Rockingham. Men must all occasionally play the stoic, and say, bear and forbear. Though Burke, in his declining years, renounced the friendship of Fox, of Sheridan, and of Erskine, this did not prevent Fox from pronouncing a glowing eulogium on the merits of his great friend and master when he lay dead.

It is well to survey occasionally the great deeds of the great men who have gone from among us, if for no better purpose, to keep alive our faith in the perpetual energy of the great mother of us all, who has as fresh power to-day as she had thousands of years ago; and, like the light, is noiseless and strong as she was at the beginning.

Mr. Macknight's is, without doubt, the best biography of Edmund Burke which has yet appeared. It is much fuller than the hasty and incomplete one of Bisset, and surpasses, by many degrees, the painfully laborious but slow-footed performance of Prior, not only in ability, but in warmth and glow. The plan of this writer, besides, is much larger, and in all ways more adequate. The private history of the man and of his works are here viewed in the light of his time. No man, of any time, it may be safely affirmed, reflected more entirely the mind of his age, or was in all ways so completely mixed up with nearly every question of importance, both in England and out of it, as Edmund Burke. And this arose as much from the vast capac-

* *History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke.* By THOMAS MACKNIGHT. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall, 1858-1860.

ity and range of his mind, as from his place as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Another rare accident likewise contributed to enlarge his sympathies with his race. It is the universal testimony of all who had the privilege of closely associating with him, that in point of knowledge he was a moving encyclopedia. Not that his faculties merely moved under the ideas of other men, as is too often the case with men of stupendous erudition; he kept his knowledge securely packed away in the chambers of his brain, without in the least degree affecting its power of spontaneous work, or in any way repressing or enfeebling the outgrowth of its faculties. This assiduous and many-sided culture rather advanced than checked the growth of his mind. There is no overgrowing the oak when once it has fairly got hold of the soil, and has won for itself a place in the forest; but in its soft youth the stronger vegetation of the parasite might strangle it, and men would be deprived of its shade for a thousand years. So it was with Burke. That, which, in his unripe years, might, in careless hands, have kept down the native vigor of his mind, in his maturity was skillfully directed to its adornment. So is it with every mind of great power. There is in such men a strong, ceaseless, unquenchable thirst, which all the waters of Deucalion and Pyrrha's flood can not quench; and because of this burning thirst—not, be it observed, by reason of the habit of acquirement—one may infer the nature of the raging fire which burns always within. It smolders and smokes far down, but the cunning hand of the furnace-maker still prevents the fire from triumphing. It is bound down by bars unknown to any forge; it is clinched by rivets that bear no maker's name; and yet how strong and enduring!

It is the strength and native vigor of such a mind as Aristotle's, as the elder Scaliger's, as Erasmus's, as Leibnitz's, as Burke's, as Hegel's, as Hamilton's, that should astonish us more perhaps than their prodigious acquirements. To walk is easy; but to walk gracefully under an enormous load tries the strength of a man. Yet this is what Burke did. Not that he was merely content to be a great reflector of the lights, brilliant and dusky, which shone around him. He strove likewise, with what effect we shall see, to send forth an illumination brighter and

more extensive than all of those luminaries put together.

Perhaps the very first condition that one would lay down toward the successful treatment of so eminently simple a life as Burke's would be the possession in the biographer of supreme candor—absolute indifference as to which side the truth might lie. This is a severe test for any man, but an absolutely necessary one for the man who would set himself to write down, without the semblance of trickery or deception, even of himself, the exact state of the case, as it stood between Burke and truth. The power is wanted of seeing morally as well as intellectually into the bad side as well as into the good one of a man's disposition; of being able to detach his character, and leisurely survey it on every side; to turn it over as industriously as if it were the features of an adversary; to stand near it, and apart from it; to get above it, and beneath it; to put it in every imaginable light which it could have worn among men; and having done so, to say candidly what sort of man he was, not heeding whether certain foolish persons may find him much of a hero, or whether the tongue of scandal may be let loose by the disclosure. Tried by this standard, Mr. Macknight, as a biographer of Burke, must be found wanting. Not that the verdict could be brought home to his own convictions; for his admiration, not of Burke merely, but of every thing about Burke, is an sincere as it is often blind and indiscriminate. He can see nothing in his hero to apologize for; only a deal of rubbish to be swept away, the accumulated droppings of previous biographers, who wanted the sense and judgment with which he has been privileged.

It is much easier to make an impression on a great number of vulgar people, than to attract the interest of persons of real cultivation. If Mr. Macknight had laid this seriously to heart, we should, doubtless, to-day have been without his three volumes on Burke; for we are firmly of opinion that he has given us his best, and no counsel of ours could have made his work other than it is. It is told of La Motte, who had lost his sight, that being one day in a crowd, he accidentally trode on the foot of a young buck, who immediately struck him on the face. "Ah! sire," said La Motte, "you will be sorry for what you have done, when I tell you

that I am blind." We would receive a caution from this anecdote, with its modicum of humor and pathos, as to dealing harsh blows simply when one treads on our corns or the robes of the damsel we fight for. This is why we are lenient to Mr. Macknight, who tells us in his preface: "I have written in the spirit of love and reverence for a great and good man." Not a doubt of it, say we; yet it is surely high time that we had done with all apologies for the deeds of a great man, and with all labor except what is spent in putting his actions in their true light before the eyes of his fellows. When that is done, it is at *their* peril if they misinterpret his character; we, at least, have performed our small part, and we may challenge the world to say that we have done it ill.

It is curious, now that the name of Burke has become so famous, to note how industriously one and another have thumbed the "Peerage," if perchance they might alight on some nobleman, gifted or otherwise, from whose patrician loins the great plebeian might be supposed to have sprung. Burke himself was much too great and good a man to give any heed to such silly folly. He had much too clear an eye not to see how ridiculous a man would appear, who should industriously lay claim to a higher lineage than he was fairly entitled to.

Mr. Macknight is a less aspiring genealogist than many. He finds that the gaunt De Burghs are too impalpable on their misty heights for him to chase them. He accordingly pounces down on the trading town of Limerick, and there, with swift glance, observes a certain important citizen, John Bourke by name, who was elected Mayor of the city in 1645, and who now finds all his authority will be needed to quell the fierce mob, maddened by priestly exhortations, and by the fears of their own wild hearts. It is the Marquis of Ormond's peace proclamation; and it is the duty of the Mayor to see it read in the market-place by the king-at-arms. It is received with hisses, and groans, and savage yells by the rabble; stones fly thick and fast; the poor Mayor is "knocked down," with all his civic pride, and is summarily forced to yield up his office. And so this "stony Thursday," and the swift down-setting the Mayor received, still stand out in grim picturesqueness on the old chronicles of Limer-

ick. But what connection has this Limerick Mayor with Edmund Burke? None in the world, that we can perceive. Edmund Burke's father, it is said, came from Limerick; and that is, in substance, all that Mr. Macknight tells us about his relationship with that unlucky Mayor.

King George I. had hardly gone to his account when Edmund Burke was born. The young Irishman had, accordingly, to get through his poetry, and fight his way to recognition in London, under the rule of George I.'s dapper successor, who was nearly as gross in his tastes as his father, with a much worse temper. Arran Quay, in the city of Dublin, was Edmund Burke's birth-place, but accounts differ as to the year in which his birth occurred. The record in Trinity College, Dublin, has it 1728, while his tombstone bears the date of 1730. The curious will not fail to note that 1728 was the year of Oliver Goldsmith's birth also. His father was an attorney in good practice, and of course a Protestant; and his mother, who was a Nagle, of Castletown Roche, in Cork, was a mild, rather melancholy woman, with weak nerves and ill-health. His father was a choleric man, whose temper time did not improve; and from him, it is said, Burke inherited part of the irritability and sudden bursts of passion which did not adorn his declining years. Burke had two brothers and one sister, who reached the years of maturity—Garret, Richard, and Juliana—he being himself the second son. In his youth, his health was not good, and, at six years of age, he was removed to the care of his mother's relations, in Castletown Roche. Here he was brought under a double set of influences, which had, doubtless, their effect in molding his opinions, and in ripening his genius. The village in which he was now to reside for the next five years, was situate in the heart of the country which Spenser has immortalized in his *Faery Queen*.* There was Kilcolman, the residence of the poet, and there also was the Awbeg, the bright

*A friend has kindly pointed out to us a tradition respecting Edmund Spenser and Edmund Burke, that, if of slight foundation, may nevertheless interest some. Burke's mother was, according to this story, great-niece of that Miss Ellen Nagle who married Sylvanus Spenser, the eldest son of the poet, from whom it is conjectured Edmund Burke derived his Christian name.

Mulla of his song. To be at liberty to wander at will by the banks of this stream, to lose himself in the neighboring woods, and to look, even with a boyish eye, on the gray fortresses of the district, was much more edifying for this dreamy youth than being drilled into Euclid, and made perfect in Horace, by all the schoolmasters in the world. We do not think, particularly as his health increased, that he would make a bosom friend of the *Fuery Queen*, although his biographer would have us think so. Suffice it, that he got lodged in his mind, by the best of all processes, part of the crude material on which Spenser worked. The day was coming, though still far distant to his boyish eye, when, with a mind hungry for thoughts, and images, and glowing words, he would open his Spenser, and, as line succeeded line, and stanza followed stanza of that marvelous poem, his mental experiences that an hour ago were all lost, behold are all found again, and come trooping up in a new order of their own, draped all of them, too, in an airy, impalpable mist, such as poets love, born of the passionate imagination of his own soul. Thus, while young Burke read but little of the *Fuery Queen* in those early years, he did far better by storing his mind with those experiences likely to prove so fertile in his after life.

While here, he came under another influence, which, to a less clear and resolute mind, might have been fraught with quite other results. He was set down amid the Nagles, who had been Catholics since the days of St. Patrick. He would gradually learn to respect such persons, who, amid humble thrift and simple retirement, contrived, despite their adherence to the old faith, to display acts of true friendship and of modest worth. The unostentatious kindness of these humble men always impressed Burke, often beyond words; and their quick sagacity and genial humor was the subject of his praise, even when he became the Right Honorable Councilor of his Majesty.

On Burke's return to Dublin, in 1740, he spent a year in his father's house, and started in 1741 for Ballitore, in the county Kildare, where Abraham Shackleton, a quiet, energetic man, of good manners, and of excellent morals, had made for himself a name. This humble

Yorkshire schoolmaster had now a flourishing academy at Ballitore; and Burke, who took to his teacher with a rare affection, found it amply repaid by the lively sympathies of the Quaker. During his residence here, he gave evidence of great mental powers, which were, however, rather to be inferred than perceived directly, for he was uniformly quiet and contemplative, rather than forward and pronounced. He left behind him proofs of a remarkable memory, which was destined to astonish other assemblies than the juvenile one at Ballitore. Like all school-boys, and school-girls too, we presume, he formed a friendship which, unlike those of most youths, was a lasting one. This was with Robert Shackleton, the schoolmaster's son and successor. To this youth of good abilities, good scholarship, of homely, honest feelings, and of liberal yet decided religious sentiments, Burke took with all the ardor of a deep, passionate nature; and he had reason all his life long to bless the day that he became acquainted with this family of "Friends." It is said that, ever after, Burke hailed a Quaker as something like a personal friend.

On the fourteenth of April, 1743, Burke entered Trinity College, Dublin, whither he carried a good knowledge of the ordinary classics, and a very considerable stock of general information for one so young. But he was still a dreamer, and had begun to write verse. He had, besides, a will of great self-reliance, and was not likely to be put off his own way. While at college, he became successively enamored of natural philosophy, of logic, and of history; but he soon subsided into what he calls the *furor poeticus*. Philosopher as he was destined to become, there was a logical Dutchman that seems to have cost him some trouble. The same personage puzzled poor Goldsmith likewise about the same time. This was no other than the "Dutch Burgersdyck," at whom Pope sneered, but nevertheless a philosopher considerably above any man's rational contempt, and whose works it might have been well for Burke to have mastered. Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Milton, were his favorites. Homer, and, strange to say, Shakspeare, he did not appreciate. He brought away no laurels from college, and his father, who possessed the hard, legal ambition, did not like this. Ed-

mund, accordingly, did not feel comfortable at home, and in 1747 he entered himself at the Middle Temple, London.

The London of one hundred years ago was not the London of to-day. Its inhabitants were ignorant and prejudiced. The slave-trade flourished, prisons were unreformed, and highwaymen boldly pushed their trade at noon-day in Hyde Park and in Piccadilly. The heads of traitors grinned fiercely from Temple Bar; and as many as seventeen persons suffered death in one morning by the common hangman. A Lifeguardsman prophesied; the city listened to his ravings, and the inhabitants deserted their homes in imminent dread that Babylon the Great was to be swallowed by an earthquake. Yet, amid all this din and outward confusion, Samuel Johnson was engaged on his Dictionary, and David Garrick was lessee of Drury Lane. It has gone the round of the biographers in due course, since Bisset's day, that Burke, like Hume, was a candidate about this time for a Glasgow Professorship of Logic, but that both were set aside in favor of a Mr. James Clough, whom the whole of Burke's biographers will insist upon making Clow. Mr. Macknight finds this story unsupported by the least collateral evidence, and he does not hesitate accordingly to set it aside.

Meanwhile, if Burke has not gained a professorship, he has abandoned verse. He is now deep in the mysteries of trade and manufactures, and that some time before Adam Smith's great work appeared, or the French economists had written. He is even pursuing details so closely, that he can inform his friend Shackleton that little girls at Turlaine can earn three shillings and sixpence a week at their wheel! He has evidently begun at the right place to study political economy. He could not get reconciled to the law, and yet he was a man of extraordinary industry—two ideas which old Burke in Dublin could not reconcile. For what in the world *could* a man be engaged upon, if not upon law? The idea seemed to perplex the old man's intelligence, and hence his increased displeasure, and Burke's renewed resolution to walk in the footsteps which he had chosen. He had selected the thorny paths of literature, which in his day were much rougher even than now; and, with hope in his eye, and the ambition of youth in his heart, he set

out with a much more contented and assured step than the bystander would judge wise. He had none of that flashy vanity peculiar to little minds; but he had a dim perception of what was inside his brain, and that kind of vague confidence in the long run of things, which keeps always pretty close by the side of youths who are to make a figure in the world. His adoption of literature was not a desperate shift for existence, driven though he now was very much to his wit's end how he should shape his after career. On the contrary, it had his deliberate approval. After being ground in the literary mill for seven years—long enough, one would say, to take the romance out of any ordinary profession—we find him confessing to Horace Walpole that there was nothing so charming as writers, nothing so delightful as to be one. But, adds this indolent, cynical observer of forty-three: "He will know better one of these days."

Burke did not turn his back upon the law, because he considered it an illiberal or impossible profession. We have his own impassioned testimony to the contrary. In his speech on American taxation, he remarks: "Law is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences—a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion."

An agreeable chapter could be written regarding Burke's female acquaintances, their virtues, their failings, and their celebrity. There is Peg Woffington, the unfortunate actress, the daughter of a poor grocer's widow on Ormond Quay, Dublin, who fascinated every body who came within her reach, and with whom young Edmund exchanged glances in the green-room of Drury Lane. There is Mrs. Montague, one of the most brilliant and accomplished women of her time, of great wealth and of great kindness, whose house was always open to men of letters, and who, in 1759, took a real pleasure in introducing the young author of the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* to her great friends. There was Burke's good-natured countrywoman, Mrs. Vesey, of Bolton Row, the friend and rival of Mrs. Montague, who made all her guests at their

ease, and who was as full of Irish frolic and of Irish bulls, as if she still flourished on the banks of the Liffy.* There were the two model women of French society in those days, Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, of whose class Sydney Smith once said that they "outraged every law of civilized society, and gave very pleasant little suppers." Burke attended those suppers when in Paris in 1773, and listened to the wit and the atheism that circled so freely round their tables. Finance and philosophy, the drama and the *Contrat Social*, D'Alembert and Diderot, Voltaire and Rousseau, Helvetius and "le bon David" —all were discussed, all were made the subject of some *jeu d'esprit*.† Burke was disgusted with what he saw of French society, and in his *French Revolution* has held it up as a terrible spectacle to all coming time.

But the young writer has gone to his garret with health, hope, and genius on his side, and it will go hard with him if he can not wring from letters what will supply his humble board. As an ingenious decoy to the English public, Burke brought out a pamphlet entitled *A Vindication of Natural Society*, (1756,) which he dexterously ascribed to a late "noble writer." Every one pronounced the brochure Bollingbroke's. It was full of his ingenious arguments, it was full of his bold assumptions, and it was his style all over. But so high authorities as Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pitt had pronounced Lord Bolingbroke's style "inimitable;" and here the most accomplished man of fashion, and the most brilliant orator of the age, were both at fault, for it actually

turned out to be the work of a poor law student of the Inner Temple. Henceforward Burke had no need to enter the lists with his visor down. This philosophical satire placed his claims to literary recognition beyond all doubt, and he was only following the dictates of prudence or of policy when he ventured before the public hereafter anonymously.* A few months afterward there appeared *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. When we have said that very little progress had been made in speculative discovery respecting the origin of the Beautiful since the days of St. Augustine, expectation will not be raised too high regarding the production of this philosopher of seven-and-twenty. Hardly two men are agreed even now as to the origin of those ideas, and it is to be feared that this ingenious Irishman did little to remove the difficulties which lay in his path. His theory, that every thing was beautiful that possessed the power of relaxing the nerves and fibers, and thus inducing a certain degree of bodily languor and sinking, is almost too grotesque to be calmly commented on; yet the book is full of the most ingenious observations on mental phenomena; and, while comparatively cold and unimpassioned in its style, it possesses, nevertheless, many specimens of rare illustration and most apt allusion, charming the reader even when the oddity of his postulate affronts the reason, and does violence to the feelings. David Hume, who was seventeen years older than Burke, gave likewise to the world, at the age of twenty-seven, his *Treatise of Human Nature*, in all ways a more subtle and profound book, which has turned out so remarkably in the annals of speculation, that both the German and Scottish philosophers have hardly gained their breath from the hundred years' warfare in which its skepticism involved them.† In truth, Burke

* Her invitations were made in the most off-hand way. "Don't mind your dress," she called to a gentleman, (said to be Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet,) "come in your blue stockings!" A happy expression, as it turned out, which was to give name to a class of females of quite different character from its author, and which, when it became popular, was more frequently applied to those ladies who waited on the ambitious gatherings at Mrs. Montague's. This is still the only synonym we possess for the French *precieuses*, a class that were ridiculed with all Molière's power of satire in his *Precieuses Ridicules*.

† In Marmontel's *Memoirs*, one of the most fascinating books of a bygone age, which the skilled will know how to read, there are given exquisite portraits of the actors of that time, drawn, too, by a man who moved among the scenes which he depicts; and who knew well when, and where, and how, to lay on the brush.

* Those persons who care to note such curious coincidences in the career of literary men, will observe that Oliver Goldsmith, who was, as we have seen, born during the same year as Burke, came to London for the first time during this year.

† The two philosophers became acquainted about this time, and, in return for a copy of the *Sublime and Beautiful*, presented by Burke, Hume gave him Smith's *Treatise on the Moral Sentiments*. Hume, in this chosen walk, had decidedly the better of Burke; and so apt are men's brains to be clouded by the temporary exhalations which their own heat has given rise to, it is only now that we are begin-

had more in him of the poet than the philosopher; while Hume was of philosophy all compact. But more of this anon.

Toward the end of 1756, or early in the succeeding year, Burke married Miss Nugent, a countrywoman of his own, the daughter of Dr. Nugent, a physician in Bath. As this lady was brought up a Roman Catholic, it was probably this circumstance that gave rise to some whispers respecting Burke's alleged oscillation between his own faith and hers. After her marriage she joined the Church of England, made to him one of the best of wives, and survived him some fourteen years. His father-in-law came up shortly afterward to London, and for many years Burke found a home in Wimpole Street with this excellent physician. In 1759 he became connected with Dodsley the publisher, with whom he engaged to write the historical section of the *Annual Register* for one hundred pounds a year. For the next fifteen years or so, his lucid mind can be traced in its pages, giving order and arrangement to its reports, and infusing genius into its details. It was during the same year that he was introduced by Lord Charlemont to "Single-speech" Hamilton, a selfish, crafty Scot, of much more ability than he generally gets credit for, who had a seat at the Board of Trade and a residence at Hampton Court. Whatever was the nature of Burke's connection with this man—for it has not been clearly defined—we are safe in asserting that it was in the manufacture of ideas that the young writer was employed.* He lived with Hamilton for the next six years, and, after an irreconcilable quarrel, the three hundred pounds of Irish pension which the wily Hamilton had procured for him, was thrown up, and Burke turned his back on "Single-speech"

ning to recognize duly the vast magnitude of Hume's philosophic genius, or adequately to estimate his powers. It was Burke's intention, we are told by Boswell, to write a detailed refutation of the idealism of Berkeley and Hume; but political affairs interfered, and we are deprived, among other pleasures, of the definite means of settling the much disputed question as to whether Burke had any proper title to the name of a philosopher, or was not rather, according to Mr. Carlyle, merely a "resplendent and far-seeing rhetorician." His treatment of this question, which is "a touchstone of metaphysical sagacity," according to Mackintosh, would have conclusively disclosed the philosopher, or revealed the rhetorician.

* Burke himself terms it "a companion in your studies," in a letter to Hamilton of this period.

forever. At which act let none of our readers marvel, who have any sympathy with honesty and fair dealing.

Shortly after the *Annual Register* was started, Burke met Johnson, for the first time, at Garrick's table. Johnson was close on fifty, and we find the editor of the *Register* in 1759 reproaching the nation with having done nothing for the author of *Rasselas*. Gruff old Samuel seems to have taken immensely to Burke, and the violence of his political views did not deter him from recognizing and giving publicity to his admiration of the Irishman's worth and genius. The celebrated Club in Gerrard Street, of which Burke was one of the select nine,* was founded in 1764. But its keen debates, its flashes of wit, its stores of knowledge, its bursts of merriment, are no longer heard; and the cry of the costermonger or the milkman is now only known where Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith long ago made merry.

On the seventeenth of July, 1765, Burke somehow got introduced to Lord Rockingham, and became his private secretary by the obliging services of his friends William Burke and William Fitzherbert. This William Burke was simply a kinsman of Edmund's, though the latter frequently calls him "cousin" in his correspondence. William likewise gained for him the acquaintance of Lord Verney, from whom, a few months afterward, he received the position of Member of Parliament for the borough of Wendover, near the foot of the Chiltern Hills.† This borough was a close one, under Lord Verney's influence; and in those days, when as much as nine thousand pounds was the price paid for such a post, and seventy thousand pounds for a county, Edmund Burke required to thank

* This Club arose from a suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was called by Johnson their *Romulus*. It originally bore no name, and consisted of nine members, namely, Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Beauchamp, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins; but at Garrick's death it received the name of the Literary Club. Topics, miscellaneous and literary, were often warmly discussed, politics never. (See Boswell's *Johnson*, and Foster's *Goldsmith*.)

† "The Burkes," as they were popularly called, namely, Edmund, his brother Richard, and William—had for the most part, as Edmund phrased it "one home and one purse;" but William and Richard, it is to be regretted, gambled much too largely in India Stock.

those powers who had put it into Verney's heart to be so liberal.

On the twenty-sixth of December, 1765, Burke became member for Wendover; on the fourteenth of the following month he entered Parliament; and on the twenty-seventh he made his maiden speech. Henceforward his career is so inextricably interwoven with the history of the time, that it is almost impossible to set it in an intelligible light without diverging largely into details quite foreign to this place. We shall only notice briefly a few of his great speeches, which are altogether unparalleled, alike in number and in oratorical genius, in the whole annals of the British Parliament.

The Rockingham Whigs had, the previous year, replaced the incompetent ministry of Grenville; and although Lord Rockingham was an excellent man, of sound integrity, of great courage, an inflexible patriot, and a disinterested politician, the House of Commons was, nevertheless, in no humor to listen to calm debate or to impassioned harangue. The American colonies came before the British Parliament in a federal capacity; and it was on a question touching the competency of the House of Commons to receive such a petition, that Burke first spoke. Pitt was understood to favor the petition, and the Administration considered the admission of it an open question. The new member argued, in a speech of much force and beauty, that the presentation of such a petition was of itself an acknowledgment of the House's jurisdiction. If Lord Rockingham had any fears for the discretion and tact of his new secretary, this maiden appearance of his set such suspicions at rest forever. The great Pitt was the first to rise and bestow a warm encomium on the new member. He little dreamt that the rakish clipper, whose feats he had that day witnessed, should, ere a month had gone by, take the wind out of his own great sails, and be seizing on the prize while he was laboring heavily in the offing. As Burke returns from St. Stephen's that clear January night, the ground feels crisp beneath his feet, and the moon shines brightly overhead, while countless stars glitter down over the great city. Halting on his step, he looks up at the great Orion "sloping slowly to the west," and yonder the untiring wagoner urges forth his wain on its

endless round. And all nature goes its round, as it has done through numberless ages, thinks Burke. But poetry and politics will not yoke together; and though it is a proud moment this for him, it is not unmixed with melancholy, bred in him by those stars, and that nameless something which lurks in the bosom of every man, and which asserts itself strongest in the moment of victory.

Unlike the young aristocratic politician of a former age, and, perchance, also of this one, Burke did not content himself with merely glancing over the newspapers at his club of a morning, before marching to duty; he set himself vigorously to work, as only he knew how, in analyzing the whole work of government, and the complicated interests of the British Empire. In his successive appearances, he seems, by universal testimony, to have taken the House entirely by storm. Old men and young men, able men and men less able, trading politicians and soldiers of fortune—all spoke of his orations with enthusiasm. Now he ridiculed Grenville, anon he aimed a shaft even at Pitt. That veteran politician could not brook the idea of Britain being dependent on foreign nations for the raw material of her manufactures, while Burke modestly but earnestly urged the propriety of such a course. This was the *first time the House of Commons had listened to the advocacy of the doctrines of free trade*. He had argued in favor of Catholic emancipation so far back as 1759; and now, while Fox was still a boy, we find him insisting upon doctrines that took so many years to ripen into action. But Burke has got into his head certain solid notions regarding political economy, which he will din into the ears of men until they understand them.

The Rockingham Whigs, after a very short term of office, had to resign, and Pitt, who had recently been raised to the peerage as Earl of Chatham, again took the reins. But he did not hold them long; the Duke of Grafton came into office in 1766, and was succeeded by Lord North in 1770, whose premiership lasted through the American war down to 1782.

The standing order of the House of Commons, which had recently come into play owing to a quarrel with the Lords against the admission of the public to

both Houses of Parliament, had, during 1770, been connived at rather than otherwise. This led to the publication of the more interesting debates, with much more detail and correctness than had hitherto been known. Not satisfied with this, the writers for the public prints, as public writers will, had caricatured some of those "descended from Parliamentary men," in a style which did not at all meet the approval of dapper little Colonel Onslow. This fiery little Colonel, who two years before had routed a bill-sticker and incarcerated a milkman for a breach of privilege, resolved to put an end to this ridiculing of *him* in the newspapers. He would, in sportsman's phrase, "bring down" the printers of those audacious journals, and have them reprimanded, on bended knees, in the presence of the Speaker. "Little Cocking George," as some newspaper wag called him, singled out two newspapers, the printers of which he resolved to have up before the House. Burke, staunchly supported by Charles Turner, strongly opposed this movement, but, unluckily, they found themselves in the minority. Turner, member for York, was a plain country gentleman of broad acres and blunt speech, a keen sportsman, and one who loved liberty immensely. From the green benches, in his green shooting-coat, with tally-ho-buttons, he on one occasion had the audacity to tell the House, that if he had been a poor man, with his passion for field-sports, he must himself have been a poacher! The day ultimately fixed for the attendance of the printers was the 19th of February. They did not appear. Another order was issued, but it met with no more respect. The sergeant-at-

arms was next ordered to seize these two contumacious individuals, but his deputy was only jeered by the printers' devils. The House then addressed the Crown to issue a proclamation for the seizure of Wheble and Thomson, the audacious publishers of the debates. While this matter was pending, the little sporting colonel volunteered to bring before them "three more brace" of offending printers. This motion was pressed forward. Burke and Turner, and the rest of their friends, resolved to divide on every paper as it came before them. The minority were determined to weary the House, that the printers might get off. Every pretense was made, the most ludicrous questions asked, all to spin out the time. Even the name of the printer's familiar was made a pretext for a discussion. The Speaker complained he was tired, and Ellis, Dyson, and Luttrell with one voice denounced the minority. But it was all in vain. Two o'clock came, and the minority still held out. "I always wished for small divisions," said the eccentric member for York; "with fifteen gentlemen having the interest of the people at heart, I will laugh at any majority." Four o'clock came; the House had divided three-and-twenty times, and the great victory was virtually won. The pompous little sportsman had over-shot the mark, and THE FOURTH ESTATE WAS BORN! Burke, who saw much farther into political affairs than any of his cotemporaries, from the heights of his constitutional wisdom, predicted that "posterity will bless the pertinacity of that day."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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AUSTRIA AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It has been said, whether rightly or wrongly, that the treaty of Vienna secured Europe forty years of peace, and the politicians who say so back up their opinion with the sentence from the Latin Delectus :

"Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero."

"I prefer the most unjust peace to the justest war."

But is it so? The Treaty of Vienna answered the one end for which it was designed. It kept France within bounds for a time, but it could not turn wrong into right. One of the labors of Hercules was to turn the Achelous out of its course to cleanse the Augean stable; but we are not told how Hercules turned the river back into its bed when it had done its work, and washed out the litter of ages.

This was the task which diplomacy set itself down to at a council-table in Vienna. France was the river-bed of democracy. To keep the torrent within its course, and to protect surrounding nations against the danger of periodical inundations, was the avowed object of all the diplomatists assembled at Vienna in March, 1815. The foreign policy of Europe was reduced to a single problem, and for the sake of that every other question left out of view. Poland was handed over unconditionally to Russia, and Italy to Austria; Germany was consigned to the tender mercies of the Diet of Frankfort; Norway was severed from Denmark and united to Sweden; Holland and Belgium were forced into an unnatural alliance, all because the politicians of Europe were panic-stricken, and could see no way of banking out French aggression but by erecting a dyke of despotic states around her. The object of the Treaty of Vienna was declared to be that "of restoring between France and her neighbors those relations of reciprocal confidence and good-will which the fatal effects of the Revolution and the

system of conquest had for so long a time disturbed."

Yet at the moment of signing this pledge of peace, the Duke of Richelieu described it as a fatal treaty. "More dead than alive," he writes on the twenty-first of November, "I yesterday put my name to this fatal treaty." It was fatal of course from the point of view of a French minister. But at the end of a forty years' peace, we can see how it crippled Europe as well as France. It was a treaty under the shadow of which the holy alliance stole like a nightmare on Europe. For ten long years England lay under the trance, till Canning had the courage to look the ghost in the face, and bid it depart.

But on the Continent the ghost of absolutism was not so easily laid. The Revolution of July did a little, but only a little, for the cause of liberty. Louis Philippe's government was soon ascertained to be revolutionary only in name. The younger branch of the Bourbons and the holy alliance soon came to an understanding with each other, and all things went on as they were before.

The history of Europe, between 1815 and 1848, may be described in this way, that Metternich was Austria, and Austria was Europe. The policy that governed Austria, governed Europe through Austria, the policy of leaving Camarina alone. It was only a policy of expedients and compromises. *Noli quiescere movere* was the motto of Metternich's life. Leave well and ill alone: all change is a change for the worse. This was the kind of conservatism which reigned in Vienna, and from Vienna reacted on most of the cabinets of Europe. If Lord Eldon had been Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as well as Lord Chancellor, he could not have dictated a more timid and halting policy than the great minister who governed Austria for forty-five years. Metternich was Austria, and to understand why Austria is dying of atrophy,

we have only to consider the character of the man by whom her policy has been guided during the greater part of the present century.

Since Austria became an Empire in 1806, on the decease of the old Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, three emperors have sat on the throne, Francis I., Ferdinand I., and Francis Joseph I., the reigning emperor. Of two of the three, the best that can be said is, that they were respectable nonentities; of the third, we can only say at present, as Solon of Cræsus, that he can not be called happy till he has died. The Emperor Francis, the good, the paternal, who stroked the heads of children in the streets, died a harmless old man in 1838. His was a despotism tempered by dullness; and if his empire had been only a suburb of Vienna, with no Spielberg, no *piombi* of Venice, the world would have never cared to ask who was prime minister during the forty-three years that Francis sat on the throne. At last the torpid existence of the Emperor Francis was rounded by a sleep, and Ferdinand I. reigned in his stead.

In September, 1838, the iron crown of Lombardy was placed on the head of Ferdinand, in Milan, and never, perhaps, had the crown of Agilulf, wrought, as tradition says, out of a nail of the cross, sat on a more imbecile and vacant brow than on that of Ferdinand. It was the same crown that the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz had crowned himself with, and in his case the fillet of iron became him of the iron will, the Charlemagne of modern Europe. As for poor Ferdinand, he dragged on a miserable existence for ten years, as the puppet Emperor of Austria, and then was deposed in a family council in 1848, when the troubles at Milan, Pesth, and Vienna, coming trooping together, caused the House of Hapsburg to tremble for its very existence.

Ferdinand was set aside, and his young nephew Francis Joseph set up in his stead. Francis Joseph has every thing in his favor but this, that he is obliged to govern a patched-up empire under a centralizing despotism which has brought it to the verge of ruin. Austria is used up; every dog has his day, and Austria has lived out her time. No personal qualities, however brilliant, can any longer hold together an empire that is falling

asunder, as a glacier when it has got down to the bottom of the valley. Even if he had the qualities, which Francis Joseph has not, he could not long keep up the bureaucracy of Vienna that has ruled over the southeast of Europe under the name of Austria. But Francis Joseph wants those qualities which would fit him to become the Atlas of a falling globe. At the accession of the young Emperor Commodus, it was said that some augured great good from it, others great evil, and some cared nothing at all about it. The last came to the right conclusion. Young emperors, be they ever so brave and accomplished, can not turn back the course of time. The empire does not grow young again with its new chief. His self-will and his courage may only shake the empire to pieces the sooner. To go softly all their days had been the choice of the last of his two feeble predecessors, and they found in Prince Metternich a minister after their heart. By a succession of shifts and expedients, Metternich held the revolution at bay for forty years; but at the first spring of the monster he lost all presence of mind, and fled away from Vienna to London. There, in exile, he met M Guizot, and told him, with a self-satisfied air, that he had not made a single mistake, and had nothing to regret in his administration of nearly half a century. Prince Metternich gave us the measure of his own incapacity by that self-confident assertion. It is only a proof that a man may live all his life in the thick of diplomacy without once understanding the wants of a country. There is an upper story of sublime indifference, far above the street-cries and the cart-wheels of common life, in which a statesman may live and die in profound ignorance of the wants of the age. Parliamentary life is the life of a statesman. A cabinet minister is no minister at all till he has aired his projects on the floor of the House of Commons, and learned to rough it under the abuse and scrutiny of a vigilant opposition. In want of all this, Metternich grew moldy with age and traditions of the *status quo* of the treaty of Vienna, and the empire went moldering on with him. He either knew not or heeded not the signs of the times, Italy fermenting on one side of him, and Hungary on the other. At last the pent-up fires burst forth in 1848. As it might

have been predicted, repression was of use until the volcano was ready to boil over, and then Enceladus and his brass slipper might leap in; but it was too late; he had only to bear the penalty of approaching too near the burning mountain.

Metternich disappeared in 1848, and Austria died with him. The old men of the last generation, the public men who remember 1815 and the Treaty of Vienna, still believe in Austria, and our House of Lords still clings to the opinion that Austria exists. It is too much to expect of statesmen of the old school to give up the notions of geography and history which were whipped into them when Austria owned the Netherlands, and the German empire had not yet vanished to limbo. The Cæsarian superstition is over them still, and they can not shake it off. *AEIOU, Austria est Imperatrix Orbis Universæ*, was a boast which exercised some influence even on those who laughed at the boast. It had become a fixed notion of our foreign policy that Austria is the center of gravity which must not be touched, if we would not bring down the balance of power. Like the rocking-stones of Cornwall, Europe may reel ever so much provided Austria remains as she always was, a dead weight on Europe, the keeper of the Marches on the borders of Turkey and Russia. This would be very good if Austria did really uphold the balance of power. But if, instead of this, by her internal weakness, she has become another Turkey, a mark for Russian aggression, or a prize for a vigorous incendiary like Mazzini or Kossuth, it is strange that statesmen should go on repeating the same platitudes about our ancient ally, that great conservative power of the Continent, the barrier against Russian and French ambition. This is the opinion of old men only, of the school of Sir Archibald Alison, who go on saying the same thing, from the senile habit of iteration which grows on men, when having ceased to think, they come by what are called "fixed opinions" on foreign questions.

The view is a favorite one in the House of Lords, and that, too, on both sides of the House. In this Lord Brougham and Lord Derby, the Marquis of Normanby and the Earl of Clarendon, much as they differ on every other question, would agree. Younger men, like the Marquis

of Bath, have caught the diplomatic tone about Austria in a different school. Nursed at Oxford on Laudism and Legitimacy, and taught a certain high-bred theory of Anglican communion and absolutist sympathies, young noblemen of this school come to repeat the commonplace of their elders about the necessity for Austria in the European system. Their arguments are too flimsy to stand one brush of plain common-sense. They do not reach down to the middle classes, or at all express the opinion of the real governing minds of England. It is the single special point on which the House of Lords falls behind public opinion in the most marked manner. Not a single first-class newspaper or magazine supports this opinion; on the contrary, the writers of the Press are unanimous in pronouncing the recovery of Austria hopeless. Yet the House of Lords still listens approvingly to the well-wishers of Austria, and the Conservative party have weakened their hold on the country by appearing to side with the Upper House, and against the Lower, on this turning-point of foreign policy.

Bread and cheese was the shibboleth by which the Lombards were detected and hunted down through Lombard street, in the reign of one of our Plantagenet kings. The House of Lords' shibboleth is the necessity for a strong Austria. No one can pronounce it but one of the true blue blood with a coronet and supporters. One must be, in a manner, to the custom born, to feel a proper awe for the balance of power, an awe which we suppose our hereditary lawgivers put on with their peers' robes. He would be a bold man who would stand up in the Upper House, and say out his mind on the Treaty of Vienna. The *genius loci* would frown down the presumptuous speaker, and before he had stammered out a few sentences, he would find such unmistakable signs of disapproval coming in on him from all sides of the House, that he would be glad to beat a retreat, and never to venture again before such an audience with such an unwelcome topic.

There may be a use in all this. It is well, not only for Austria but for Europe, that there is a council of elders who are ready to receive any plea which can be put in on her behalf—a body which is so slow to part with the traditions of

the past, that it is ready to extend indulgence to the worst despotism, if it will only repent and mend its ways even at the eleventh hour. The House of Lords is a measure of the endurance of a constitutional country like ours. The repentant despot who sees the folly of his ways has one branch of our legislation to welcome him back to popular government. When the door of the House of Lords is shut, then indeed, but not till then, it is too late. King Francis II. of Naples had disgusted even the House of Lords, and therefore when he fell, he fell unpitied by any man in England who had not sold his intellect and common-sense to the Pope for the sake of saving his soul. But the House of Lords have not yet despaired of Austria as they had despaired of Naples ever since Mr. Gladstone had made the name of Ferdinand execrated in England. Even still Austria has her supporters, and whatever little grace she may still find in the eyes of Englishmen, she will find among our hereditary legislators, and the old men who cling by the settlement of Europe at the Treaty of Vienna.

A brief survey of the past history of Austria will convince every unprejudiced mind that her course is run, as well as her dynasty effete, and that she can not survive much longer in the composite form known as the Austrian empire.

"*Marto alii crescunt tu felix Austria nube.*"

In this epigram is expressed the history of the rise of Austria. Three fortunate marriages brought together five crowns into the House of Hapsburg within less than fifty years. The marriage of Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, in 1477, brought the splendid duchy of Burgundy, with all the Low countries; next, the marriage of Philip the Handsome, only son of Maximilian and Mary, in 1496, to Jane, Infanta of Spain, and heiress of the united crowns of Castile and Arragon, brought the kingdom of Spain; and lastly, the marriage of Ferdinand I., son of Philip and Jane, and brother of Charles V., to Anne Jagellon, in 1521, brought in the two Jagellon crowns of Hungary and Bohemia. Thus the Austrian monarchy dates from no farther back than 1521. It arose with the Reformation, and it appears destined to last only so long as the

counter-reformation is able to stem the tide of light and knowledge in southern Europe. To read the lives of the sixteen Hapsburg Emperors who have ruled at Vienna during the last three centuries, reads more like the tale of the Atreidae or fated Pelops line. It has the air of a Greek tragedy, to read of a race handing down from father to son a hereditary hate against free thought. Doomed to carry on a vain struggle against a power mightier than their own, and doing all this under a kind of blind necessity, prompted by a spirit more wicked than itself, the instrument in the hands of the Jesuits, who have fought Protestantism from behind the throne of the Austrian Kaiser.

Take these descendants of the melancholy mad Jane, Infanta of Spain, and their lives all tell the same tale of a struggle handed down from father to son. Ferdinand I., the brother of Charles V., was the first of his line. The Venetian ambassador described him in 1547 as "very religious; he attends mass every day, and on great holidays hears one or two sermons; he receives the sacrament two or three or four times in the year." In his last will he conjured his son and successor, Maximilian, not to desert the old paths, but to remember that as unity was a sign of truth, and division of error, the divisions of Protestants proclaimed their error. "I would rather see you dead than join the new sects," he wrote in his codicil of 1555. He first introduced the Jesuits, then known as the Spanish priests, into Vienna, and selected Bobadilla, one of the founders of the order, as his confessor.

What Ferdinand I. began, his grandson, Ferdinand II., carried out to a bloody conclusion. The first Ferdinand projected the extirpation of free thought, and the second Ferdinand consummated the cruel project. About the middle of the sixteenth century, according to the statements of the Venetian ambassador, nine tenths of Germany professed the new creed. Bohemia was more Hussite than ever. The Hussite goose, as the popular saying was, had laid an egg which Luther hatched, and the whole land was swarming with heresy. Hungary, too, was full of the new doctrine: it had penetrated every where. The new learning was welcomed in hall and cloister and cottage. To all appearance these countries were lost to the Church of Rome; and so, in

all probability, it would have been if that church had not found rulers who had no qualms of conscience about persecuting heretics. It is now generally understood that persecution must be thorough to effect its object. The inquisitor must be able not to wince as he watches his victim on the rack, or his victim will triumph in the end. For if there is a soft point in the heart of the tormentor, the tortured man will surely spy it out, and then it becomes a struggle of endurance between the pain of mind of the one, and the pain of body of the other. Generally the mind gives in before the body; the inquisitor relents, or wearies first; the man is taken down from the rack, and the reprieved heretic becomes more obstinate than ever. But if, as the exception sometimes happens, the tormentor is more hard-hearted than the tormented man, then persecution triumphs for the time, and truth has nothing for it but to fly, as the woman in the Apocalypse, into the wilderness, to a place prepared for her for a time, times, and a half time. So it was in Japan, when the Roman Catholic missionaries were tortured, and the religion of the Cross exterminated out of the island. Not a vestige of Christianity remains to this day in Japan, proving that persecution will, if persisted in, put down any religion, true or false. The persecution of Protestantism in Bohemia was quite as thorough as that of Romanism in Japan.

After the battle of Prague, fought on the eighth of November, 1620, Bohemia lay at the feet of Ferdinand, who took the same bloody revenge on his Bohemian subjects that our James II. on the followers of Monmouth. On one day twenty-four of the principal nobles of Bohemia were beheaded. Between the hours of five and six of the clock on the twenty-first June, 1621, the executioner labored on at his bloody work, while a rainbow spanned the sky during part of the time, reminding us of a similar coincidence under a scene of similar barbarity at the impaling of the martyrs of Madagascar a few years ago.

The confiscation of estates which followed was enormous. The Emperor levied the sum of forty-three millions of florins by the sale of these confiscated estates, and to this day the Clam Gallas and Clam Martinitz, and other Bohemian families, trace their descent from the for-

tunate soldiers—the Claverhouses and Kirks of Ferdinand, who got a part of the forfeited estates of Lutherans. The greater part of Bohemia was thus re-granted. No less than one hundred and eighty-five noble houses, of twelve, twenty, and even fifty persons each, beside many thousand families of commoners and citizens, left their country forever. The Bohemian language and literature, as well as their charters and liberties, were extinguished at a blow. The kingdom was thoroughly Austrianized, and has never made an effort for independence since.

The turn of Hungary was to come next. Leopold I. was the grandson of Ferdinand II., and incapable as he was in every other respect, he showed quite a hereditary aptitude for quenching popular rights in blood. The Hungarians, up to the year 1670, retained a strange privilege, a relic of feudalism, known as the right of insurrection. It was that sturdy kind of remonstrance that the old feudal nobility, such as Archibald Bell-the-Cat, or the Warwick king-maker, in our own history, have distinguished themselves by asserting. It had been solemnly reserved to the Hungarian magnates by the Golden Bull of 1222, and had never, before 1670, been questioned by any King of Hungary. But in that year, Leopold, incited by the Jesuits, resolved to be master of Hungary, and having beaten down the resistance of the nobles who appealed to their right of insurrection, he treated Hungary as a conquered country, and parceled it out as his grandfather had done with Bohemia. All Protestant worship was interdicted; preachers and schoolmasters were banished or put to death. Two hundred and fifty Lutheran ministers were carried off into Bohemia, and there thrown into dungeons without even a form of trial, and thirty-eight of these pastors were sold at fifty crowns per head as galley-slaves to Naples. Hungary, now reduced to extremities, found relief in an unexpected quarter. The Turks invaded Austria and invested Vienna.

This was that celebrated siege of Vienna, the last recoil of the wave of Mohammedan aggression which had broke against the eastern and western extremities of Europe during eight centuries. John Sobieski, King of Poland, saved Austria from a dismemberment, and Aus-

tria repaid the service by sharing in the dismemberment of Poland a century after. But this diversion of Turkey only brought a short reprieve to Hungary. As soon as the danger was over, Leopold renewed his attempts against the liberties of Hungary, and this time with only too fatal effect. The bloody assize of Eperies, in which a Caraffa of Naples presided, followed soon after the deliverance of Vienna. Caraffa once said: "If I were conscious of having within my body one drop of blood that was friendly to the Hungarians, I would at once bleed myself to death." Nor was this a ferocious threat only. Tortures followed too horrible to relate—the rack, the boot, the dropping of heated wax on delicate and sensitive parts of the body, were common punishments. Caraffa boasted that he would be the Attila, or scourge of God, to the Hungarians, and the boast was no empty one. Exhausted, at last, with suffering, Hungary submitted to Leopold's demands—they gave up the right of election to the crown of Hungary, and admitted that it was hereditary in the line of the House of Hapsburg; they also surrendered the right of insurrection, and Austria made another step in advance toward the form of centralized and irresponsible despotism which is its ideal of a good government.

With the eighteenth century a more liberal spirit seems to have passed across Europe, and the princes of the Austrian line showed a reforming tendency, which might have ended in saving Austria, had not the reaction against the French Revolution caught Austria and swept her back into the ways of Jesuitism during the last sixty years. From Joseph I., who ascended the throne in 1705, down to the death of Joseph II., in 1789, the progress of Austria, though slow, was uninterrupted. Joseph I. was the first of his race who dared to break with the Jesuits, and even went so far as to expel a Jesuit preacher from Vienna, for observations from the pulpit leveled at him. During the reign of his successor, Charles VI., the work of ecclesiastical reform went on; useless monasteries were suppressed, the convents were inspected, and many abuses restrained or abolished altogether. The age called for these things, and Charles VI., who was a mere trifler with kingcraft, went with his age,

without well knowing whither things were tending.

Maria Theresa, and her more celebrated son, Joseph II., were the two who brought Austria fairly abreast of the age. Up to the accession of Maria Theresa, in 1740, Austria was as dull and bigoted as Spain. But French ideas now became the fashion in Germany. While the Spanish Bourbons left their country behind them at the foot of the Pyrenees, and became more Spanish than the Spaniards, the Austrian line of Hapsburg fell in with the prevailing French philosophy, and under Kaunitz, Prime Minister of Austria, whom Pope Pius VI. called *il miniastro eretico*, Vienna vied with Berlin in ringing out the reign of religious absolutism, and ringing in the reign of religious free-thinking. Joseph II. even went so far as to threaten a religious schism. In 1772 the Jesuits were expelled from Vienna. The celebrated bull—*In Coena Domini*—was ordered to be expunged from all rituals; the oath which Ferdinand II. had ordered all doctors of divinity to take, of belief in the Immaculate Conception, was abolished; the people were not required to kneel in the streets as the procession of the Host passed. The importation of images and relics from Italy was put a stop to. Agnus Deis, waxen amulets, scapulars, and all such holy trumpery, were forbidden to be sold; images in churches were stripped of their tawdry dresses, their periwigs, their hooped petticoats, their coral bracelets, and glass diamonds. *Bijouterie fausse et articles de devotion* is a well-known sign over certain shops which betrays the origin of the word trumpery in the form *trouperie*. With all this Joseph II. waged an unsparing war. The Church of Rome was never so near being reformed in spite of itself as at the close of the last century, when the incapacity of Louis XVI., and the demoralization of a starving Paris mob, hurried the French Revolution into such excesses, as has thrown back the cause of progress a century or more in Southern Germany.

Into the reaction against French Jacobinism Austria threw herself, with a spirit which has been twice fatal to her under the First and Third Napoleon. Contrary to the advice of old Kaunitz, Leopold of Tuscany, the brother of Joseph, who succeeded him in 1789, declared war against France. Pitt has been blamed even by

Lord Macaulay, for not proclaiming a holy war against the French Revolution when he declared war against France in 1793. Either no war at all, or a crusade such as Burke preached in his war pamphlet, the *Thoughts on the French Revolution*, should have been the policy of Pitt, according to our great historian. The fate of Austria convinces us that Pitt was right and Burke wrong. It is no use affecting faith. Of all shams, the sham of importing the superstitious feelings of one age into the political quarrels of another is the worst. The crusades must stand or fall with the age which produced them. We can say with Burke, that the age of chivalry is passed, without falling into a rage with our own times, in the sad Quixotic way which Burke did. For Burke, the right excuse is, that he was in declining health, and that passion had got the better of reason. Had he been as young as Pitt, he would have been as cool as Pitt; and as Burke appealed from the new school of Whigs to the old, so in judging his thoughts on the French Revolution, we appeal from the Burke of 1793 to the Burke of 1773. The holy war of Austria against France in 1792 ended in making the French Revolution more implacable than ever. It elevated the party of the mountain into power, and made Robespierre, Danton, and Murat the dictators of France and the terror of Europe for two or three years. Even when they fell, they left the dragon's teeth sowed of the wars of Napoleon in Italy and Germany. Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, are the fruits of that fatal obstinacy which would make no terms of peace with the Revolution. Nor did the evil stop here. When France fell beneath the weight of her own conquests, defeated more by her own pride and selfishness than the arms of Austria, Prussia, and Russia united, the reaction threw Austria back into the arms of the Jesuits, who have brought her down lower every day, till she stands now on the brink of dissolution and ruin.

It is the fate of that order to be always digging its own grave. It is never so near its downfall as when it has succeeded in all its intrigues, and is squat beside the ear of the monarch like the tempter beside the ear of Eve. Under Metternich's rule, and up to 1848, the reaction was more political than religious. Absolutism had not leagued with Ultramontanism as yet.

But when, in 1848, the Revolution broke out, and reaction fled in the person of Metternich, the last remaining hope for Austria died out, and it entered on its second career of reaction, both religious and political, which has hastened its downfall, so that nothing can probably now avert it. Young Francis Joseph recovered, in 1849, all that Ferdinand had lost in 1848: the deluge had disappeared, and the landmarks had not disappeared with it, or Austria lost a single foot of territory. But the opportunity was allowed to pass by. Trained by the Jesuits, Francis Joseph has acted up to the instructions of his youth. By the Concordat of 1856 he signed away the religious liberties of his people; and by his bad faith, both with Russia and the Western Powers, during the Crimean war, he left himself so completely without an ally in Europe, that France was able to march to the Mincio, in 1859, before even Germany put a regiment in motion to defend Austria on the Rhine.

Since 1859 the disintegration of Austria has gone on as rapidly during peace as in war. Austria's weakness was Hungary's opportunity, and she has not allowed it to pass by without making a stand for her ancient liberties. Hungary has followed the example of Italy in putting aside visionary for political reform. M. Buol is the Count Cavour of Hungary. He has struck the right note which finds an echo in the hearts of true-born Englishmen, be they Whig or Tory—*nolumus leges Anglice mutare*. He has shown that Austria is the innovator, and not Hungary—that Hungary stands by her ancient constitutional rights, which the centralized despotism at Vienna has tried to supersede. Austria has made a last attempt to recover her ground in the provinces by calling a Reichsrath or Parliament to Vienna to save the falling monarchy. But the popular element refuses to be represented there. It is like King Charles's Parliament of Oxford—a house of notables, in which the people's representatives were conspicuous only from their absence. Such a mock Parliament as this is worse than none at all, for it shuts the door against any desire for reconciliation on either side. So long as the King's party and the Parliament party are ranged on opposite sides, the evil of a kingdom divided against itself is felt and deplored; but when one branch

of the legislation goes the length of communicating the other, and creating another in its room, there is no room then for compromise. It is a declaration of war to the knife, and one of the two must give way in the end.

Austria is now nothing else than a name for the army and the aristocracy of Vienna. So long as the army can live at free quarters without pay, and the bureaucracy can support life on paper money, Hungary will not attempt a rising, and Austria will live in the eyes of diplomatists as powerful as ever. But this sap at the foundation must bring the stronghold down at last. Austria can not live forever on credit and the conscription. When she has eaten up Hungary, the locusts must die because there is nothing left to devour. It is a happy circumstance that just at the present, when Austria is falling to pieces, neither France nor Russia are ready to spring on her. The wolves have followed the exhausted horse all day, but at the moment when he is ready to drop, they are obliged to fall off themselves from exhaustion.

Were it not for the emancipation of the serfs and the troubles in Poland, Russia would be ready to revenge herself on Austria for her ingratitude during the Crimean war. And were it not for the short harvest and the financial difficulties of France, Napoleon would probably march across the Mincio, and perhaps dictate terms of peace to Austria at Schönbrunn, as his uncle did in 1809. It has been happily ordered otherwise, and so, in all probability the peace of Europe for 1862 is secured. But if diplomacy is to learn a lesson from the events passing before it, it should see that Austria is not a cause of strength but of weakness to Europe. So far from our conservative and peace-loving instincts fastening on the preservation of Austria, we should see in her a disturbing element to the peace of Europe. We can have no security for peace so long as Austria exists as she is, an army commanded by Germans in occupation of four or five non-German provinces. Martial law, or the will of the commander-in-chief, is now the only law in Hungary. It is the same in Venetia, and very nearly the same in Croatia, Bohemia, and Galicia. Poles, Italians, Magyars, Selaves, are all up in arms against her, and they have discovered at last the secret of her former *divide et im-*

pera policy. The Hungarians in Venetia are not to be relied on, and so they are replaced by German regiments; but the Germans can not be ubiquitous. As soon as an Austrian soldier opens his mouth, his speech betrays him. The white coat and the blue trowsers may tell their tale of successful centralization, but the word of command points out where centralization has broken down. Where the machine wants the help of the man, it can not be called self-acting. This the Hungarians, Poles, and Italians now see well, and having beheld the point of Austria's weakness, are awaiting till the machine breaks down to escape from the hated despotism of Vienna. Diplomats, and the old school of statesmen, will go on probably repeating the stale commonplaces about the necessity for Austria as a makeweight in Europe, till the collapse comes, and they will then find out that Europe balances itself without any contrivance on their part. There is undoubtedly a balance of power, just as there is a balance in nature between animal and vegetable life. But as the balance in one case is not of man's devising, so in the other. We may wantonly destroy it by our pride or folly, but the balance asserts itself under a new form. It is a safeguard set up by the Ruler of nations against universal empire. If one state fails to do its part in checking the encroachments of its more ambitious neighbors, it falls out of its rank in the European system, and is replaced by another. Sweden, Poland, Spain, were once important elements in the composition of forces between East and West. They have all three dropped out of count; two into a second or third rank, while the third has disappeared altogether. In their room have sprung up Prussia, Russia, and now Italy. Austria all through has been steadily declining, and is likely to subside into a rank not above that of Spain or Sweden. Saxony and Prussia changed places during the wars of last century, and now Prussia is bidding for the leadership of Germany, which she is better entitled to than Austria, for every reason. Not only is she more powerful and more progressive than Austria, but also the whole or nineteen twentieths of her population are German-speaking, while not more than one sixth of the Austrian empire is German. The petty courts of Munich, Hanover, and Dresden had their own reasons for wish-

ing this change of leadership put off. It is safer to live under King Log than King Stork. Austria has troubles enough of her own without attempting to annex them, as Prussia will be called to do by the voice of public opinion in Germany not many years hence. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who, as he is too small to count for an item in the resistance of the native princes of Germany to annexation by Prussia, has led the way by offering to merge his independent sovereignty for the good of Germany. It is an offer more patriotic than politic, and which is bringing down on him the displeasure of all the kings and states who only exist because Germany is divided. It is the instinct of self-preservation which keeps up a pro-Austrian and anti-Prussian party in Germany. Rather than submit to Prussia, they would throw themselves into the arms of France, and revive the confederation of the Rhine, in hopes of getting a reprieve for their petty dynasties. Thus the existence of Austria in her present form is as much a cause of weakness to Germany as to the rest of Europe. When the life is out of a body, we should bury it; but as kings lie in state longer than other people, in order, perhaps, that their subjects may make sure they are dead, so Austria is laid out by diplomacy, with the regalia of a state of the first rank on her, while her successor is getting himself sworn in at the council-chamber, and trying on his coronation robes. It is the interregnum at present between Austrian and Prussian supremacy in Germany; and there are two parties, as there ever will be, those of the rising and the setting sun, those who are weeping for the old, and those who are shouting for the new reign.

The interests of this country are so evidently bound up with Prussian supremacy that we ought to have no hesitation in encouraging it. There is a party, of course, in our commonwealth who have no interest with the common weal—whose heart is with the dead dynasty of Naples and with the dying dynasty of Vienna. But what of them? The same party would have kept James II. on his throne, and went to fight his battles at the Boyne, in Flanders, and at Fontenoy. A free country like ours can bear such a party as this, and wish it no worse than to take itself off to those countries where the principles it loves are consistently carried out.

That party, so insignificant in its own numbers and influence, is recruited, indeed, from deserters and runaways, just as the regiments of the Duke of Modena, beyond the Mincio, are kept up by those poltroons who run from the Italian conscription. We pity the poor peasants who are such fools as to listen to the lures of the Austrian drill-sergeant: they are the flies who get into the spider's web, from which there is no escape with life. But when the Marquis of Normanby so far forgets his English birth and breeding as to sink into the partisan of Austria, our pity is mixed with contempt. We, by this act, judge of the liberal professions of his early life; we see that they were only gold leaf on copper, and the baseness of the original metal is coming out after some years' use. The Marquis has gone over, of course, into the Austrian camp *solus*—he leads no party after him. He is listened to in the House of Lords until something is said to call him to order; but he makes no more impression there by his speeches than on the public by his pamphlet, which none but the reviewers have taken the trouble to read. His last pamphlet has dragged up the misdeeds of the ex-Duke of Modena into greater prominence than ever. We might have thought the last of the D'Estes unfortunate, now we think him only contemptible. He should retire to Vienna as soon as possible with the plunder which he carried off from Italy, and disband his army, which have not become brigands as the disbanded soldiers of the King of Naples have, only because they have been enrolled in the ranks of the Austrian army.

In any case, the end can not be very far off now. Austria is playing her last stake in Hungary by suspending the constitution as well as the Diet, and letting her armies loose on the country. She is wearing out the little stock of respect left for her in the country party, who still cling to the Treaty of Vienna and believe in the existing balance of power. When she falls at last—she will fall without a voice of regret on her behalf. The most long-sighted statesman may not see who will take Austria's place as the keeper of the balance of power between France and Russia; but the most inveterate follower of conservative traditions must allow that Austria can no longer be trusted to keep Europe quiet by keeping her own population contented.

From the National Review.

THE GREAT ARABIAN.*

MOHAMMED arrived in the outskirts of Medina on 28th of June, A.D. 622, and after a halt of a few days to ascertain the state of opinion of the town, he entered the city on a Friday—a day thenceforward set apart for public worship throughout the Moslem world—and throwing the reins on the neck of his camel, Al Caswa, bade her seek her resting-place through the rejoicing crowds. Al Caswa halted in an open courtyard, and Mohammed descended and marked out the site for his first house, and the mosque in which pilgrims to Medina still recall his flight. He did not, of course, though it is often asserted, assume any power over Medina. The dislocated social condition universal throughout Arabia enabled him to exercise the direct and sole sovereignty over his own followers; and their attachment, his own popularity, and the mysterious awe with which he began to be regarded, gave him vast influence over the inhabitants; but of direct authority he had scarcely any. Each tribe governed itself. The two strongest, the Beni Khazraj and the Beni Aws, were passively favorable, but he had frequently to conciliate them, and Abdallah, the chieftain of the first-named clan, regarded him with strong jealousy and disfavor. He would have been prince of Medina but for Mohammed's arrival, and though he remained through life an ally, he pressed his influence arrogantly, and has the honor of being the only man who ever turned Mohammed from a declared purpose. The remaining tribes seem to have been friendly, with the exception of the Jews, who were numerous and powerful, and who gradually became objects of intense dislike to Mohammed. He had once entertained the idea of taking them into his religious system, and he made on his arrival a covenant with one tribe, granting them privileges very similar to those enjoyed in after times by the Jews of Cordova. He soon, however, when

in actual contact with them, discovered what so many princes had discovered before, that Judaism can not by its very nature coalesce with any other creed, and the revelations gradually became hostile to their claims. The Jews fell back entirely; and as Mohammed had not discovered the second truth, that force applied to Jews is waste of power, he assumed a position of open hostility to the tribes.

This, however, is an anticipation. For the first six months after his arrival, he busied himself with the organization of his faith. The practice of lustration was regularly introduced. The daily prayers were reduced to five. The first Kebleh Jerusalem was exchanged for Mecca, thus linking Islam with the ancient Pagan cult instead of Judaism, and the month Ramadhan was selected as the period of annual fasting. The day of fast-breaking was also appointed, and finally Mohammed, in obedience to a dream related by a disciple, bade a negro slave ascend to the top of a lofty house, and there cry aloud at the appointed times: "Prayer is better than sleep; prayer is better than sleep." Even Alexander the Great is in Asia an unknown personage by the side of the slave Billal, whose cry to this day summons at the same hours a fourth of the human race to the same devotions. As soon as the mosque was completed, Mohammed recommenced his personal teaching, preaching from the top of the steps of a high pulpit, in the modern Protestant style. The religious life of Islam was then complete, and to the day of his death the Prophet added only to what may be called the dogmas of jurisprudence. For nearly two years he continued this course of life, slowly the while building up his personal authority. Abdallah, chief of the Beni Khazraj, was troublesome, and the Jews very sarcastic; but day by day the number of his followers increased. The people came over to his side. Each man, as he joined him, gave up his

* Concluded from page 36.

ties of tribe and kinsmanship, and bound himself a subject to Mohammed alone. He began, also, to use his followers to arms, organizing small expeditions against the Koreish caravans; and although these were at first unsuccessful, they accustomed the faithful to the idea of hostilities with the sacred clan, and to habits of military obedience. In three of these forays he commanded in person, and in three the command passed with the Prophet's white banner to his nominee. This was at first always a Medinese chief, and it was not till the third expedition that he ventured to select a commander solely for devotion to himself, and intrust the white banner to the faithful Zeid. The uniform escape of the Koreish induced Mohammed at length to suspect treachery; and on the seventh expedition, in November, 623, he sent a Meccan named Abdallah in command, with sealed instructions. This expedition succeeded, but the success was gained in the holy month, and Mohammed for some days had the booty laid aside. At last he relented, his delay having fully established the principle that the disposal of the booty rested with him; and reserving one fifth for his own use, or rather that of the state, he divided the spoil. It was shortly after this success that the series of revelations commenced, declaring war against the infidel a main duty of the faithful; and the rich spoil and the splendid future proved too much for the men of Medina. Thenceforward open opposition within the city disappeared; and when, in January, 624, Mohammed once more raised his standard, he was followed by the Medinese as readily as by his own people. He nominated a governor during his absence, as if the city belonged to himself alone; and mustering his force outside the walls, found that it had increased from the eighty refugees to three hundred and five.

His object was to intercept the caravan which, with Abu Sofian, chief of the Koreish, at its head, was crawling from Syria down the coast of the Red Sea on its way to Mecca. With this view he marched rapidly to Badr, where the Meccan road strikes the great Syrian route; but he had, as usual, been betrayed by some secret friend of the Koreish among the Medinese. Abu Sofian hurried on a swift messenger to Mecca, imploring aid, while he himself, leaving the coast-route,

struck with his caravan direct for the city, which he reached in safety. The Koreish, however, were weary of Mohammed's audacity, and though still divided among themselves as to his claim of kindred, pushed their army of relief forward to Badr, determined to make a signal example. Mohammed was equally eager, and his followers, when consulted, pledged themselves to follow him to the world's end. Fanaticism had destroyed their remembrance of the ties of kindred, and they prayed openly for the destruction of their relatives. They arrived first upon the field, a sandy valley traversed by a small spring which feeds a series of small cisterns. Mohammed filled them all except the one nearest to the enemy, and bade his followers stand on the defensive, and regard that cistern as their citadel. The Koreish crossed the low hills in front of this position on 13th January, 624, and began the action in the true Arabian and Homeric style. Three warriors stepping forward challenged the whole of the faithful, and Mohammed, accepting the challenge, ordered three of his relatives, Ali, Hamza, and Obeida, to stand forward. The combat ended in their favor, and the Mohammedans, maddened with excitement, and favored by the wind, which blew a storm of dust in the faces of the Koreish, charged upon a force three times the number of their own with irresistible effect. The Koreish maintained their reputation; but the Moslem craved death as much as victory, and acts such as are ordinarily only dictated by despair signalized their hope of heaven. Omeir, a lad of sixteen, flung away the dates he was eating with a vow to eat the next in paradise; and Muadz ibn Amr, with his arm cut through at the shoulder, tore off the limb as it hung by the skin, bound the wound, and fought on unmindful. Against men of this temper, ordinary courage was unavailing, and the Koreish, abandoning forty-nine bodies, and the same number of prisoners, all their animals and all their baggage, fled precipitately on the road to Mecca. Six of the prisoners were executed as avowed enemies of Mohammed or his creed, but the remainder were treated with a kindness they publicly acknowledged, and most of them embraced the faith. Every man in the army had at least two camels out of the spoil, and Mohammed averred

boldly that Badr was the visible seal of Islam, a battle won by the immediate interposition of the Almighty on behalf of his Prophet. On his return, he assumed the full authority of a prince over the city; ordered Asma, a Jewess, who had published satirical verses against him, to be put to death, slew a Jew guilty of the same offense, and besieged the Bani Cainucaa, a Jewish tribe of Medina, in their own faubourg. The Jews, after a siege of fifteen days, submitted at discretion; and Mohammed, who held them to be rebels and infidels, at once ordered them to execution. He was compelled, however, to yield to the remonstrance of Abdallah, the chief of the Beni Khazraj, and *patronus* of the Jewish clans, and still too powerful to be safely or irremediably offended. Expedition now followed on expedition. The Beni Suleim and the Beni Ghatafan were successively attacked and plundered; a roving band of the Koreish, headed by their leader, Abu Sofian, were repulsed; and at last the annual Meccan caravan, laden with bars of silver for the purchase of goods in Syria, was captured, yielding to every man in the army eight hundred dirhems, a fortune in a country where a dirhem a day was considered fair pay for the governor of a great city. Every expedition increased the confidence of Mohammed's followers, and developed the habit of obedience, until at length the Prophet's whisper was sufficient sentence of death, and the Moslems exulted in their willingness to slay their own brothers at his command. A central authority thus obeyed doubled the active force of Medina. There alone in Arabia a single man of commanding ability could plan without counselors, and command without explaining his objects. There too alone in Arabia was at work the strangely vivifying principle which, for want of a better term, we must style equality.

The operation of this principle as one of the many causes which favored the development of Islam has been too frequently overlooked. Despotisms very often, though not always, produce an imperfect equality. In Russia, for example, though the favor of the Czar can raise a serf into a prince, still the prince has under all other circumstances the advantage over the serf. Under Mohammed, however, there sprang up *ex necessitate rei* a form of democratic equality more absolute than

the world has elsewhere seen. Claims of birth and wealth could be of no value in the presence of a master whose favor implied the favor of the Deity. The proudest Arab could not murmur if God chose a slave like Zeid to be leader of armies, and visibly confirmed his choice with the seal of victory. It was a principle also of the new sect that Islam extinguished all relations. The slave, once a Moslem, was free; the foe, once a Moslem, was dearer than any kinsman; the pagan, once a Moslem, might preach, if the Prophet bade, to attentive listeners. Mohammed was enabled, therefore, at all times to command the absolute aid of every man of capacity within his ranks. No officers of *his* threw up their commissions because they were superseded. If he selected a child, what then?—could not God give victory to a child? Moreover, all the latent forces which social order restrains were instantly at his disposal. Every strong man, kept down by circumstances, had an instinctive desire to believe in the faith which removed at a stroke every obstacle to a career. To this hour this principle is still of vital importance in all Mohammedan countries. A dozen times has a Sultan utterly ruined stooped among his people, found, in a water-carrier, a tobacco-conist, a slave, or a renegade, the required man, raised him in a day to power, and supported him to save the empire. If the snuff-dealer can rule Egypt, why should he not rule Egypt? He is as near to God as any other Mussulman, save only the heir of the Khalifate; and accordingly Mehemet Ali finds birth, trade, and want of education no obstacles in his path. The pariah who in Madras turns Christian is a pariah still; but if he turns Mussulman, the proudest Mussulman noble will, if he rises, give him his daughter, or serve him as a sovereign, without a thought of his descent. Mohammed, like all real kings, knew men when he saw them; gave power to Omar, the man of the blue blood, or Zeid, the slave, indifferently, and found therefore invariably that the special talent he wanted was at his command.

These immense advantages could not, however, preserve Mohammed invariably from disaster. In the middle of January, 625, years after he had reached Medina, the Koreish determined once for all to end the quarrel with their dangerous adversary. Summoning all their allies, and

devoting all the treasure saved in Abu Sofian's caravan to military purposes, they raised what was then, in Arabia, a formidable force. Neither then nor at any other time were the Arabs exclusively or mainly cavalry. They admired and cherished horses, and most men could ride; but the possession of a horse was a sign of wealth, and among the mountaineers and citizens by no means a common one. The army, therefore, though three thousand in number, comprised only two hundred horses, and its principal reliance was on seven hundred footmen equipped in mail, and in the archers, who did duty, as in feudal Europe, for light troops. Mohammed, though at first inclined to stand on the defensive, yielded to the ardor of his younger followers, and marched out of Medina with a force which victory, conversions, and new hope had swelled from the three hundred of Badr to one thousand strong. Of this force, however, three hundred, commanded by Abdallah, chief of the Beni Khazraj, indignant at Mohammed's hostility to the Jews, deserted and returned to Mecca; the remainder, though not a fourth of their enemies in number, determined to give them battle, and accordingly took up their position on a small stony plain, above which rose arid and red the frowning rocks of the mountain Ohod. The battle began, as usual, in a series of single combats, in which, of course, those who believed death only an entrance to paradise had signally the advantage. Excited by perpetual small successes, and perhaps rendered imprudent by their confident hope of divine aid, the Mussulmans pressed on too rapidly, pierced the enemy's line, and began plundering the baggage. The rear guard joined in this exciting game, and the Koreish horse, seeing their opportunity, swept down on the Moslem from behind. There was a panic, a mad fight, and a rally round the person of the Prophet. Mohammed was felled to the ground, and for a few minutes the course of history was doubtful; but his personal friends protected his body, raised him, and with the broken army made for the rocks and defiles of Ohod. The victors approached, and taunted their defeated enemies; but a charge *up* the rocks, in the teeth of Moslem soldiers, was beyond their courage, and they retired slowly to their own city. The Moslem also returned to Medina, to find every element of

disaffection at full work. Seventy-four of the army had fallen, and every man was in an Arab tribe known and classed like an English noble. The charm of invincibility which attached to the Prophet was shattered, the Jews were sarcastic, and the Medinese openly murmured that if Badr were the seal of Islam, Ohod showed the visible wrath of the Almighty. The refugees, however, had seen worse days than these. The Prophet stood, as usual in disaster, firm and gentle. He passed over Abdallah's desertion, ordered a mock pursuit of the Koreish, which gave the talkers something to discuss, and in a thundering Sura, comforted the faithful, and threatened the wrath of God on the disaffected. "Who am I," he said, "that I should not be defeated?"

"Mohammed is no more than an Apostle, as other Apostles that have gone before him. What! if he were to die or be killed, must ye needs turn back upon your heels? He that turneth back upon his heels injureth not God in the least degree; but God will reward the thankful.

"Furthermore, no soul dieth but by the permission of God, as it is written and predestined. . . .

"How many prophets have fought against those that had multitudes on their side. And they were not cast down at that which befell them fighting in the way of God, neither did they become weak, nor make themselves abject; and God loveth the persevering."

The magic eloquence of the leader completed the work; and never was Mohammed stronger with his followers than a month after the defeat of Ohod.

The remainder of the year (625) passed in expeditions of various issue. The Beni Asad, a powerful clan who were connected with the Koreish, and raised the standard against Medina, were plundered and dispersed; but, on the other hand, seventy Moslem were decoyed by the Beni Aamir into their hands, under pretext of desiring teachers for the faith, and treacherously put to death. The Beni Nadhir, a Jewish tribe, were driven from their possessions, and their estates divided among the refugees, who thus rose into instant affluence. With fifteen hundred men Mohammed maintained his camp for eight days at Badr, waiting attack from the Arab world; and next year he advanced by a march of more than a month along the border of Syria. The Beni Mustalick had, it would seem, menaced

him; but the tribe was surrounded, and the prisoners, after a short hesitation, embraced the creed of Medina. These petty expeditions were, however, only the preparations for a new danger.

The Koreish could neither forgive Mohammed, nor escape the idea that he was to them an imminent and ever-pressing peril. They resolved on an effort which gives a high idea at once of their strength and weakness. Summoning all their allies, they advanced, in February, 627, on Medina, and besieged it with an army of ten thousand men. Such a force menaced the city with destruction, but its hour had not arrived. Mohammed had in his ranks a man who knew something of Roman fortification, and when the Meccans arrived under the walls they found themselves confronted by a deep ditch. They exclaimed loudly against the cowardice of the device, but they could not pass the ditch, and fell back on stratagem. They made an agreement with the strongest Jewish tribe left in the city, the Koreitza, to attack Mohammed from behind, while they themselves essayed to pass the trench. Mohammed, however, discovered the plot, and by a clever device—which Mr. Muir must pardon us for saying is quite within allowable military expedients, and was imitated by Major Edwardes with effect at the siege of Mooltan—he contrived to make each party think the other was watching to betray them. The grand attack therefore failed ignominiously; a few Koreish only leaping the trench, to be speared without mercy. An Arab army had no commissariat. Provisions ran short, the weather was wretched, and at last, after fifteen days of the siege, Abu Sofian, irritated to madness by personal discomfort, leaped on his horse, and rode away to Mecca. The great army melted away, and Mohammed turned on his domestic foes. He besieged the Koreitza in their faubourg, and after a brief resistance they surrendered at discretion. The Beni Aws begged hard for their lives as old allies, and Mohammed promised the doom of the Jews should be fixed by a man of the allied clan. He selected Sad ibn Muadz, who accepted, the office, and took an oath from the people to stand by his decision. To the dismay of his kinsmen, rearing his mighty figure above the crowd, he pronounced the awful sentence—the men to death, the women to slavery; and the doom was accepted by Mo-

hammed. The Koreitza, eight hundred in number, were slain in batches, and the bodies buried, while the women were carried away. "Islam has cut all ties," was the stern comment of the allies of the murdered tribe. This was the worst deed ever sanctioned by Mohammed, but there is a word to be said in his defense. He undoubtedly regarded these men as traitors as well as rebels, and there is not the slightest evidence that the Koreitza, even by European codes, had not deserved their doom. They had plotted against their own allies on the battle-field, and there is no European general who would not have pronounced them worthy of death, however strongly the modern respect for life might have modified his actual sentence. In this affair, as in the execution of one or two private individuals, Mohammed acted simply as an Oriental prince, neither better nor worse; and we shall presently see how little personal enmity ever influenced his decisions.

The fifth year of the Hegira, A.D. 627, passed away in comparative tranquillity. Mohammed still seemed far from his aim—the mastery of Arabia; but his expeditions continued, and every foray brought him wealth, disciples, and increase of reputation. In one of these raids, his men punished some prisoners guilty of treachery in a manner so barbarous, that Mohammed published a revelation making death by the sword, cord, or crucifixion, the only capital punishments a Moslem could lawfully inflict. The mutilation of the hand was alone retained for larceny, a punishment certainly cruel; but not so especially cruel in relation to the crime as Europeans will be apt to believe. All Asiatics hold larceny a crime only second to murder. Englishmen of the educated class, rich in all necessities, and habitually careless, can not even conceive the irritation the practice of small theft creates in a poverty-stricken community, to whom every thing is valuable, and by whom every thing is remembered. They will not endure it; and to this day the first charge of a native of India against the British government is its leniency to larceny, and the second most frequent cause of murder is the determination of the people to punish theft with corporal chastisement carried to an extreme. Mr. Muir rightly condemns mutilation; but when he styles the law one which reflects

discredit on Mohammed, he should remember that it is not thirty years since English bankers clamored for the retention of death as the only true punishment for forgery.

In the sixth year of the Flight, A.D. 628, Mohammed determined to bring himself once more in contact with the representatives of all Arabia, by attending the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. He started with a powerful force, hoping, apparently, that the Meccans would be too jealous for the prerogative of their city to refuse entrance even to him. He was disappointed, and in his anxiety to be once more enabled to visit the city he so greatly loved, he signed a treaty of amity with his determined foes. Under its provisions, which were to be valid for ten years, all Arabs who chose were to join him without opposition from the Koreish, and all Moslem who chose were to abandon him without punishment. The Meccans, moreover, were to give the shrine up to his followers for three days in every year. Entrance for that year was, however, refused, and Mohammed returned to send ambassadors abroad to four of the sovereigns whose reputation had reached Arabia. Heraclius, Emperor of Byzantium, then in the full tide of victory over Chosroes, received the summons to embrace Islam and obey the Prophet in a plainly worded letter, which, of course, he laid aside; Siroes, King of Persia, tore up his missive, provoking from Mohammed the exclamation that his kingdom should be similarly torn in pieces; Mukoukas, the Roman, or rather Greek, Governor of Egypt, had a nearer view of the power of his strange correspondent. He answered kindly, and sent to Mohammed a present of two Coptic slave-girls, one of whom, Mary, is the heroine of many a Mussulman legend, and would, had her son Ibrahim lived, have been in all probability regarded to this day as the sainted mother of dynasties. The Prince of Abyssinia alone, it is said, obeyed the missive, and even that solitary concession rests upon no evidence but Mohammedan tradition, and Abyssinia remains Christian to this day. The embassies are curious proofs of Mohammed's absolute confidence in his own empire, and as the only positive indications of that vast ambition which the achievements of his successors reflected back upon his character. Every

creed claims to be universal; but that Mohammed ever contemplated distinctly the conquest of the world is to our minds more than doubtful. He hoped, perhaps, for Syria, but his distinct policy was limited to Syria, and the first mighty outflow of Arabia upon civilization was caused by the necessity of finding occupation for the tribes who groaned and fretted under the yoke of his successor.

We must pass more briefly over one or two years studded with incident and adventure, to arrive at the crowning achievement of Mohammed's life. In the same year, A.D. 628, he conquered Kheibar, one of the richest valleys in Arabia, occupied by Jews, and divided the lands among his followers. It was a woman of this tribe who, by giving him a poisoned shoulder of mutton, laid, in Mussulman ideas, the foundation of the disease which afterwards proved mortal. Mohammed, however, was now sixty years old, and it seems clear that he never swallowed any of the poison, which was probably the well-known *datura*, or juice of the hemlock. In the following year, he completed his pledge of visiting Mecca, and the Koreish, tired with contest, adhered to their agreement. For three days he was placed in possession of the shrine, and there for the first time he fulfilled all the rites of Islam in the appointed center of the faith. He retired on the expiration of the three days; but the appointed hour was drawing near when the labor of a life was to be crowned with the full measure of success. The Prophet was growing old, and had as yet done little which could survive his death. He was master of Medina, it is true, general of a powerful army, suzerain of numerous tribes, and with a reputation which extended wherever the Arab orators contended for eloquence; but he was still only a local notability. The Arabs still looked to Mecca as the pivot on which the politics of the peninsula ought to turn; till Mecca was gained, Arabia as a whole was unsubdued, and the conquest of the sacred city became an object of intense burning desire. He resolved to make a final effort to secure it, and the Koreish gave him a fair opportunity. They allowed an allied sept to harry a small Meccan clan because they adhered to Mohammed, and thus, whether willfully or otherwise, broke the treaty of amity. The injured family, the Beni Khozza,

applied to Mohammed for redress, which he promised with a solemn asseveration. He at once raised his standard, and summoning his allies, found himself at the head of eight thousand men. With this army he marched suddenly on Mecca, where a great change had apparently occurred. Abu Sofian had either been wearied out, or was aware that resistance was hopeless, while the Koreish may be presumed to have become doubtful of the wisdom of further war. They made no preparations for resistance, and Abu Sofian, who had gone out to reconnoiter, was taken, apparently a willing prisoner, to Mohammed. The scene which followed is probably as true as most historical anecdotes, and is exquisitely illustrative at once of Arab manners and Mohammedan legendary style.

"*Out upon thee, Abu Sofian!*" cried Mohammed, as the Koreishite chief drew near. *'Hast thou not yet discovered that there is no God but the Lord alone?'* 'Noble and generous sire! Had there been any God beside, verily he had been of some avail to me.' *'And dost thou not acknowledge that I am the Prophet of the Lord?'* continued Mohammed. 'Noble sire! As to this thing there is yet in my heart some hesitancy.' 'Woe is thee!' exclaimed Abbas; 'it is no time for hesitancy, this. Believe and testify at once the creed of Islam, or else thy head shall be severed from thy body!' It was, indeed, no time for idle pride or scruple; and so Abu Sofian, seeing no alternative left to him, repeated the formula of belief in God and in his Prophet. What a moment of exultation it must have been for Mohammed when he saw the great leader of the Koreish a suppliant believer at his feet! 'Haste thee to Mecca!' he said; for he knew well when to show forbearance and generosity. 'Haste thee to the city; no one that taketh refuge in the house of Abu Sofian shall be harmed. And hearken! speak unto the people, that whoever closeth the door of his house, the inmates thereof shall escape.' Abu Sofian hastened to retire. But before he could quit the camp, the forces were already under arms, and were being marshaled in their respective columns. Standing by Abbas, he watched in amazement the various tribes, each defiling, with the banner given to it by Mohammed, into its proper place. One by one, the different clans were pointed out by name, and recognized. 'And what is that black mass,' asked Abu Sofian, 'with dark mail and shining lances?' 'It is the flower of the chivalry of Mecca and Medina,' replied Abbas; 'the favored band that guards the person of the Prophet.' 'Truly,' exclaimed the astonished chief, 'this kingdom of thy uncle's is a mighty kingdom.' 'Nay, Abu Sofian, he is more than a king—he is a mighty Prophet!' 'Yes; thou

sayest truly. Now let me go.' 'Away!' said Abbas. 'Speed thee to thy people!'

On the following morning the army divided into four columns, and entered the city on all sides, unopposed except by a few fanatics, who endeavored on one side to keep up a running and ineffectual fight; and Mohammed stood at last lord of the city from which eight years before he had fled a hunted fugitive. It was still filled with enemies, but the magnitude of his triumph had softened his heart, and he spared all save four, the exceptions being men who had injured or insulted him or his family, and a woman who had circulated satirical verses—an offense Mohammed never forgave. The effect of this generous conduct was instantly apparent. The Meccans gave in their adhesion in a body, and Mussulman writers record with admiration that among them, when they did at last give way, there were no disaffected. The strength thus added to Mohammed was important, but before using it Mecca was to be cleared of idolatry. The pictures of angels within the shrine had been removed on his first entry, and now Mohammed ordered the idols to be hewn down: Ozza and Lat fell with a terrible crash, and Mohammed, as he stood gazing on the destruction, an old man, with the work of twenty years at last accomplished, must have felt that he had not lived in vain. With Ozza and Lat, though he knew it not, crashed down the whole fabric of Arabian idolatry; and the land, though for twelve hundred years rent with strife, though the tribes whom he bound together have fallen asunder, and all other traditions have revived, has never gone back—never showed the desire to go back—to Pagan worship. That one work, small or great, terminated then; but to Mohammed it seemed as if too much was still left to do.

Scarcely had Mecca been purified when the Prophet summoned its subject clans, and with an army swelled to twelve thousand men set out to subjugate Tayif, the city which had stoned him when, alone and unarmed, he visited it to demand obedience in the name of the Most High to a banished and powerless member of the Koreish. On his road he was met by the Beni Hawazin, the powerful tribe settled round Tayif, and narrowly escaped defeat. The Hawazin charged down a defile, and the army of Islam, taken by

surprise, fell into a panic, and commenced a precipitate retreat. Mohammed, however, knew that no army existed in Arabia competent to face his own, and standing firm, he ordered a follower of stentorian lungs to summon the Medinese to his standard. They rallied round him instantly, and the dismayed Mohammedans, re-forming behind them, charged upon the Beni Hawazin. The victory was complete, and the Prophet passed on unmolested to Tayif. He failed, however, before the city, chiefly from the Arab impossibility of keeping an army together without commissariat, and he returned to Mecca. The property of the Hawazin was, however, divided, and Mohammed exhausted his personal wealth in enriching his new allies. So lavish were his gifts, indeed, that the Medinese murmured, and Mohammed had, for the fiftieth time, to appeal to his rare gift of eloquence to allay their discontent. Readers of parliamentary debates will perhaps catch in this scene a glimpse of the true orator.

"He then addressed them in these words: 'Ye men of Medina, it hath been reported to me that ye are disconcerted, because I have given unto these chiefs largesses, and have given nothing unto you. Now speak unto me. Did I not come unto you whilst ye were wandering, and the Lord gave you the right direction?—needy, and he enriched you?—at enmity amongst yourselves, and he hath filled your hearts with love and unity?' He paused for a reply. 'Indeed, it is even as thou sayest,' they answered; 'to the Lord and to his Prophet belong benevolence and grace.' 'Nay, by the Lord!' continued Mohammed, 'but ye might have answered, (and answered truly, for I would have verified it myself,) *Thou camest to Medina rejected as an impostor, and we bore witness to thy veracity; thou camest a helpless fugitive, and we assisted thee; an outcast, and we gave thee an asylum; destitute, and we solaced thee.* Why are ye disturbed in mind because of the things of this life, wherewith I have sought to incline the hearts of these men unto Islam, whereas ye are already steadfast in your faith? Are ye not satisfied that others should obtain the flocks and the camels, while ye carry back the Prophet of the Lord unto your homes? No, I will not leave you forever. If all mankind went one way, and the men of Medina another way, verily I would go the way of the men of Medina. The Lord be favorable unto them, and bless them, and their sons, and their sons' sons forever!' At these words all wept till the tears ran down upon their beards; and they called out with one voice: 'Yea, we are well satisfied, O Prophet, with our lot!'"

Tayif did not escape. A converted

chief agreed to keep the inhabitants within their walls; and tired out by a blockade which seemed endless, the citizens gave way. They asked privilege after privilege—exemption from obedience, exemption from prayer, the safety of their idols; but Mohammed could not yield; and stipulating only for the safety of a hunting forest, they surrendered themselves into his hands. He was by this time at home in Medina, whence he sent forth his collectors throughout the tribes which acknowledged his rule to collect the tithes. The *new* income tax of ten per cent would be felt as onerous even in England; but the collectors were only once resisted, and usually welcomed with acclamation. He, moreover, either from policy or really alarmed, as he alleged, at a rumor that the Greek Emperor was about to march on him, ordered a general levy of his followers. His power was not consolidated even in the Hejaz, and many of the Arabs refused to obey. The Medinese, weary with exertion, staid at home; but still the gathering proved that the fugitive had become a mighty prince. An army such as had never been seen in Arabia, an army of twenty thousand foot and ten thousand cavalry, followed him to the Syrian border, and subdued for him the whole of the Christian or demi-Christian tribes in the North. The Prophet felt that the time was come. All Arabs, save of the faith, were solemnly interdicted from Mecca, and a new revelation declared that the object of Islam was the extirpation of idolatry. Conversions now flowed in fast, and the tenth year of the Hegira was a year of embassies. The "King" of Oman surrendered all authority to Mohammed's lieutenant, Amru. The princes of Yemen, the Himyarte dynasty, (the foundations of whose palaces Captain Playfair has just turned up at Aden,) accepted the new faith. The Habhramaut followed the example; and as each tribe gave way, assessors, armed with the new code, entered their territory, terminated mildly all existing authorities, and bound the district fast to Islam and Mohammed. The great tribe of the Beni Aamir was almost the last to yield; but it yielded, and in 630 the Prophet, master of Arabia, uttered his final address to the representatives of the peninsula, assembled on pilgrimage at Mecca. Mohammed had lived for twenty years a life which would have hardened the heart and ulcerated the temper of

almost any man now living—a life such as that which in seven years made Frederick of Prussia a malicious despot. But there are natures which trouble does not sear; and Mohammed, in this his last address, solemnly proclaimed throughout Arabia a law of universal brotherhood. Though inartistic in form, we do not know in literature a nobler effort of the highest kind of oratory, of the rhetoric which conveys at once guidance and command.

"YE PEOPLE! Harken to my words; for I know not whether, after this year, I shall ever be amongst you here again.

"Your lives and property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another until the end of time.

"The Lord hath ordained to every man the share of his inheritance; a testament is not lawful to the prejudice of heirs.

"The child belongeth to the parent; and the violator of wedlock shall be stoned.

"Whoever claimeth falsely another for his father, or another for his master, the curse of God and the angels, and of all mankind, shall rest upon him.

"Ye People! Ye have rights demandable of your wives, and they have rights demandable of you. Upon them it is incumbent not to violate their conjugal faith nor commit any act of open impropriety; which things if they do, ye have authority to shut them up in separate apartments and to beat them with stripes, yet not severely. But if they refrain therefrom, clothe them and feed them suitably. And treat your women well; for they are with you as captives and prisoners; they have not power over any thing as regards themselves. And ye have verily taken them on the security of God; and have made their persons lawful unto you by the words of God.

"And your slaves! See that ye feed them with such food as ye eat yourselves; and clothe them with the stuff ye wear. And if they commit a fault which ye are not inclined to forgive, then sell them, for they are the servants of the Lord, and are not to be tormented.

"Ye People! harken to my speech and comprehend the same. Know that every Moslem is the brother of every other Moslem. All of you are on the same equality, (and as he pronounced these words, he raised his arms aloft and placed the forefinger of one hand on the forefinger of the other.) Ye are one brotherhood.

"Know ye what month this is?—What territory is this? What day?" To each question, the People gave the appropriate answer, namely, "The Sacred Month—the Sacred Territory—the great day of Pilgrimage." After every one of these replies, Mohammed added: *'Even thus sacred and inviolable hath God made the Life and the Property of each of you unto the other, until ye meet your Lord.'*

"Let him that is present, tell it unto him that is absent. Haply, he that shall be told, may remember better than he who hath heard it."

This was the last public appearance of Mohammed. In the eleventh year of the Flight, while still only sixty-three, he issued orders for a levy to subjugate the Syrian desert, and invested Osama, a lad, but the son of Zeid, with the supreme command; but his hour had arrived. In the beginning of Safar, a deadly fever came upon him, and he announced to the weeping congregation assembled in the mosque at Medina his own approaching decease. The exertion increased the disease, and after four days of suffering, during which the burden of his speech was always of suffering as an expiation for sin, he gradually sank, retaining, however, to the last somewhat of the ancient fire. With a quaint touch of satiric humor, he punished all his wives for giving him physic by making them take it too, and on Monday he even joined in the prayers for his own recovery in the mosque. This, however, was his last effort; and on the eighth June, 632, exclaiming at intervals:—"The Lord grant me pardon," "Pardon," "The blessed companionship on high," he stretched himself gently, and was dead.

The events which followed his death, the election of Omar, the revolt and subjugation of the Arabs, the pouring out of the tribes to the conquest of the world, the long and marvelous story of the Caliphs—are better known than those of his own life. Our only remaining duty is to sum up his character, and record his special influence as a legislator. Upon his character as a prince, a leader of men, there will, we imagine, be little controversy. No man in history ever rose to dominion with fewer heavy stains upon his character; none ever exhibited more constancy, or a more serene, unwavering wisdom. In the first test of greatness, wealth of loving friends, none ever approached Mohammed. Alexander had friends of a sort, but Hephæstion was not of the stamp of Abu Bekr, and the majority of heroes have been lonely men. It is as a Prophet only that he will be seriously condemned, and doubtless his prophetic pretensions colored his whole life. We can but state a strong conviction when we affirm, that a series of minute facts leave no doubt on our mind that Mohammed was from first

to last absolutely sincere. He really believed that any strong conviction, even any strong wish, that he entertained was borne in upon him by a power external to himself; and as the first and most memorable of these convictions was faith in God, he believed that power to be God, and himself its Messenger. The mode of expressing his convictions was undoubtedly an invention; but that the basis of his faith in himself was sincere, admits, to our mind, of little question. This strength of conviction extended even to his legislative acts, and we can not better conclude this brief notice of his career than by a glance at his true position as a legislator. Politically, it is easy to understand his position. Believing himself the Messenger of the Almighty, no position save that of despot was possible to him, and he made on this point no provision for the future. The Mohammedans deduce from his opinions the idea that the Khalif is vicegerent of God, and of course absolute; but no such theory is laid down in the Koran, and the Wahabees, the strictest of Mussulman sects, acknowledge no such dogma. Its adoption was the accidental result of the movement which followed his death, and which compelled the Arabs to intrust despotic authority to their chief. Mohammed settled nothing as to his successors, and it is therefore only in social questions that his legislation is still operative. And even here we are almost without the means of knowing what were the principles he intended to lay down. The living law of Mohammedanism is not to be found in the Koran, but in the commentators—a set of the most vicious scoundrels who ever disgraced humanity, whose first object seems to have been to relax the plain meaning of the original edicts as far as practicable. The original code is on most points just enough. The law as regards property differs nothing in essentials from that which prevails in Europe. Property is sacred, and is pretty fairly divided among relatives. Life is held in reverence, and theft is prohibited, even with cruelty. Truth is strongly inculcated, and adherence to treaties declared an obligation binding on the conscience. Adultery is punished with death, though that provision is hampered by a curious law of evidence; and reverence for parents is sedulously inculcated. The law in fact, except on one point, differs little from that of the

Twelve Tables; but that one has modified all Asiatic society for evil. We must give a few words to an unpleasant topic.

It will be observed that we have said nothing of Mohammed's private life, of which all biographers descant so much—of his eleven wives and two slave-girls, of the strangely relaxed law of the sexes which he established, and of his own departures even from that loose code. The omission was intended, for we conceive too much has always been made of that point in Mohammed's career. In early life temperate to a marvel for Arabia, he was undoubtedly in his later years a man loving women. We do not say "licentious" advisedly, for though all things good and bad are recorded of Mohammed, we hear of no seduction, no adultery, no interference with the families of his followers. He was simply a man loving women, and heaping up wives, as if he had been exempted from the law he himself laid down. He probably thought he was, as his followers undoubtedly did, and personally he was no worse than thousands whom modern Europe practically condones. He was no better, but it is mere folly to say that his legislation was exceptionally licentious. What he did as regards his followers, was simply this. He left the question exactly as he found it—did not rise one hairbreadth above the general level of Oriental opinion. That opinion is doubtless an evil one. The true law of chastity, the adherence of one man to one woman as long as they both live, is written in a revelation older than any book—in the great law which makes the numbers of the sexes equal. That law, however, has never yet reached the Oriental world. It is the fixed opinion of Asiatics that the relation of the sexes is a purely physical one, and not subject to any inherent law at all; modifiable, it is true, by external legislation, but not in itself a subject of necessary and inevitable moral restraint. Mohammed made no attempt to alter that opinion. He fixed a limit to the number of wives, but it was not intended as a moral protection, for he formally assigned all female slaves to the mercy of their masters. He left a monstrous evil without a remedy. But that he introduced a new evil is untrue; and badly as the system he sanctioned works, the Mohammedans are not more corrupt than the Hindoos, and far less vicious than the Chinese.

THE ASCENT OF FUSI-YAMA.

In September of last year, the lofty summit of Fusi-yama, the sacred mountain of Japan, was for the first time trod by European footsteps. Mr. E. B. De Fonblanque, one of the adventurous explorers, has given the following account of the ascent. His narrative is dated from the British Consulate, Kanawaga, Japan, Sept. 20, 1860.

Mr. Alcock, our envoy in Jeddo, desirous of visiting the interior of the country, and curious to ascertain the truth of all the wonderful tales related by the Japanese, of their beloved and venerated mountain, having successfully disposed of the numerous insuperable obstacles most pertinaciously suggested by the government, left Jeddo for Fusi-yama on the third instant.

I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to join his party, which was further composed of Mr. Eusden, vice-consul at Jeddo; Messrs. Gower and Macdonald, attachés; Lieutenant Robinson, Indian navy; Mr. S. Gower, and Mr. Veitch, a botanist. One of the vice-governors of Jeddo, Matabé, the interpreter to the legation, and several Yacomins, formed our escort; and norriman-bearers, bettos, coolies, servants, and followers, together with a troop of packhorses, swelled our *cortège* to the dimensions of a small invading army.

Mr. Alcock, although he had necessarily asked the Japanese government to make arrangements for our comfort and security *en route*, had stipulated that he should be as little as possible embarrassed by the presence of officials, as he wished to travel as a private person. There was none of the state, accordingly, with which a Japanese functionary of any rank would have surrounded himself in his progress; and, instead of being borne in norrimans—the only conveyance used by Japanese gentlemen—we bestrode our horses like freeborn Britons—a sacrifice of dignity to comfort which, however much it astonished the natives, we made without the slightest scruple.

As may be imagined, our projected pilgrimage excited no small interest among the Japanese, who, as they crowded the

streets of Kanagawa to watch our departure, seemed puzzled whether most to admire our temerity or marvel at our impudence. Some of the older men shook their heads ominously, declaring that no good could come to their country from such a desecration of their gods; but the majority of the people were simply amused. They have seen and learnt so much within the last year, that nothing can surprise them.

Our route, as far as Odawara—a distance from Jeddo of about forty-five miles—was by the great highway to Nagasaki, skirting the sea. This is an admirable, broad, well-paved road, flanked on either side with gigantic cedars and vines, affording a most grateful shade from the still powerful sun. The effect of many miles of these avenues, formed of trees averaging from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty feet in height, is very striking.

At Odawara we turned into the interior, and commenced to cross the Hahoni Mountains, a range lying between the sea and Fusi-yama. Arrived at the summit after an eight hours' march, we found ourselves at a height which we computed about six thousand feet above the sea level, on the borders of a glassy lake, six miles in length, and one and a quarter in width. Wonderful tales are related by the Japanese of this lake, which they state to be bottomless in the center and inhabited by an evil spirit, very much given to drag unwary mortals below. It was probably from fears of our safety that no persuasion could induce our officers to procure us a boat to explore these waters.

On the following morning we commenced our descent from Hahoni, and on the evening of the next day, the sixth from our departure, reached Muri-jama, a village lying at the foot of the mountain, and about one hundred miles distant from Jeddo. Here the authority of the Tycoon ceases, and spiritual government begins, the Holy Mountain being under the sole jurisdiction of the priesthood, two of which respectable body now attached themselves to our party, and never

left us till we returned in safety to the foot of the mountain.

On the next day we rode about six miles to a place called Hashi-Mondo, where the steep ascent commences, and here, leaving our horses and equipping ourselves with pilgrims' staves, which the priests dispose of for the sum of one penny each, we girded up our loins and climbed manfully up the rugged and precipitous path, our light baggage and commissariat stores being carried by *goliks*, or "men of great vigor"—a description which the appearance of these poor creatures, who earn their livelihood as beasts of burden to the pilgrims, did not by any means justify.

At every half-mile *en route* a hut is erected, where pilgrims repose and are refreshed with tiny cups of tea. During our six hours' ascent, we passed nine of these resting-places, and, darkness coming on, we took up our abode in the ninth, ate a modest dinner, and, stretching our weary limbs upon straw mats, slept as well as the cold and the fleas would allow us.

We had now accomplished over two thirds of the ascent, but the worst was yet to come. Hitherto the path, though steep and rugged, had afforded a tolerably firm foothold; but the rest of the way was over loose pieces of lava, scoria, and cinders, and at every few yards the ascent became more precipitous. It was curious to remark how some of our party, who had before shown themselves somewhat insensible to the beauties of nature, would now stop every few minutes to admire the scenery, generally seating themselves to do so; but some allowance must be made, in consideration of the rarefied state of the atmosphere, which rendered violent exercise somewhat difficult, and made some of us gasp very painfully. At first we met with little snow; but as we advanced we found large patches here and there; and on reaching the summit after four hours' toil, the tubs of water near the temple were frozen into a compact mass. Still, the cold was not any thing like what we had been led to suppose it would be, the thermometer at midday showing only thirty-eight degrees in the shade, and boiling at one hundred and eighty-two.

The temple of Fusi-yama is a most modest, unpretending little hut, adorned with a few gods in lava and some common

tinsel ornaments. Here the devout lay their offerings upon the altar, and in return have their garments stamped with strange figures and devices, in token of their having accomplished their pilgrimage. Great virtue is attached to these stamps, particularly for the cure of cutaneous diseases, and their number is only limited by the size of the garment and the extent of the fee. I invested an entire uzeboo (one shilling and sixpence,) and received the impress of all the gods, and (unless likenesses are very deceptive) of all the devils too, of Fusi-yama.

Having visited the temple, we proceeded to the highest point of the crater; here Mr. Alcock's standard-bearer unfurled the British flag, while we fired a royal salute in its honor, his Excellency setting the example by discharging the five barrels of his revolver into the crater, and the rest following, till twenty-one guns had been fired. We then gave three cheers, sang "God save the Queen," and finished by drinking "the health of her gracious majesty" in champagne, iced in the snows of Fusi-yama, to the utter amazement of the Japanese, who had never before seen such startling religious ceremonies.

The crater of Fusi-yama is between two and three miles in circumference, and about six hundred yards in depth, and it resulted from observations made by Mr. Robinson that the highest point is something more than fourteen thousand feet above the sea. The Japanese have generally allowed seventeen thousand. There has been no eruption for three centuries.

We were fortunate enough to have a fine, clear, sunny day for the ascent, and, as we looked below and around us, there lay the fair land of Japan like a highly colored map, the points of its headlands jutting sharply into the blue sea; range upon range of mountains stretching across the full length of the island as far as the eye could reach, and rivers winding through green valleys, gradually increasing in size till they empty themselves into the sea. Had our journey been as disagreeable as it was the reverse, that one view would have richly repaid us for our toil. Well may the Japanese be proud of their beautiful Fusi-yama.

The descent was comparatively easy, and of course every one of us said, at least once, *Facilis descensus*, etc., as we turned homeward, by a new and if possi-

ble finer route, till on the fifteenth we reached Etamé, a picturesque village on the sea-shore, celebrated for its sulphur springs, whence I returned to Kanagawa by water, leaving Mr. Alcock and some of his party to take the baths.

So far I have confined myself to a bare description of our progress; I can not conclude, however, without endeavoring to give some idea of the beauty of this country. As a tolerably old traveler through all quarters of the globe, I can speak with some authority, and I do not hesitate to say that the scenery which gladdened our eyes and hearts during our journey to and from Fusi-yama can not be equaled within the same compass in any part of the world. Its great charm probably lies less in its intrinsic beauty than in its continually varying character. The eye has never time to weary. Now you are in a noble avenue of majestic trees, (and no tree is finer than the cedar of Japan—*Cryptomeria Japonica*;) suddenly you emerge into an open country, among corn-fields and flowering shrubs; then you plunge into a deep forest; then again you find yourself in a perfectly English green lane, with honeysuckle on the hedges and daisies on the banks, and in the distance, embosomed in trees and shrubs of the brightest foliage, groups of the most picturesque little white cottages in the world. Before you have time to dream of home, you are once more transported into a rugged mountain path, with torrents roaring at your feet; and as you reach its height, there lies the broad blue sea on one side, while on the other Fusi-yama rises majestically from its broad base. I doubt whether, if all the most grand, lovely, rich, and magnificent views in the world could be collected and formed into a group, they would produce a finer picture.

Throughout, the vegetation is most luxuriant. From the deepest valley to the mountain-tops you behold one dense mass of flowering shrubs and trees, in the foliage of which there is as great a variety as in the scenery.

The land is generally well cultivated, rice and millet forming the principal crops in the districts through which we passed. We came across small patches of cotton and tobacco here and there. Of tea we saw very little. Vegetables and fruits of all kinds grow in abundance. I was particularly struck with the almost

entire absence of animal life during our progress. With the exception of the poultry and dogs in the villages, and a few pack-horses on the road, we hardly met a single specimen of the brute creation. No cattle, no sheep, no singing-birds, and, though we promised ourselves some shooting, not a symptom of game of any description. The Japanese assured us, however, that the mountains beyond Fusi-yama were full of wild ponies, deer, and boar.

The arrangements made by the Japanese government for our accommodation *en route* left us nothing to wish for. Our halting-places had been arranged beforehand, and every thing was ready prepared for our reception when we arrived. It was not considered becoming to allow the British envoy to occupy a common tea-house—which is the ordinary hotel of the country—and we were accordingly put up in the houses specially reserved for the Daimios when on their travels. These were scrupulously clean, and provided always with bath-rooms and ample supplies of water.

As Mr. Alcock did not travel in his official capacity, the authorities did not formally receive him at the different towns; but on our entrance we were invariably met by an escort of officers, who accompanied us to the full extent of their precincts, and at Odawara, the prince of that name sent a deputation to welcome the English minister to his dominions, and to wish him a pleasant journey.

The conduct of the people was excellent. The sight of eight mounted Englishmen must have appeared wonderful to them, who had never before beheld a European; but they never once allowed their curiosity to become offensive, far less were they ever guilty of the slightest disrespect. As we entered their towns or villages, (and these consist of one long street, sometimes three miles in length,) men, women, and children, flocking out of their doors, appeared to present a dense impervious wall to check our progress. But there is a quiet elderly gentleman in long petticoats, and a straw hat tied under his chin, who precedes our *cortège* armed with a fan; and before a wave of this fluttering emblem of authority, the dense crowd falls back with far more alacrity and readiness than an English mob under similar circumstances could be got to do, through the agency

of Sir Richard Mayne and his legions, backed by a troop of Life Guards. Nor do they, like other mobs, close in our rear, but, remaining squatted at their doors, they watch us out of sight. In no case, whether escorted or alone, did we meet with a single instance of rudeness or incivility on the part of the people; nor did we, during the whole course of our journey, meet either a beggar or a drunkard. The general appearance of the populace is one of great prosperity and contentment; their houses are remarkably clean and in good repair; their patches of garden well cultivated, and never without regard to ornament; and, if they were not overburdened with clothing, it is evident that their will and not their poverty, consented to forego this luxury. Would that we could travel as far in European countries, nay, even in our own favored land, without meeting more misery.

We believe that the Japanese government is an oppressive one, yet it is difficult to reconcile that belief with the evident prosperity of the people. No eastern people is so free from the stamp of

the slave as the Japanese. Let them bow their heads in the dust before a Yacomis as they may, it is less an act of servile submission than a courtesy exacted by usage, and a duty owing to superior authority. Those well-built, muscular men, who stand erect at their doors, holding their little children by the hand, have a sense of freedom and self-respect never to be seen in a race of slaves or cowards; those laughing women beside them know and enjoy the happiness of the domestic hearth; even the little children, (and nowhere do you meet this true indication of material prosperity—troops of merry, rosy-cheeked children—to a greater extent,) even they did not crouch before the foreigner, though doubtless for many a day they will, in their naughty moods, be threatened with the terrible *Toijns*.

Never did a party more enjoy themselves than the eight Englishmen who were the first to make the ascent of Fusiyama, and we returned to our posts more than ever impressed with the marvelous beauty of this land, and the kindness and happiness of its people.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

SCIENTIFIC AND GEOGRAPHICAL PROGRESS IN FRANCE.

THE end of June was signalized this year, as it was in 1859, by the unexpected appearance of a comet, visible to the naked eye, and which was for a few nights extraordinarily brilliant, to be only all the more rapidly effaced. Astronomers were found fault with for not having announced the skyey visitor, and there was some little difference of opinion among themselves as to whether it was an old comet or a new one—the same that drove Charles V. to a monastery, or a new one which was to confine the Pope to his Vatican. To any one who is acquainted with the many and tedious difficulties to be overcome in laying down the paths of comets, these little differences

of opinion will excite no wonder. It is the very circumstance of the rapid and seemingly irregular motions, the unexpected manner in which they so often burst upon us, and the imposing magnitudes which they occasionally assume, combined with their extraordinary aspect, that have rendered comets in all ages objects of astonishment, not unmixed with superstitious dread, to the uninstructed, and an enigma to those most conversant with the wonders of creation and the operations of natural causes.

It is well known that the intervals between the successive perihelion passages of the comet of Enck are continually diminishing, and that hence it has

been deduced that it will probably fall ultimately into the sun, should it not first be dissipated altogether. But the comet of 1861 exhibited, perhaps to an extent greater than has hitherto been recorded, the rapid diffusion or loss of luminous powers in so vast a body. Indeed, some people spoke of the comet of 1861 as inferior in size and brilliancy to that of 1859; whereas, for one or two nights, it more than twice exceeded the latter in length of tail and nuclear magnificence. It also presented other noteworthy peculiarities. M. Chacornac declares that the nucleus presented the appearance of a revolving sun turning round with the greatest rapidity. On the first of July, its tail was seen to subtend an angle of 70 deg., which assigned to it a length of some twelve millions of leagues. The tail of the comet of 1680 was found by Newton to amount to forty-one million leagues—a length much exceeding the whole interval between the sun and the earth. Comets are, indeed, the most voluminous bodies in our system. The inclination of the orbit of the comet of 1861 on the plane of the ecliptic has been estimated at 85 deg., and so great an inclination has led M. Leverrier to presume that this body came for the first time within our solar system, and will not return there, for the known comets have hitherto presented a much smaller amount of inclination. Mr. Hind believes that the tail came in contact with the earth on the 28th of June, or that, at all events, our globe must have traversed a portion of space still impregnated with cometary effluvia. On the 30th of the same month, he detected an atmospheric phosphorescence, which he attributed to the neighborhood of the same body. Mr. Lowe recorded in his journal of the same day: "Strange, yellow, phosphorescent light, which I should take for an aurora borealis, if it was not still daylight." The two independent observations are interesting.

The eclipse of the 18th of July, 1860, has given rise to many remarkable speculations upon the physical constitution of the sun. According to the hypothesis of Herschel, the central star of our planetary system is composed of an opaque globe enveloped in two atmospheres, of which the exterior, a kind of permanent aurora borealis, is the resplendent photosphere that illuminates the surrounding

space. Between the photosphere and the opaque globe is an immense body of cloud doing duty as a kind of screen. This hypothesis accounts admirably for the so-called spots on the sun, which would be so many breaches or solutions of continuity in the photosphere, allowing the cloudy atmosphere or the solid nucleus of the star itself to be perceived.

Total eclipses of the sun present many phenomena worthy of attention in reference to this theory. There is, first of all, a kind of luminous circle, corona or aureola, like the glory round a saint's head, surrounding the two bodies, apparently superposed; and, secondly, protuberances of variously colored and variously formed flames, the presence of which have been signalized for more than a century and a half. Arago suggested that the latter phenomena might arise from a third solar envelope, above the photosphere, and which was composed of obscure or feebly luminous clouds.

M. Leverrier, who has attributed to his predecessors asseverations when they only emitted hypotheses, has, on the occasion of the eclipse of 1860, seen in these protuberances things whose existence he explains by the presumed presence of some kind of roseate matter, which covers the liquid or solid nucleus of the sun, as he chooses to view its constitution in contradiction to a whole host of observations as worthy of credit as those which he assumes himself to have made. M. Plantamour, of the Geneva Observatory, remains convinced that these luminous phenomena are produced by the screen interposed in the direction of the solar rays, and that their modification depends upon the position of the observer in regard to the cone tangent to the disks of the sun and the moon. M. Faye, on the other hand, calls attention to the fact that similar protuberances have been seen at different epochs, both on the disk and at the circumference of the moon, and he is inclined to believe that they are optical phenomena brought about (supposing that our satellite has no atmosphere) by the center of gravity of the moon, as Hanstein has shown, differing from the actual center of its figure, and by the dilation of a "fluid" during an eclipse by the prolongation of solar heat.

Again, no doubt is said to have existed in the minds of three of the observers sent by the British government to Spain in

the Himalaya, and stationed at Camuesa, that the broken patches of sunlight were altogether due to the irregular edges of the moon coming in partial contact with the smoother margins of the sun, the light of which latter, consequently, shone through the valleys of our satellite, and thus produced that remarkable phenomena known by the name of "Baily's Beads."

Mr. Wray, one of the observers concerned, states, however, that he perceived, a few instants before the final disappearance of the sun, rays of light passing from the dark intervals between the Baily Beads outward into space, and which, he believed, proceeded from the tops of the lunar mountains.

M. Hermann Goldschmidt, whose vision is remarkable for its penetrating power, as well as for that with which it discriminates the most delicate changes of color, states that half a minute before totality he could distinguish little gray clouds, isolated in part, and floating without the solar disk, at some distance from the edges. One of these isolated clouds, of a rounded form, and another of an elongated form, which touched the exterior edge of the sun, were noticed to be of a gray color on the ground of the sky, which was a little brighter. An instant afterward, the pyramidal cloud became more clear, and then rose-color. "I had then been present," says M. Goldschmidt, "at the formation of a protuberance."

The most splendid of the prominences was in the form of a chandelier, and what astonished M. Goldschmidt most was, that, although he was convinced that the rose-colored prominences belonged to the sun, yet he found the general direction of the "chandelier" was rather toward the center of the moon.

M. Secchi, again, was enabled to perceive a fine red cloud *entirely detached* from the borders of the sun and moon, and which projected, isolated, in the white ground of the corona. These were followed by two others apparently suspended in the air in the same strange manner. He was able to detect that the red prominences belonged to the sun. Those which were seen to the east at the commencement of the totality disappeared as the moon advanced on the sun's disk, whilst others on the western side became invisible, thus showing that the moon eclipsed the red flames in exactly the same man-

ner as it did the disk of the sun. M. Secchi also states that there was no sudden transition between the photosphere and the corona surrounding the sun, but that the one melted into the other gradually.

It is remarkable, at the same time, that M. Secchi, Mr. W. De la Rue, and M. Foucault, who all obtained perfect photographs of the corona, as also M. von Feilitzsch, all agree in stating that the rays shot out and were most perceptible at those parts of the lunar circumference at which the mountains projected. This would explain what we can not but suppose to be Mr. Wray's hasty deduction that they emanated from the tops of the lunar mountains. Mr. Wray expressed his belief at the time of observation that the corona was an extraordinary example of the phenomenon known by the name of the "interference of light." M. Foucault asks, in the same manner, why we persist in making an object of reality of the aureole, or in considering that it belongs to the sun? "It is known," he continues, "that, in virtue of the fundamental principles of the theory of undulations, light is not necessarily propagated in a right line, but that, in passing in the neighborhood of the limit of a body, it is distorted by the obstacle, and disseminates itself in a variable and rapidly-decreasing proportion in the interior of the geometric shadow. By considering it in this manner, and as a simple case of diffraction, it is explained, he considers, in the most natural way; for a solar atmosphere, he imagines, will not explain the rapid decrease of intensity in the corona as it passes away from the obscure limb of the moon, much less the radiations which are perceived in it. The red protuberances he supposes to belong to the sun, and the fine tints with which the entire horizon is colored he attributes to the influence of our own atmosphere. The prismatic colors seen below the sun by Mr. Buckingham at Camuesa would probably be explained by him in a similar manner.

The polarization of the corona proves, says M. Prazmowski, on the contrary, that the light emanates from the sun, and that, when it is so strong and well perceived as it was noticed during the eclipse of July eighteen, it proceeds from gaseous molecules which must be found in the immediate neighborhood of the sun, and that, in

fact, a solar atmosphere seems only able to fulfill those conditions. The red prominences were not found to be polarized, and it is permitted thence to conclude that the solar clouds are composed of liquid, or even solid particles, and are sometimes like our own. It will be seen from the foregoing conflicting opinions that the natures of the sun and solar atmosphere are not yet entitled to enter into the rank of settled truths.

The astronomer royal, it may be finally observed, discussed the evidence of the different witnesses at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, and expressed his opinion on the matter to the effect that his conviction was that the appearance called Bailly's Beads were occasioned by imperfections in the telescope, and that the red protuberances belonged to the sun.

Further observations on the meteorological influences of the moon upon our atmosphere have tended to establish a fact of importance. Herschel had long ago propounded that the full moon appeared to possess the singular property of dispelling clouds, and Humboldt found the same opinion received in Peru. Arago also determined, as the result of his observations, that the amount of rain that fell was greater at or near the time of a new moon than when the moon was full. Forty-three years' thermometric observations, made at Greenwich by Mr. Park Harrison, establish a nearly constant rise of temperature from the new moon to the full moon, and as constant a fall from the full moon to the new, as also that the maximum of rainy or cloudy days correspond to the maximum of temperature.

In connection with the fall of rain, we may mention that a M. Hervé Mangon has invented a pluviroscope, which is founded upon the circumstance that a drop of rain gives rise to a black spot when falling on paper dipped in a solution of sulphate of iron, and rubbed over with very fine powdered gall and gum. The paper thus prepared is made to revolve once in twenty-four hours, and indicates the slightest, as well as the heaviest, fall of rain, and the time at which it fell. The rain, in fact, manufactures its own ink, and records its own progress.

Some rain that fell at Sienna was colored red, and was examined by Professors Campani and Gabbrielli, who determined that the substance was held in solution by

the water, and could not be referred to any thing in the vegetable or mineral world carried up by a whirlwind into the clouds, as had hitherto been supposed. This requires, however, further elucidation. M. de Castelnau saw a number of Chinese and Malays busy picking up fish in the streets of Singapore, after a torrential rain that fell on the twenty-second of February, 1861, and they declared that they fell from the clouds.

M. Liass has applied photography to the determination of terrestrial longitudes. Such an application of instantaneous records would be of real value to science. M. Becquerel, a name also well known to science, declares that cutting down woods renders the summers hotter and the winters less cold. A point of interest, at all events for the future of Canada, which may with the progress of civilization obtain a milder climate. Herschel has said that the abundance of harvest increased with the number of solar spots. M. Renon has propounded that hard winters come by groups of five or six every forty-one years. This period of forty-one years is precisely that which corresponds to the epoch when the solar spots reappear in the same position at the same season of the year.

Science may be truly said to have never stood in a greater or more triumphant phase than it has done during the past year. For some time past now the hearts of philosophers have beat at the wonders which have been brought to light by recent researches. There was an instrument, a mere piece of glass—a prism—about which there was a history which would form the basis of novels in after years. That instrument had unveiled things never thought of or seen before by mortal eye. From its production of the prismatic colors had been rightly inferred the manner in which the rainbow was produced. For many years the instrument had remained a toy; but lately, Fraunhofer, a German philosopher, had discovered in the spectrum produced by it from the sun's rays a series of dark lines, called Fraunhofer's lines. Sir David Brewster had discovered that a peculiar light could be produced if the rays of light passing through the prism had first to traverse certain gases. Then, more recently, Professor Bunsen, of Heidelberg, had found that if, into the flame of a lamp employed to produce a spectrum, the slightest por-

tion of any metal or other element was introduced, there then would be different lines struck across the prism, having a different color or characteristic for every element. The ten-millionth part of chloride of sodium could be detected by this means. This great discovery, which was qualitative but not quantitative, was called spectrum analysis. Applying this mode of analysis, Kirschhof had discovered in the atmosphere of the sun the same metals as in the earth. Recent researches, also, in connection with spectrum analysis, had determined almost to demonstration that, throughout the whole universe, there was diffused an ethereal medium which chemists could not touch, and that the heat which we felt was nothing more than the motion of this body. In this way common flame was shown to be exactly analogous to the heat of the sun.

It has been the fashion in Paris to laugh at the expense of M. Babinet—an amateur astronomer and philosopher—but he has this year achieved a great triumph. He foretold the occurrence of a "mascaret," or high rolling tide, in the Seine, and hundreds are said to have gone from Paris, on the faith of his prediction, to the pretty village of Caudebec, near Rouen, to witness the phenomenon. Nor were they doomed to disappointment. A majestic tidal wave is said to have rolled up, on Sunday, the sixth of October, twelve feet high, carrying all before it, inundating the quays, and satisfying many of the unbelievers by giving them a thorough drenching. The phenomenon was reproduced, on a smaller scale, the next day. *Apropos* of these tidal waves, the dates of which are now reduced to a mathematical certainty, the good people dwelling "above and below bridges" must look out in the ensuing year for the seventeenth of March and the twenty-sixth of April. Should the wind happen to be in a favorable direction for pushing the tidal wave up the Thames, there will be all the more danger to be apprehended, especially in flooding cellars, etc. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

A certain step has been recently made in medical science by what is termed the synthetical method of research. Up to the present time all that has been done in the study of disease has been to collect a great number of diseased conditions, subject them to analysis, examine what remedies would be good in such a case, or

to examine what were the conditions of the body in the course of that disease and after it. That method, called analysis, has no doubt done a great deal of good. But now they take an animal which they know to be susceptible of a specific disease, subject it to certain conditions likely to produce some particular disease, and from the live animal they deduce absolutely the disease. Thus they produce diabetes in the dog. In another animal they produce epilepsy; in another animal cataract; in another rheumatic fever, with disease of the heart, and all other incidental diseases.

Much importance has naturally been attached to these facts by the lecturers at the inaugural meetings of schools of medicine, and it has been argued that since diseases are producible by human means, so, consequently, they are avertable by human prudence. This is no doubt the case, and it constitutes the basis of the late Dr. Andrew Combe's principles in regard to the physical and moral laws, as propounded in his brother's treatise on the "Constitution of Man," and as applied to the prevention and cure of disease; but it is a nicer point to determine how far slight deviations in quantity and quality of air, exercise, and nutriment are calculated to produce certain forms of disease. The new track for investigation, therefore, thus opened is a good one; it forms, as it were, a supplement to Liebig's investigations in organic chemistry, and it will no doubt lead to valuable results being obtained in connection with that much-neglected science which is by our continental friends termed *hygiène*, but which with us, as a more practical—that is, less refined—nation, is looked upon simply as the art of taking care of one's self. The day will come, however, when the least cultivated person will find that there is a whole education involved in that which he so complacently believes to be a mere art, reduced to a few very simple rules.

Among the most interesting points connected with the progress of geography during the past year, as influenced by France, we may notice Captain Vincent's exploration of the Western Sahara. It is now some time since the French colony on the Senegal river began to attract greater attention than it has hitherto done. This is mainly on account of a projected line of communication between that colony and Algeria by way of Timbuctu. There was

a rumor, which no doubt had good foundation at the time, that the Emperor was going to solve the difficulty, as the Sultans of Morocco did in olden time, by an armed expedition. It is not because such is delayed that it may not yet be accomplished by some of the trained bands and Oriental auxiliaries to be found in Algeria or on the borders of the desert.

In the mean time available information has been sought for by more peaceable means. A prize, founded by the Geographical Society of Paris, the Minister of Public Instruction, the Minister of Commerce, the Minister of War, the Minister of Algeria—yet amounting in the aggregate to only eight thousand three hundred and twenty francs, (say three hundred and thirty-three pounds,) but open to increase from subscriptions—has now been proffered for some years to the traveler who shall have first proceeded from the colony of Senegal to Algeria, or from Algeria to the colony of Senegal, passing by Timbuktú, and who shall, at the same time, have brought home with him itineraries, and collected new and exact observations upon the caravans that cross this portion of the Sahara, on their importance and the epochs of their journeys. We wonder that no enterprising Englishman has undertaken the journey, not so much for the value of the prize, which would not cover expenses, as for the credit of the undertaking. But there are great difficulties connected with the journey. We know, from experience gained by Livingstone and Andersson, that the natives of Africa are the more corrupt the more you approach European settlements. The colony of Senegal has been, further, incessantly at war with its neighbors. We are told that the governor, M. Faidherbe, "has inaugurated a new policy," that he has made "the French name feared and respected by glorious combats," that "he no longer contents himself with a localized influence on the Senegal, but extends it at the same time as our commercial relations over an immense extent of territory, in the midst of which flows the river that serves as a basis;" that "a handful of men now maintain order upon a line of two hundred leagues in extent, and hold their own against a fanatic Mussulman, whose eloquence moves whole populations;" and that "commerce no longer dreads penetrating to the Upper River."

This is no doubt true, and it is to be hoped progress is made; but still it does not take away from the existence of inimical and fanatic Mussulmans, and we know from Barth's experiences at Timbuktú with what infinite apprehensions the southerly advance of the French from Algeria is looked upon by the tribes of the Sahara, more especially the widespread and warlike Tawarek or Berbers. This may account for the circumstance of the glove thrown down by the Society, backed by the government, not having been picked up after the lapse of several years.

Staff-Captain Vincent has, however, proceeded in the same direction, but by another line, that of the coast; and he has in reality explored the greater part of the country that extends between the Senegal and Morocco, beside making lateral excursions into the interior of great interest, as attesting the existence of hilly inhabited regions, with water, palm-groves, and excellent pasturages. Some opposition was met with on the part of a local chief, designated as King Muhammad al Habib, but it was triumphed over. He was chief of the Trarza or Warrior Tribes, the pastoral and peaceful tribes being chiefly Moors. The latter are also engaged in fishery, and are divided into two parties: the one depending on the Aulad Selim, a powerful and warlike tribe inhabiting the Tiris; the other on the Trarza and the French. These fishermen belong to the tribe Aulad ben Seba, or the children of the sons of the Lion, and between them and the Senegal is the country of the gum-producing acacias. The bank of Arguin, renowned for the loss of the *Medusa* frigate, is in the heart of the fishery, and is said to be dangerously infected by sharks, whom the lion-hearted Moors, however, fight as it were hand to mouth. The governor of Senegal suggests that this fishery would be less onerous, more advantageous, and more lucrative to France than that of Newfoundland, "*où nous sommes soumis à des tracasseries de la part des Anglais et des Américains.*"

The Aulad ben Seba also catch ostriches, that come down in autumn to the coast, like fashionable people, to refresh themselves with the sea-breezes. Beyond Arguin is Tariat, a region of strong clayey and gravelly plains, producing splendid herbage at the wet season, and

which again is succeeded by the horizontal table-land called Tiris, and to the east of which are the granitic peaks of the Adrar. The Aulad Delim, a warlike and plundering tribe, dwell in these fastnesses. The daughters of these "brigands," as Captain Vincent calls them, are very fair, and much sought after by the marrying young men of the neighboring tribes. Here they obtained guides to conduct them by the sandy and stony plains of Azfal to the residence of Auld Aida, chief of the Yaya ben Othman, a prosperous, numerous, and powerful tribe, dwelling chiefly in the hilly district of Adrar. The expedition was detained here twenty-seven days under the strictest surveillance, and finally had to take its departure without being able to explore the country, which was ascertained to contain several towns, much cultivation of corn, maize, barley, millet, and dates, many horses and camels, and mines of salt. There are no rivers, but wells are numerous and superficial. A rapid retreat had to be effected by the pass of Ja-ul and the plain of Inchiri, and it was not without many dangers, privations, and fatigues, that the expedition regained St. Louis. Still Captain Vincent argues that the Adrar, being the center of a very considerable traffic, owing mainly to its salt-mines, permanent communication between Algeria and the Sudan, or Negroland, by Timbuktu, will never be so productive as the same by the Adrar, the Rio Nunez, and Senegal; and he adds, that all the efforts of the governor of St. Louis are directed to attracting the produce of the Sudan and of the Sahara which goes by Adrar to the said port of St. Louis, instead of, as at present is the case, its going to the English at Mogador. The natural outlet for the trade of Sudan or Nigritia is, however, we may remark, the Niger and its tributaries, and neither Mogador nor St. Louis.

The account given of an expedition to the Amur, under M. Maack, (*Pontcheste-vié na Amour*), contains some curious details regarding the Managrians, a Tunguse people, who live solely by fishing and hunting on the Upper Amur. They are a Mongolian race, robust, well made, and tall. Their habits, manners, and dress, have been a good deal influenced by their connection with the Manchus, Tartars, the Dahurians, Yakuts, and Russians, but they still preserve much that is

original. Their huts are covered with bark in summer, and elk-skins in winter. There is an idol in every yurt, or hut, at the place of honor. They fish chiefly sturgeon and salmon. It is remarkable that the latter species, which abounds in the Lower Amur, ascends the Kumara, and is very rarely met above the confluence of that river, nor does it occur in the Shilka or the Arguin. Their canoes are made of the bark of birch. They hunt reindeer, elk, and stag, sometimes with arrows poisoned with putrified grease, which propagates itself with such rapidity as to impart a sickening smell to the flesh of the animal. The Managrians partake, however, of this poisoned flesh without repugnance or bad effects. They also eat the flesh of wolves, foxes, and polecats. They hunt the sable and other small quadrupeds for their furs. These they exchange for powder, balls, tea, tobacco, salt, and grain. Their only domestic animals are the small trans-Baikal horse and dog. They are subject to the Chinese, but elect their own governors, and give up their wives to the Manchus when dwelling among them. Their only religion is a kind of Shamanism, or belief in good and bad spirits. Their shamans, or priests, have great influence with them, from their supposed power of controlling the bad spirits. Their idols are grotesque figures of human beings and animals. They never tell their names, or that of a countryman, to an inquirer. Polygamy is tolerated rather than practiced. They are subject to a peculiar nervous disorder, called "alone," the sufferer under which imitates every thing that he sees done before him.

Ruppell brought back word, many years ago, of the existence of Ethiopian antiquities in the south of Dafur and Kordofan, (Kurdofan.) Ignatius Palme corroborated the statement in 1844. M. Lejean has visited some of these relics, said to rival Luxor and Thebes, (?) at a place called Abu Haraz, and he states that the Bellul of Palme (or rather Belila or Jebel Hillah) is not a town, but a group of ruined sites, buried in the sands and mountains. The presence of the unicorn in the paintings on these Ethiopian or Libyan monuments, for they are said to be unlike those of Meroe, is not the least interesting fact said to have been detected.

Mr. Wetzstein, consul of Prussia at Da-

mascus, has also discovered in the volcanic district of the Hauran—the country of the Druses—whole plains covered with worn pebbles of basalt, upon which are figured camels, horses, and date-trees, with one or two lines of inscriptions in an unknown character. There are said to be positively fields of inscriptions. The letters resemble most the Himyaritic and olden Phœnician. This, it will be remembered, was the country of Basan and of the giant Raphidim, ruled over by King Og, whose bedstead was preserved, after their conquest by Joshua, as a memorial of his huge stature.

The circumstance that one of the great problems of ages is in all probability on the very point of being settled—that the “Caput Nili,” to seek after which was considered to be synonymous among the ancients with any futile undertaking, is so hemmed in, that we are in almost daily expectation of hearing the great discovery proclaimed—indeed, it has already been so by anticipation—has awakened a spirited and a generous rivalry between the English and the French as to who shall be first in, not at the death, but at the bubbling into life of the waters upon which rose Thebes, Memphis, and the Pyramids, and which still fertilize a wealthy and populous country, capable of being still more so, under a different—social, political, and religious—order of things.

M. d'Arnaud, in a letter to the veteran Jomard, dated Alexandria, February 5th, 1861, says that he is convinced that MM. Peney and Lejean will arrive at the “Caput Nili” before the English travelers Speke and Grant. His conviction is, that they will reach the Great Lake, (Victoria Nyanza,) which, he says, may henceforth be viewed as the true source of the Nile, since at the fourth degree the river rises and falls with great regularity—a phenomenon which can only result from its having its origin in a regulating lake—and that they will arrive there *in an incontestable manner*, that is, by ascending the river. The rivalry is praiseworthy; but granting M. d'Arnaud's anticipations to be realized, will that take away the right of first discovery and naming the lake, which belongs to Captain Speke? And if he (Captain Speke) discovered the lake, and it turns out to be, according to the traveler's own surmises, the long sought-for head of the Nile, will he or Messrs. Peney and Lejean have discovered the

Caput Nili? It will be time to argue the point when the latter have reached the lake by the river way; but, in the meantime, it is certain that the lake is discovered, and if it should turn out to be the head of the Nile, we should also say the Caput Nili. All that is wanting are the proofs of connection between the two, and we shall be glad if the Frenchmen acquire the glory of establishing that long-surmised fact, without claiming at the same time the honor of discovering the sources of the Nile, which must be conceded to the discoverer of the lake—so appropriately named Victoria Nyanza. Had Mr. Petherick first reached the lake by the river way, would he for a moment have thought of claiming the discovery of the sources of the Nile?

Father Léon des Avanchers, writing to M. d'Abbadie from Kaffa—the original country of the *coffee*-plant—says: “The Saubat is formed by two rivers; the earlier affluent is the Barro, which flows from Lake El Boo. The Barro,” he adds, “is the true White Nile of Ptolemy, and Lake Boo is the *Nili Palus Orientalis*. But the Go-Jub does not flow into the Barro, united to the three Gibes, it forms the river Jub.” Now, the other day, M. d'Abbadie proclaimed that he had discovered the sources of the Nile at the head of the Uma, or Go-Jub; and Dr. Beke makes the Go-Jub the most distant easterly affluent to the Saubat. But the view of the matter entertained by M. Léon des Avanchers has since been corroborated by M. Debono, a Maltese ivory merchant, residing at Khartum, who has an establishment on the Saubat, and who has explored the river almost to its sources; so that M. d'Abbadie's supposed grand discovery of the “Caput Nili” turns out to be the sources of the Jub—a river flowing into the Indian Ocean!

M. Ferdinand Lafargue writes to M. Jomard from Khartum, by date September 5th, 1860, that he has been up the White Nile to Gondokoro in a *steamer*. No great difficulties would appear, therefore, to await MM. Peney and Lejean, or Mr. Petherick, in their proposed ascents up the same river to Lake Victoria Nyanza. M. Lafargue heard of a great lake called Rek. He also heard that the river flowing through the country of the Berris, or Barras, three days east of Gondokoro, is the same as at the Sobat, or Saubat, and, he adds, the negroes of Kumetru

speak of that river and of the White Nile as being the same.

Every step in inquiry seems, indeed, to be leading to the determination of Krapf's Lake Baringu and Lake Bôô to be the same, and that it gives origin to one great south-easterly tributary to the Nile, which bears the various names of Barri, Barro, and Berri, Tubarri, Tubiri, or Tumbiri, Shoa, or Shua Berry, and Sobat, or Saubat.

This great south-easterly tributary, however, whatever may be its name, and having its origin from Ptolemy's eastern lake, or from the foot of Mount Kenia, can not be the more distant source of the Nile, nor would the established communication between Lake Victoria Nyanza and the White Nile finally settle that point. Such sources must either lie at the foot of Mount Kilimandjaro, the St. Gothard of the East African Alps, or Mountains of the Moon, and flow by the Kitangure into Lake Victoria Nyanza, or they may be associated with Vogel's or Ptolemy's Western Lake, which Barth supposed to communicate at once with the Benuwe, or Eastern Niger, and the Shary, or great affluent to Lake Tsad, and which may also pour its waters in the season of flood into the Nile.

The French, it is well known, utilized the expedition to China by employing the troops and fleet, made available by the treaty of Peking, to complete the work commenced in Cochinchina, or Annam, in the year 1859, by Admiral Rigault de Genouilly. The command of the expedition was intrusted to Vice-Admiral Charner, and although the details of the proceedings of the expeditionary force are exceedingly meager, nothing but what was sanctioned having met the public eye, still it is so far known that it made itself master by the 24th and 25th of February of the forts of Ki-Koa, after a severe struggle, in which General Vassoigne was wounded, and many men and officers lost their lives.

These first successes were completed on the twelfth of April by the capture of the citadel of Mitho, a town or port which is situated not in the river of Saigon, but on the most easterly of the six mouths of the May-Kiang, and there is communication in part by canal (from Saigon to the river Vai-Ko) between the two, and we are told that the possession of the site insures to the French the hold-

ing of the southern provinces, for no allusion is made to what their allies, the Spaniards, are to gain by their coöperation.

This conquest will, we are further told, shortly take first rank among those effected by France "in the outer seas." Nothing more is requisite for such a conclusion, it is added, than an intelligent man at the head of the administration. So fine a country only requires to be judiciously ruled in order to prosper. Little is said of the climate of the delta of the May-Kiang, possibly as deleterious to the European constitution as any on the known face of the globe, or of the well-known anxiety of the troops stationed in those unwholesome regions, which they regard as no better than an exile to Cayenne, to be relieved and permitted to return to their country.

On the contrary, we are told that it would be impossible to find in all the Hindhu-Chinese seas a point which presents such great advantages as Saigon for founding a central maritime station. It presents all that is exacted by good strategy. It is admirably adapted for the construction of repairing docks at little expense, the upper part of the country abounding in wood; and lastly, Cape St. James, at the entrance of the river, which is navigable to vessels of heavy burden for eighty to one hundred miles, is accessible at all times, whatever monsoon may be blowing.

With the occupation of Mitho, the whole of the "commerce" of Camboja, we are further told, passes into the hands of the French, and this country exports considerable quantities of salt-fish, which are sold in the Chinese markets, besides rice, silk, ivory, cotton, tobacco, oil, timber, fruits, hides and horns, etc. By "commerce," we suppose we are to understand customs or taxes, for we do not suppose that the power in occupation is going to be either the producing or the exporting power; so that commerce restricted by a third party can hardly be expected to flourish as of yore. As the occupation of the country can not but be expected to be of a costly nature in respect to life, even supposing that the financial expenses are diminished by taxing native industry and produce, it is suggested that two years of effective service in such a region shall be deemed sufficient. This, while a proper and a humane precaution,

will inevitably be found to be very expensive.

In connection with the attempts made by the French to subject and colonize the countries watered by the May-Kiang, we may also notice the mission of the Siamese ambassadors to Paris. We have before had occasion to observe upon the curious relations of the French with the people dwelling in the countries watered by the May-Nan. Those watered by the May-Kiang and those watered by the May-Nan may be considered in the light of twin regions. The rivers follow a parallel course, and history shows that the Annamite and Siamese power has alternated in both countries. So close is this connection, that it is impossible to hold power in Camboja and not to implicate more or less Siam. But the valley of the May-Nan is also in the center, half-way between the valleys the Irrawady and the Thalian, held in part by Great Britain, and the May-Kiang, now held by the French. Hence has arisen a kind of rivalry of diplomatic and friendly intercourse between France, and England, and Siam, which must be alike profitable and amusing to two by no means unintelligent sovereigns.

Nor does this precisely sum up the total of political aspects in the Hindhu-Chinese peninsula, for while we possess Arracan, Prome, Rangoon, and Pegu, the Emperor of Ava is upheld in his capital of Amarapura by M. Girodon or D'Orgoni, "general of all his generals," and "prime minister of all his ministers;" in connection with whose services to the Lord of the White Elephant, the *Moniteur* predicted now some time back: "L'Inde elle même touche à l'heure d'une transformation et la Cochinchine voit luire nos baïonnettes. Autour d'Orgoni, autour de ce hardi compagnon, l'humanité va faire un grand pas!" Pity it is for the progress of humanity that, according to the latest news from Saigon, the neighborhood of Mitho had been devastated by "pirates," who were, however, afterward attacked and beaten by Admiral Charner. It is the fashion nowadays to term men fighting for a cause "pirates," "brigands," or "rebels," as the case may suit; but certain it is, that France has other difficulties to surmount, besides that of climate, before it subjugates the Hindhu-Chinese peninsula.

In 1684, the King of Siam sent an em-

bassy to Louis XIV., which the grand monarch received on a throne of silver, and in a dress that cost twelve millions of francs. The Emperor Napoleon, wiser in his time, did not deem it necessary to expend so much in barbaric splendor to awe the Oriental mind. On the twenty-seventh of June, the Siamese ambassadors were received at the palace of Fontainebleau. They were all dressed in rich habiliments embroidered with gold, and each wore a sword by his side attached by a band ornamented with a great silver elephant. The moment that they crossed the threshold of the door, the ambassadors and their suite cast themselves on their knees, and they thus progressed with the help of their elbows up to the balustrade, behind which sat the Emperor and his court. Arrived at this point, the first ambassador prostrated himself three times on the ground, raising his hands above his head, and he then placed in the Emperor's hands the golden box which contained the letter of his sovereign. Turning himself round a little, and leaning on his right elbow, he read in a low voice a compliment addressed to the Emperor in the Siamese language. The Emperor having risen to receive the letter, the ambassadors withdrew in the same painful attitude in which they had approached the throne. The ambassadors were much fêted in public, but the use of pocket-kerchiefs being utterly unknown to them, this Siamese peculiarity had, we are told, the effect of keeping the curious Parisians at a distance from them. The Siamese ambassadors did not visit England, as it was said to have been their original intention, but as a kind of politico-social counterpoise, we suppose, to the influence gained by the hospitality and magnificence of France, a party of Siamese grandees (whether as influential in their own country as those who were sent across the seas to prostrate themselves before the Emperor Napoleon III., we are not prepared to say) have been visiting the curiosities of Singapore—the lusty offspring of free trade and commercial enterprise—which we hear gave to them the open hand of friendship and good will—the more acceptable as coming from a next-door neighbor.

A treaty signed by the plenipotentiaries of the Emperor and the Prince of Monaco, on the second of February, handed over to France Menton and

Roquebrune, with their environs. The following is the gratifying account of these new French acquisitions given by one of the almanacs:

"Nothing can be more charming, refreshing, or delicious than the environs of Menton! The town, placed on the sunny side, lies between the sea and a forest of citron-trees. Imagine the perfume when these trees are in flower! Menton is approached by a long and handsome alley of plane-trees, and beyond it is an avenue of oleanders border the shore, and their roseate flowers contrast admirably with the blue sea. Pretty villas display their white walls and green blinds in the midst of aromatic groves loaded with flowers of a pale golden hue. Six months passed in this nest of embalmed verdure ought to suffice to restore the most ruinous lungs, and reanimate the forces of the most dilapidated constitution.

"What vegetation and what fruits! Olive-trees of extraordinary height and size; peach-trees bending beneath the weight of their fruit. The peaches are delicious, and sweet as sugar; there are hard and soft ones, yellow, red, and pale. How pleasant it is to contemplate such a collection! In an inclosure, comprising only the quarter of an hectare of ground, the proprietor gathers one hundred and fifty thousand lemons and forty thousand peaches, besides figs and olives. Unfortunately, lemons fetch only one halfpenny to a penny the dozen, and the finest peaches are only worth from three to four francs per thousand.

"The ladies of Menton are charming; they do not, perhaps, possess the at once powerful yet delicate stamp, nor the ease, of their Nicean neighbors, but the clearness of their complexions is unequalled. They plait their hair in bands, and carry these behind the head, where they form an attractive feature. A flower behind the ear is their only ornament.

"The character of the population of Menton is formed of an admixture of the Genoese and Provencal. Manners, ideas, and language are less Frenchified than at Monaco, where the neighborhood of Piedmont makes itself more sensibly felt.

"Roquebrune is situated on the road from Menton to Monaco, half-way up a hill, and immediately below a vast depression in the soil. Its old castle occupies the summit of a hill that denominates the village. Rustic buildings also crown the rocks above, which at a distance resemble great towers. Roquebrune is said to have stood in olden times some hundred feet higher than where it exists in the present day. It is said that land and village subsided, one fine day, down to its present position, without disturbing a plate of soup. We were not there, so can not attest to the fact.

"Menton and Roquebrune, in consequence of a local demonstration—a kind of Lilliputian revolution—have, since 1848, been relieved of all taxation, and exempted from all military service, although they took part in the provincial and divisional elections of Nice, and that while they did not contribute a farthing to the local budget. It will be quite another thing now, but then they are French!"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VIII.

THE COUNTERPLOT.

HITHERTO, Warwick had abstained from disclosing to the Lord Protector the discoveries he had made relative to his brother's treasonable practices, as he feared the irresolution manifested by Somerset on a former occasion might be again displayed; but now, being armed with proofs positive of the Admiral's guilt, he resolved to lay the whole matter before him.

Accordingly, a special meeting of the council was appointed for that night, intimation of which being given to the Duke of Somerset, he of course attended, when full particulars of this gigantic conspiracy were laid before him.

Confounded and amazed by the details, Somerset almost refused to credit them; but when Sharrington's confession was read he could no longer doubt. Warwick's statements also were corroborated by Ugo Harrington, who was brought forward, and who revealed all he knew concerning his lord's proceedings.

A long deliberation followed. By the Earl of Southampton (who, having regained Somerset's favor, had again joined the council) and Lord Clinton, it was proposed that Somerset should be at once arrested, and brought before them for examination; but against this it was urged, chiefly on the representation of Ugo Harrington, that the most determined resistance would be offered by the Admiral—and that probably he might escape. If he did so, and succeeded in reaching either of his castles, an insurrection, which it might be difficult, if not impossible, to crush, was sure to arise, and civil war ensue.

"If your highness will be guided by me," said Ugo, addressing the Protector, "I will show you how you may take him without difficulty, and effectually prevent any popular disturbance."

"Let us hear thy plan," rejoined Somerset.

"Under pretense of showing his majesty some new pieces of ordnance, my lord hath obtained the King's promise to accompany him to the Tower to-morrow. Once there, he will use all his efforts to induce his majesty to change his present government, and he hopes to succeed by representing to him that his royal father's will was fraudulently stamped —"

"Ha!" exclaimed Somerset.

"Such is the assertion he will make," pursued Ugo; "and he proposes to support it by some confession he pretends to have obtained. Be this as it may, he hopes to prevail upon the King to remain within the Tower, and to give him the command of the fortress and the custody of his person."

"A boldly conceived project, on my faith!" cried Warwick; "and, if the King consented, might prove successful."

"But his majesty never would consent—of that I am certain," said Somerset.

"But should persuasion fail," pursued Ugo, "my lord will resort to force, and will seize upon the person of the King, and possess himself of the fortress."

"Ha! does he meditate this desperate treason?" exclaimed the Protector. "But 'tis a rash and insane design, which none but he would conceive."

"'Tis not so rash as it seems," replied Ugo. "He will go to the Tower with a large and well-armed escort—and he has many friends in the fortress who will lend him their aid. For my own part, I

nothing doubt his ability to execute his design."

"What, to seize upon the King, and hold the Tower?" cried Somerset.

"Ay, your highness, hold it long enough to change the government," rejoined Ugo. "But with proper precautions there will be no danger, and my lord can be taken in his own toils. Here is a list of his adherents in the Tower. Let all these be removed without delay, and trusty officers substituted, and no fear need be entertained. It is not for me to point out to your highness and to the lords of the council how the arrest should be made. You will make your own decision. But once within the Tower, my lord ought never to go forth again—except to the scaffold on Tower-hill."

"The trap will be well baited," said Somerset, "and if caught in it, he shall not break loose. We owe thee much for thy serviceable disclosures. Thou hast made ample amends for any share thou mayst have had in this conspiracy, and mayst calculate not only upon pardon but reward."

"I care not for reward, your highness," replied Ugo; "I shall be satisfied if I bring Lord Seymour to the scaffold."

"What hath thy lord done to incur such deadly animosity on thy part?" asked Lord Russell.

"Ask me not to publish mine own shame," cried Ugo fiercely. "Enough that he hath inflicted an injury upon me which can only be washed out by blood. He should have died by my hand long ago, but that I preferred he should die on the scaffold."

"Thy desire will be gratified," said Warwick.

"After the disclosures we have heard," said Somerset, "there can be no doubt of the existence of a great and terrible conspiracy, contrived, I lament to say, by my own brother. But I shall close my heart toward him, and judge him with Roman stoicism and severity. Many arrests will have to be made to-morrow. Are there any others whom thou canst denounce?" he added to Ugo.

"There are several in the royal household who are in his pay," replied the other, "but the chief of them is Fowler, a gentleman of the privy-chamber."

"What! has Fowler played me false?" cried the Protector. "He shall be arrested."

"If your highness will cast your eye over this list," said Ugo, delivering him a paper, "you will find the names of all such nobles as belong to my lord's faction, and are disaffected toward yourself."

"Foremost among them I find the Marquis of Dorset," returned Somerset, glancing at the list. "He shall undergo examination, as shall all the rest. Hast thou aught more to disclose?"

"No, your grace. I have revealed all I know."

"Thou art free then to depart," said the Protector. "I need not bid thee be cautious, since for thy own sake thou art sure to be so. To-morrow thou wilt accompany the Admiral to the Tower."

"I have already received my orders," replied Ugo.

"On my arrival there I will find means of secretly communicating with thee," said Somerset. "None of us will appear until the right moment, and then only when least expected."

"I understand your grace." And with a profound obeisance to the Lord Protector and the council, he departed.

"That fellow is a double-dyed traitor," observed Warwick; "but he is serviceable. Without him this conspiracy would never have been detected."

"Strange that the Admiral should place such faith in him," observed Lord Russell. "Traitor is written in his countenance."

"Is it your highness's intention to disclose this plot to the King?" inquired Southampton.

"No, my lord," replied the Protector.

"My deeply-designing brother hath obtained such a hold upon his royal nephew's affections, that there is no telling how he might act. His majesty must be kept in profound ignorance both of the plot and counterplot to the last. Any efforts he may then make to save his guilty uncle will be vain. To-morrow, my lords, we must all secretly assemble at the Tower."

On this, the council broke up, but the Protector and Warwick remained for some time longer in deep debate.

IX.

HOW THE KING WAS TAKEN TO THE TOWER BY THE ADMIRAL, AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

THE important day arrived which was to mar or make the Admiral's fortunes.

Though he had no misgivings as to the result of his daring project, and entertained no suspicion that he had been betrayed, he was weighed down by that extraordinary depression which is not unfrequently the forerunner of dire calamity. His slumbers had been disturbed by ominous dreams, and quitting his uneasy couch at an early hour, he occupied himself in writing many letters, which he subsequently sent off by trusty emissaries.

Amongst those to whom he wrote was the Princess Elizabeth, and his letter to her was full of passionate love. Without entering into particulars of his project, which it might not have been safe to communicate, he told her that she might soon expect to hear important news, and that he hoped, ere long, to be in a position to claim fulfillment of her promise.

This correspondence finished and dispatched, he sent for the principal officers of his household, and gave them such instructions as he deemed expedient. Other necessary business occupied the early part of the morning. Before the hour had arrived when he had appointed to attend at Whitehall, his gloom and despondency had given way to ardor and impatience.

Clad in a suit of black armor inlaid with gold, having a black plume in his helmet, and mounted on a powerful steed, richly caparisoned, he repaired to Whitehall at the head of an escort of some fifty or sixty well-armed and well-mounted men. A retinue so numerous would have excited astonishment and roused suspicion as to its object in any one but the Admiral, but he had been so long in the habit of moving about with an almost royal guard, that little surprise was manifested at the number of his attendants.

It was remarked, however, that the escort was more completely armed than usual, most of the men being provided with corslets with steel skirts and morions, and all of them being furnished with arquebuses or demi-lances. Close behind his lord rode the treacherous Ugo Harrington, secretly exulting that his hour of vengeance was well-nigh come.

The day was raw and dull, a frost of some weeks' duration having just broken up, and it seemed just possible that the King might put off his visit to the Tower on account of the unpleasant state of the weather. Any apprehensions, however, which the Admiral might have entertained on this score, were dispelled by the ap-

pearance of Edward himself, who, wrapped in a purple velvet mantle, embroidered with gold, and lined and bordered with ermine, met him as he entered the palace.

Mounted on his milk-white palfrey, and defended by his well-lined mantle against the cold, Edward rode by his uncle's side to the Tower. He was unattended by his own body-guard, the Admiral's large escort appearing sufficient for his protection. Little did he anticipate the strange part he would have to play; little did he think that he was being led almost as a captive to the Tower, and that it was his aspiring uncle's intention forcibly to detain him there unless he complied with his wishes. On his part, the Admiral was so eager to secure his prize, that he hurried on his royal nephew almost faster than was quite consistent with etiquette. An advanced guard cleared the way for them, so that no delay occurred. But though the Admiral rode on thus rapidly, and compelled the King to keep pace with him, he did not fail to notice certain personages stationed at the corners of particular streets in the city, with whom he exchanged signs.

Half an hour brought them to Tower-hill, and as the grim old fortress rose before them, Seymour's breast beat high. Could he have foreseen what awaited him there—could he have suspected the snare laid for him—he would never have entered those gates, but, turning hastily about, and calling to his men to follow him, would have clapped spurs into his steed, and ridden for very life. The gray walls of the fortress looked stern and menacing, but they had no terrors for him. Beside him were the tall wooden posts of the scaffold, but he would not even have noted them, had not the King called his attention to a dark figure standing beside them, remarking, with a shudder, that he thought it was the headsman.

"It is Mauer, sire," replied the Admiral. And he added to himself: "I will find him work to do anon."

Passing through the two outer gates, and crossing the bridge across the moat, the young monarch and his uncle were met at the By-ward Tower by Sir John Gage and the Lieutenant of the Tower.

After reverently saluting the King, the Constable looked earnestly at Seymour, and seemed very desirous of saying a word to him in private, but the Admiral

gave him no opportunity of doing so, but rode after the King into the lower ward. Here, however, Sir John overtook him, and coming close up to him, said, in a low tone: "Be advised by me, and go back. There is yet time—I will help you to retreat."

"I have no intention of retreating, Sir John," replied Seymour. "You can guess why I have brought his majesty here."

"You have brought him to your own destruction," muttered the Constable. "Fly instantly, if you would save yourself."

"You think to frighten me," rejoined Seymour; "but I am not to be turned from my purpose."

"The gates are closed—it is too late," said Gage. And he moved on toward the King.

Edward rode on toward the palace, where he dismounted, and, attended by the Admiral and the Constable, entered the building.

The palace had a gloomy air, being almost unoccupied at the time, but a large fire was lighted in the great tapestried chamber, to which they proceeded, and gave it a more cheerful look. Having warmed himself for a moment at the fire, Edward turned to his uncle, who was standing at a little distance from him, and observed:

"You have something to say to us, gentle uncle. Was it necessary we should come to the Tower to hear it?"

"Your majesty will judge," rejoined the Admiral. "The real motive of my bringing you here shall now be disclosed. I would have you in a place of safety, where you can issue your decrees without coercion. At Whitehall, you are under the control of the Lord Protector and his officers. Here you can do as you please. Once before, I made an effort to free you from your uncle's thralldom. I was baffled then, but I shall not be baffled now, if your majesty will but stand firm—and never had you more need of firmness than at the present juncture."

"I will summon up all my resolution when I know for what emergency it is required," said Edward, regarding him fixedly.

"Listen to me, sire, and rest satisfied that the statements I am about to make to you can be fully substantiated. Since your august father's death, all acts and

appointments have been made by his executors. By them a president has been appointed, invested with almost sovereign powers, under the title of Lord Protector; by them and by the Protector councils have been held, and affairs of state administered. But all their authority was derived from the royal testament."

"True. The king my father ordained that the sixteen persons whom he named as executors should form the privy council, and execute all the authority of the crown during my minority."

"Your royal father so intended, sire, but —"

"But what?" demanded Edward. "Have not his intentions been fully carried out?"

"Listen to me, sire. The king your father had his will carefully prepared and written out, but being of a somewhat changeable temper, he delayed the signing of it—till too late."

"Too late!" exclaimed Edward in amazement. "Was not the will signed?"

"It was stamped while his majesty was incapable of speech or movement—in fact, expiring. The will is consequently void, and being void, all acts founded upon it are likewise void. There are no executors, no privy council, no Lord Protector. Failing the will, the crown and all authority attached to it devolves upon the king's undoubted heir, your majesty. You are uncontrolled by guardians or executors."

"But is my uncle the Lord Protector aware of this fatal defect in the testament?" demanded Edward.

"Aware of it!" cried Seymour. "Twas by his contrivance that the will was stamped. All his hopes of power and aggrandizement were based upon this document, and finding himself bereft of them by the king's neglect, he took this desperate means of remedying the error. He was aided in the fraudulent proceeding by Doctor Butts, whose conscience, borne down by the weight of his heinous crime, could only be relieved before his death by a written confession, which confession is in my custody, and shall be laid before your majesty."

This is a dreadful accusation to bring against your brother, my lord," observed Edward. "But you say you can substantiate it."

"In all particulars. Butts' confession

is most ample. Sir John Gage and myself entered the royal chamber the moment after the will was stamped, and we can both testify to the King's appearance. He must have been long insensible. Was it not so, Sir John?" he added to the Constable, who was standing at a respectful distance.

"I can not deny it," replied Gage.

"This is sad indeed," observed Edward.

"'Tis a great wrong, and must be set right," pursued the Admiral. "To that end I have brought your majesty hither. The Lord Protector must be hurled from his place—the council dismissed. Leave the management of the business to me. Popular disturbances may occur, but by the energetic measures which I propose to adopt, they will be speedily quelled. Your majesty must consent to remain within the Tower till all is over. At most, 'twill only be a few days' restraint, and you will then enjoy a freedom such as you have not as yet experienced."

"Then you would not have me go back to Whitehall?"

"Not till the work be done, sire," replied the Admiral. "Here, in the event of tumult, or of any desperate attempt on the part of the Protector or his fautors to obtain possession of your person, you will be in perfect safety. I have prepared a mandate for your signature, empowering me to act for you. This is all the authority I need."

And he produced a scroll and laid it before the King.

At this moment Sir John Gage, who had hitherto remained standing at a respectful distance, advanced and said: "It is time I should interfere. Your majesty must not sign that mandate."

"Must not sign it, Sir John!" exclaimed the Admiral. "Do you dare to dictate to your sovereign?"

"At such a moment I dare advise him. As to you, my lord, I am bound to tell that you stand on the brink of a precipice, from which another step will plunge you headlong."

"You are thinking of the Lord Protector, not of me, good Sir John," rejoined the Admiral, in a contemptuous tone.

"His highness has a firmer footing than you suppose, my lord," replied the Constable. "But you have spoken of a confession by Doctor Butts. Can you produce it?"

"I can," replied the Admiral, searching the velvet bag depending from his girdle. "Ha! it is gone."

"That is unlucky, my lord," observed the Constable. "The production of the confession might have set all doubts at rest."

"Have you any doubts of the truth of my statement, Sir John?" cried Seymour fiercely.

"Such a terrible accusation ought not to be made without proof," observed the Constable.

"That is true," said the King.

"The document has been abstracted from my person," cried Seymour.

"Again I say, its loss is unlucky—most unlucky—for such a document might have helped you at your need. My lord, let me urge you to throw yourself upon the King's protection, and implore his grace. Without it, you are utterly lost."

"What mean you, Sir John?" cried Seymour fiercely. "Have you betrayed me?"

"You have been betrayed—but not by me," replied the Constable. "The Lord Protector and the council are here. I warned you when you entered the Tower, but you would not listen to me."

"Fly, dear uncle!—fly, while there is yet time," cried Edward.

"Flight is impossible, sire," said the Constable. "If the Admiral leaves this room he will be arrested. Guards are placed within the ante-chamber and in the corridor, and all the outlets of the fortress are closed by the Lord Protector's command."

There was a brief and terrible pause. Notwithstanding the extreme peril in which he stood, the Admiral's courage did not desert him, and he seemed to be preparing for a desperate effort. At last the King spoke.

"Sir John Gage," he said resolutely, "my uncle, Lord Seymour, shall not be arrested. D'ye mark what I say, Sir John? Lord Seymour must not be arrested. You must prevent it."

"Alas! sire, you ask more of me than I can perform," rejoined the Constable. "The Lord Protector is omnipotent here."

"You hear that, sire?" cried Seymour. "'Tis as I told you. The Lord Protector is every thing—your majesty nothing. I

would have delivered you from this bondage, but I must now pay with my life for my devotion to you."

"You shall not fall into his power if I can prevent it, uncle," rejoined Edward. "Sir John Gage, on your allegiance, I command you to obey me. Aid the Admiral to fly."

"Beseech you, sire, to forgive me," cried the Constable, flinging himself at the King's feet, "I can not—dare not obey you."

"Dare not! Sir John. Little did I expect such an admission from you."

"My head would pay the penalty of such violation of my duty. That I will freely give. But I can not assist treason and rebellion. A warrant has been issued by the council for the Admiral's arrest, and I dare not oppose it."

"Sir John," continued the King, authoritatively, "I command you to set him free."

"But, sire —"

"I will have no refusal. If the Tower gates are shut in the Lord Protector's name, cause them to be opened in mine. Let him go forth."

"It will be useless, sire. My orders will be disobeyed. The guard will refuse to open the gates."

"Not if you show them my signet," he replied, taking the ring from his finger, and giving it to the Constable.

"I will obey your majesty," said Sir John Gage, rising; "but only on the condition that the Admiral pledges me his word that if I set him free, he will relinquish his designs against his brother."

"I will give no such pledge," cried Seymour fiercely. "It is for you to obey the King's orders, Sir John, and not to impose conditions."

"Waste no more time in these objections, Sir John," said Edward, "but do as I command you. You are in no danger. My signet will protect you."

"I heed not the danger," said the Constable. "Since your majesty will have it so, I obey."

"Give me my horse, Sir John. Go with me to the gates—that is all I need," cried Seymour.

"I know not if I can find your steed," replied the Constable. "Most probably your escort has been dispersed. Orders, I know, were given to that effect."

"But my palfry must be there," cried

Edward. "Take that, or any horse you can obtain. Go—go!—we shall have them here."

"We can not pass through the antechamber; 'tis guarded, as I have said," remarked the Constable, stepping toward the side of the room, where, raising a piece of tapestry, he disclosed a secret door.

"Farewell, my gracious liege!" cried Seymour, with a profound obeisance to his royal nephew. "You shall hear from me ere long."

With this, he passed through the secret door with the Constable, and the hanging fell to its place.

Scarcely had the King time to seat himself, when the great door was thrown open, and the Lord Protector, followed by Warwick and the rest of the council, entered the room. Behind the latter came a guard of halberdiers, at the head of which was Ugo Harrington. Astonishment and dismay were painted on the countenances of the whole party when it was discovered that the King was alone. Somerset could not conceal his rage and disappointment.

"Where is the traitor?" he cried furiously.

"If your highness refers to the Lord Admiral," replied the King calmly, "he is gone, under my safeguard. I have charged Sir John Gage to see him safely out of the Tower."

"Sir John will answer to the council and to myself for this gross disobedience to our orders," rejoined the Protector. "He knew that a warrant had been issued for the Admiral's arrest."

"He obeyed my orders," said Edward with dignity.

"Your majesty is not aware of the heinous offenses of which the Admiral has been guilty, or you would never have aided his escape," said the Protector.

"Are those who make these accusations against him themselves free from guilt?" rejoined Edward sternly.

"What would your majesty insinuate?" cried the Protector.

"We shall find more fitting opportunity of speaking our mind," said Edward. "Meantime, your highness will do well to examine your own breast, and see that nothing be hidden within it which you would blush to have drawn forth."

Somerset looked embarrassed, and knew not what reply to make. At this

juncture, the Earl of Warwick advanced toward him, and said in a low tone, "While we talk, the Admiral escapes. If he gets out of the Tower, an insurrection will assuredly take place, and then I will answer for none of our heads."

"What is to be done?" replied Somerset, in the same tone. "The King has set him free."

"Heed not that," said Warwick. "We shall share with you the responsibility of his arrest. If he escapes, we are all undone."

While they were thus conferring, Ugo Harrington came up to them.

"Pardon me for interrupting your highness," he said, "but each moment is precious. If you desire it, at any hazard I will arrest him."

"Do it at once, then, good fellow," cried Warwick. "His highness will thank thee, and reward thee. Here is the warrant—go!"

"Ay, go, and take a guard with thee," said the Protector.

Upon this, Ugo, ordering half a dozen halberdiers to follow him, quitted the room.

X.

HOW THE ADMIRAL WAS ARRESTED.

MEANWHILE, Sir John Gage and the Admiral were making their way as expeditiously as they could toward the court. In order to reach it without interruption, they were obliged to take a circuitous route, to traverse several long passages, and finally to descend a back staircase in the east wing of the palace.

This brought them to the eastern end of the court, which was entirely deserted, and they then perceived that the escort had been dispersed; but the Admiral's steed, with the King's palfrey, and some half-dozen other horses, were still left in charge of the grooms near the principal entrance of the palace.

Uttering an exclamation of joy, Seymour hurried on in the direction of the horses, closely followed by the Constable. But ere they got up several halberdiers descended from the steps, and placed themselves in the way.

"You can not pass, my lord," said the chief of this party, recognizing the Admiral. "We have the Lord Protector's order to detain you."

"Out of my way, fellow! thou hadst best!" cried Seymour. "My authority is superior to thine. Show him the King's signet, Sir John."

"His majesty's orders are that the Lord Admiral be permitted to depart upon the instant," said the Constable. "Behold the royal signet!" he added, displaying the ring.

On this the men drew out aside, and the Admiral and his companion passed on.

"My horse," cried Seymour to the groom, who looked alarmed and irresolute.

"Give it him, fellow," cried the Constable. "'Tis by the King's commands."

In another instant Seymour had reached his steed, who neighed exultingly as his master sprang upon his back. At the same instant Sir John Gage vaulted into the saddle of another horse, and they both dashed out of the court, and rode down the descent leading to the Bloody Tower.

"Confusion! the gate is closed," cried Seymour, as they approached. "What ho! warder," he shouted. "Let us through, in the King's name."

The warder, who had come forth, hearing the injunction repeated by the Constable, prepared to comply, when suddenly a cannon was fired from the summit of the Cold-harbor Tower—a structure which, it may be remembered, closely adjoined the palace—while almost simultaneously loud shouts were heard proceeding from the same direction.

"What shall I do, Sir John?" demanded the warder, hesitating.

"Open the gate instantly," roared the Admiral.

At this moment two or three horsemen, accompanied by several yeomen of the guard, were seen at the summit of the acclivity. All these persons were hurrying toward the gate, and vociferating to the warder not to open it.

One of the horsemen rode on more quickly than the others, and as he advanced, Seymour perceived to his astonishment that it was Ugo Harrington. There was something in the esquire's looks and gestures that showed his purpose to be hostile, but all doubts on the subject were ended as he came up.

Flight was now impossible to Seymour, for the warder, declining to open the gate, had retreated to the tower, from a grated window in which he reconnoitred

the different parties. Turning to face his opponents, who were now coming on in considerable numbers, the Admiral regarded them sternly.

"How comes it that I see thee with this rout, Ugo?" he cried, "and hear thy voice raised against me? Art thou a traitor?"

"No, an enemy to traitors," rejoined the esquire. "I am sent to arrest you, my lord, and I call upon Sir John Gage and all others who are nigh to aid me."

"Thou sent to arrest me!" cried Seymour, with a scornful laugh. "Could none other but my own servant be found to do the office?"

"I sought it, and it was granted me, in consideration of services I have rendered to the Lord Protector," rejoined Ugo. "This is my vengeance for the wrong you did me three years ago. I have revealed all your treasonable practices to the council, and in return they have charged me to arrest you."

"Have you the warrant?" demanded the Constable.

"'Tis here," replied Ugo, producing it. "My Lord Admiral, I arrest you of high treason in the name of the Lord Protector and the council. Resistance will avail you nothing. Yield yourself, therefore, a prisoner, and deliver up your sword."

"Take it to thy heart, vile traitor," cried Seymour, plunging his rapier with such force into the esquire's body that the hilt smote against his breast. Uttering a fearful cry, Ugo fell backward, and unable to keep his seat in the saddle, rolled heavily to the ground, where he lay, breathing curses against his slayer.

For a moment, the yeomen of the guard, who had witnessed this terrible act of retribution, looked on in horror and consternation, but the next instant they closed round the Admiral, and seizing his bridle, and presenting their halberds at his breast, prevented him from making any further movement. Sir John Gage also interposed.

"Give me the warrant," he shouted.

"Take it," said the dying man to the halberdier who approached him. "It will avenge me."

"My Lord Admiral," said Gage, as he received the parchment, which was sprinkled with blood, "I must now discharge the office of the man you have just wounded unto death. You are my prisoner. Dismount, I pray you."

Seeing resistance fruitless, the Admiral complied. As he alighted, he found himself close beside his bleeding victim, whose dying gaze was fixed upon him.

"Take charge of the prisoner," said Sir John Gage, "and conduct him to the palace, that the Lord Protector's pleasure concerning him may be ascertained."

While the guard were placing themselves on either side of the Admiral, Ugo raised himself slightly by a last effort, and cried: "You can not escape now. I vowed that your head should fall upon the block—and so it will. I die content."

And with a laugh of exultation, he fell backward and expired.

"Vindictive wretch! thou hast well deserved thy fate!" ejaculated the Constable. "Remove the body to Manger's vault yonder, beneath the Bloody Tower," he continued. "'Tis a fitting place for it. And let these sanguinary stains be effaced. Ere long, in all likelihood, his majesty will pass this way. Now, bring on the prisoner. To the palace!"

With this, he rode slowly up the ascent, followed by the Admiral, whose courage seemed wholly unshaken by the sudden reverse he had experienced, and who marched with a firm step and haughty front in the midst of the guard.

Dismounting at the grand portal, the Constable caused his prisoner to be taken in, and then entering himself, proceeded with the Admiral and the guard to that part of the palace where he had left the King, and where he was informed that his majesty still remained.

As may be imagined, the arrest of so important a personage as the Admiral caused a vast deal of excitement amongst all those who saw him brought in. Strange looks and whispers were interchanged. Seymour, however, was known to stand so high in his royal nephew's favor, that all anticipated his speedy release.

On arriving at the ante-chamber, the Constable ordered the guard to remain there with the prisoner, while he went in to the King.

"Leave me not here, I pray you, good Sir John," said the Admiral, "but take me at once before his majesty."

"I must first ascertain the Lord Protector's pleasure," rejoined the Constable. And he entered the inner room.

After a short absence he returned, and,

approaching the Admiral, said: "Admittance is denied you, my lord. His majesty, who is greatly moved in your behalf, would fain have you brought in, but the Lord Protector is inflexible upon the point, and the whole of the council support him."

"Alas! poor King! he will never have a will of his own," exclaimed Seymour. "But I must see him, good Sir John. I must have a word with him."

"It can not be, my lord," rejoined the Constable. "My orders are peremptory. I must take you hence forthwith, and place you in confinement."

"But the King must needs pass through this chamber. Let me stay here till he comes forth. Fortune frowns upon me at this moment, but she will smile again ere long, and then I shall not forget the service."

"I can not do it—I dare not do it, my lord. I have already incurred the Protector's displeasure by what I have done. Guards, bring on the prisoner."

"I will not stir," cried the Admiral fiercely. "I will see the King."

"My lord, you can not. Ha! his majesty comes forth."

And, as he spoke, the doors of the inner chamber were thrown open by the henchmen, and immediately afterward Edward came out, closely attended by the Lord Protector, and followed by the council.

The young monarch was evidently much distressed. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he did not notice the Admiral and the guard.

Not so Somerset. Instantly perceiving his brother, he cast an ireful look at Sir John Gage.

"Stand aside, my lord," said the Constable to Seymour. "You have done me a great injury. You must not speak to the King."

And he signed to the halberdiers to keep him back. But the Admiral would not be restrained. Ere the King had advanced many paces, he broke from the guard, and prostrated himself before his royal nephew.

"Protect me, sire!—protect me from my enemies!" he cried.

Edward regarded him with deep commiseration, and would have raised him, if Somerset had not stepped quickly forward, and rudely pushed his brother aside.

"Forbear!" he cried, "thou monstrous traitor. Dare not to approach the King

thou hast so deeply injured. Thy heinous treasons and misdemeanors have justly steeled his heart against thee. Turn a deaf ear to his prayers, sire, and pass on. He deserves not a moment's consideration."

"And what art thou, who dar'st to call me traitor?" cried Seymour, springing to his feet. "Treason in thy case has assumed gigantic proportions, such as it never heretofore attained. Falsest of traitors hast thou been to thy late sovereign lord and master, who loved and trusted thee, and loaded thee with honors. False and traitorous wert thou to King Henry in regard to his will, which by thy machinations was fraudulently stamped while he lay helpless, speechless, dying. False and traitorous hast thou been to thy royal nephew, whose youth and inexperience thou hast abused, and whom thou hast sought to deprive of his power and authority. Thou chargest me with treasons and misdemeanors! Thine own are of such magnitude that others are dwarfed beside them. Thou hast usurped thy present post, and wilt usurp the crown itself, if thou be'st not prevented."

"I disdain to answer these idle charges," said Somerset; "but there is one so grave, that, since it is made publicly, must and shall be instantly refuted. You tax me with causing the late King's will to be fraudulently stamped. Those who witnessed it—and they are several in number—can prove that the accusation is false. But on what pretense do you dare to make so scandalous, so atrocious a charge?"

"On the confession of your accomplice, Doctor Butts."

"Where is the confession?" demanded Somerset. "Produce it."

"Ay, produce it—if you can?" said Warwick, in a derisive tone.

"The document has been purloined from me—no doubt by my villainous servant, Ugo Harrington, whom I have punished for his perfidy," rejoined Seymour. "But what I avouch is true."

"Tut! tut!" exclaimed Warwick. "Tis evident your charge can not be supported, and must be regarded as false and malicious. In your own case, on the contrary, we have abundant proof of treasonable practices. Learn to your confusion that your accomplice, Sir William Sharington, is a prisoner here in the Tower, and has

confessed his guilt, and your participation in his offenses."

This was a heavy and unexpected blow to the Admiral, and it was plain he felt it; but he quickly recovered, and said, with great audacity: "Any charge that Sharington may bring against me can be refuted. Let me be confronted with him."

"That you shall be anon, and with your other confederates in treason," said the Protector. "But you must be content to await your examination by the council."

"Your majesty will not allow me to be sacrificed by my enemies?" cried Seymour, appealing to the King, who, though he looked compassionately at him, had not hitherto spoken.

"Justice must take its course, interposed the Protector. "His majesty can not interfere."

"Alas! I can not," exclaimed Edward, in a voice of deep emotion.

"Do you abandon me in this dire extremity, sire?" cried the Admiral. "A word from you, and I am free."

"You are mistaken, my lord," said Warwick. "It is not even in his majesty's power to free you now. You must be brought to trial for the heinous offenses with which you are charged. To pardon you would be to encourage treason and rebellion."

"I am neither traitor nor rebel," cried Seymour. "Would you all were as loyal and devoted to the King as I am. Sire, will you see me crushed without a word to save me?"

"Peace! your appeals are vain," rejoined Somerset. "Come, sire!"

"Farewell! my lord," said Edward. "Heaven grant you may be able to clear yourself!"

Casting a compassionate look at the Admiral, he then moved on, attended by the Protector, and followed by the council. Before quitting the room, he gave another farewell look at his uncle, who continued gazing imploringly and half reproachfully at him.

In another moment he was gone—forever, as far as Seymour was concerned. He never beheld him more.

For a moment, the Admiral remained stupified. But quickly recovering himself, he assumed all his customary haughtiness of deportment and fearlessness of look.

"The chances are against me for the

moment, Sir John," he observed to the Constable. "But all is not lost. The worst that can befall me is long imprisonment, like Norfolk's, or exile. My brother will not venture to bring me to the scaffold. The curse of Cain would be on him, were he to shed my blood!"

"Had you succeeded in your attempt and overthrown him, would you have spared your brother, my lord?" demanded the Constable.

Seymour made no reply.

"You would not," pursued Gage. "Then judge him not too severely. You have tried him sorely. But it is now my painful duty to see you taken to your prison-lodging. May it be mine, also, to assist at your liberation. Guards, to the Bowyer Tower!"

The Admiral was then surrounded by the halberdiers, in the midst of whom he marched across the green toward a tower at the north side of the inner ward.

By this time, the King, with the Lord Protector, the lords of the council, and their attendants, having departed, there were but few witnesses of the scene; and none whom Seymour heeded. Spectacles of this kind had been too frequent during the late reign to excite much wonder. But all who beheld the Admiral marveled at his proud deportment and confident looks.

On arriving at the Bowyer Tower, he was consigned to the charge of Tombs, the jailer, who, unlocking a strong oaken door, strengthened with plates of iron, and studded with flat-headed nails, ushered him into the very cell in which the Earl of Surrey had been confined. The recollection of his interview with the unfortunate nobleman on the night before his execution rushed upon Seymour's mind, and filled him with dread.

"I like not this cell, Sir John," he observed to the Constable, who had accompanied him. "Can I not have another lodging?"

"Is there any other cell vacant, Tombs?" demanded the Constable.

"None that would suit his lordship," replied the jailer. "His grace of Norfolk is in the Beauchamp Tower, the Earl of Devonshire is in the Devilin Tower, Bishop Gardiner in the Flint Tower, and Bishop Heath in the Brick Tower. Sir William Sharrington is in the Constable's Tower. There is a cell unoccupied in the

Martin Tower, but it is not so comfortable as this. The Bowyer Tower hath always been reserved for the highest nobles. The last person who lodged here, as your lordship may remember," he added to Seymour, "was the Earl of Surrey."

"For that reason I like it not," rejoined the Admiral. "But no matter. What signifies it who occupied the dungeon?"

"True; as your lordship observes, it matters little," said Tombs. "You will find the chamber very comfortable."

"I would I could do better for you, my lord," observed the Constable; "but you will be as well here as any where else—perhaps better. See that his lordship is well cared for, and that all his reasonable requests are attended to," he added to the jailer.

Tombs promised strict compliance, and by Gage's directions proceeded to divest the Admiral of his armor, carrying the different pieces composing it out of the cell.

Promising to send the prisoner changes of apparel and other matters which he required, the Constable took his departure; the door of the dungeon was locked outside by Tombs; and Seymour was left to his meditations.

THE BOWYER TOWER.

I.

HOW SIR WILLIAM SHARRINGTON WAS CONFRONTED WITH THE ADMIRAL.

A PRISONER in the Tower!

Sudden and sad was the change that had come over the haughty Seymour—that morn one of the most powerful nobles in the land, with hundreds ready to obey him—at eve a prisoner in the Tower.

A prisoner!—he a prisoner! 'Twas hard to realize the dread idea. Yet, as he gazed around his narrow cell, the terrible conviction forced itself upon him, and a sickness like that of death came over him. Remorse, suddenly roused within his breast, added to the mental anguish he endured. With a conscience burdened with many crimes, the enormity of which he could not hide from himself, he yet felt no contrition. Perceiving not that the chastisement he endured was justly inflicted for his sinfulness, he murmured against the wrath he had provoked.

No more fearful state of mind can be conceived than that which the unhappy

man now experienced. The furies seemed to lash him with all their whips, and to goad him to madness. So acute, indeed, were his sufferings, that finding reflection intolerable, he threw himself on a pallet which was laid in a deep recess, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. But his slumbers were not undisturbed, his dreams being scarcely less terrible than his waking thoughts.

Another day passed much in the same manner as the first. Its dreary monotony was unrelieved by any event, save the appearance, at stated intervals, of the jailer, who brought him the changes of apparel and other matters promised by Sir John Gage.

No information as to the intentions of the council could be obtained by the prisoner from Tombs. Seymour had hoped that he might be speedily examined, but in this expectation he was disappointed. His enemies could scarcely have devised greater torture than by leaving him a prey to his own bitter reflections.

The keenest pang, however, that he endured—keener than the loss of power and position—was the thought that he was debarred from seeing the Princess Elizabeth, or hearing from her. If he could but behold her once more, he should be content; if he could but hear from her, it would soothe his anguish. She must needs be aware of his fall, and perchance might find some means of communicating with him. But no letter or message came.

Sir John Gage did not even make his appearance. Had the council interdicted him from visiting the prisoner? When questioned on the subject, the jailer answered that he thought so. Not till he became a captive himself had Seymour any notion of the horrors of captivity. Solitary confinement was inexpressibly irksome to him—well-nigh intolerable.

Leaving the unhappy man to himself for a while, we will now see what proceedings had been taken by his enemies.

On the day following the Admiral's imprisonment in the Tower, the seal of his office was sent for and placed in the hands of the secretaries of state. All his private papers and correspondence were secured, and several officers of his court, known to be in his confidence, and supposed to be able to make disclosures against him, were arrested. His two residences, Seymour House and Chelsea Manor-House, were seized by the officers

of the crown, the former, with all its rich furniture and objects of art being appropriated by the Lord Protector, and the latter, soon afterward, being bestowed upon the Earl of Warwick, as the price of his assistance to Somerset.

Messengers of state, accompanied by sufficient force to enable them to execute their purpose, were sent to take possession of Seymour's princely mansion, Sudley Castle, and of his fortress, Holt Castle. These places were occupied without resistance, for on hearing that the Admiral was arrested, all his partisans lost heart. Both castles were escheated to the crown, the former being given to the Marquis of Northampton (brother, it will be remembered to the unhappy Queen Catherine Parr,) and the latter converted into a garrison for the King's troops.

Six of the swiftest-sailing ships of war were dispatched to the Scilly Islands to take possession of all the stores laid up there by the grand conspirator, and to capture and destroy the piratical vessels in his pay. Vigorous measures were also taken to repress risings in the different counties known to be favorable to the Admiral, and several ringleaders were arrested and subsequently hanged.

By these prompt and decisive steps, which were taken on the advice and under the direction of Warwick, the insurrection was effectually crushed. Terror-stricken by the fall of their leader, the bands upon whom he had counted quickly dispersed. A slight demonstration in his behalf was made in the city of London where the apprentices, incited by his partisans, cried out against his arrest, but the rioters were speedily put down by the train-bands.

Thus was one of the most daring and extraordinary conspiracies ever planned brought to an end before it had time to explode. Thus with Lord Seymour fell the entire edifice he had been at so much pains to construct.

All these proceedings, however, were kept carefully concealed from the contriver of the plot, and whatever he might suspect, he knew not how completely his work had been undone.

On the sixth day of his imprisonment it was intimated to the Admiral by Tombs that he would be examined by the council, and the intelligence was satisfactory to him. By this time, he had fully recovered from the shock occasioned by his

fall; all his courage had returned, and hope was again kindled in his breast. Having prepared for his defense, he persuaded himself he should be able to baffle his enemies.

Arrayed in habiliments of black velvet, he impatiently awaited the summons of the council. It was brought by the Constable of the Tower in person, who came with a guard to conduct him to the Lieutenant's lodgings, where the council were assembled. Sir John looked grave and stern, and declined to answer any questions put to him.

After a short detention in the ante-room, Seymour was taken into the large wainscoted chamber already described, where he found all the members of the council, with the exception of Cranmer, seated round a table covered with green cloth. Before them were piles of letters and other papers, which he knew at a glance related to himself.

At the upper end of the table sat the Earl of Warwick, with the Earl of Southampton on his right hand, and Lord Russell on his left. The countenances of the assemblage boded him little good. But Seymour was not to be daunted by the stern and menacing looks fixed upon him. Standing between two halberdiers, he surveyed the assemblage with a glance of defiance, and making a haughty inclination to them, drew himself up to his full height.

"My lord," said Warwick, "we trust—though your proud and assured deportment seems scarcely to warrant such a conclusion—that the confinement you have undergone has wrought in you a penitent spirit, and that you are prepared to confess the heinous offenses and treasons of which you have been guilty—and of which we may tell you we have proof—and throw yourself upon your offended sovereign's mercy."

"I have nothing to confess, my lord," rejoined the Admiral sternly. "I have been guilty of no crimes."

"We have the deposition of various witnesses against you," said Warwick. "They shall be read, and you can then disprove them, if you have the power."

"I demand an open trial," rejoined Seymour. "I refuse to answer any interrogations which you, my lord of Warwick, or your colleagues, may put to me, knowing you to be my mortal enemies."

"Do you venture to impugn the justice of the council?" said Warwick.

"I do," rejoined Seymour. "You may spare yourselves the trouble of reading those depositions to me. I shall not reply to them."

"We will find a way to move you, if you continue thus stubborn, my lord," remarked Southampton. "The rack may make you speak."

"Not if you turn the wheel yourself, my lord, with as much zeal as you did against poor Anne Askew," retorted Seymour. "How know I by what means these depositions against me have been procured? Let my accusers be confronted with me, and we shall then see whether they will maintain their charges to my face."

"We might well refuse your demand," replied Warwick. "But to prove that we are not so inimical as you represent us, it shall be granted. Let Sir William Sharrington be brought in."

After a short pause, the unfortunate master of the mint was introduced by a side-door. Wholly unable to walk without support, he had to be accommodated with a chair. He gave a terrified and half-imploping look at the Admiral, and then cast down his eyes.

"Sir William Sharrington," said Warwick, "you have already confessed that you have coined ten thousand pounds of false money, and clipped coin to the extent of forty thousand pounds. At whose instigation, and for whose benefit, did you commit these offenses?"

"Before you answer, Sir William," cried Seymour, "I desire you will look me straight in the face."

"Speak!" cried Warwick, "and declare the truth."

"I can not speak," said Sharrington, quailing beneath the Admiral's terrible gaze. "His glances pierce into my soul."

"You have wrung this confession from him by torture," cried Seymour. "He has accused me to save himself. Is it not so, Sir William?"

"Do not let him intimidate you, sir, but avow the truth," said Warwick. "You can not deny your own confession."

"Was it not extorted by the rack?" cried Seymour.

"Ay, marry was it," replied Sharrington; "else I had confessed nothing. I pray you forgive me, my lord, for what I have done."

"I freely forgive you," rejoined the Admiral, "though you have placed a weapon against me in the hands of my enemies. But they can not use it now."

"The council can not be trifled with in this manner, sir," observed Southampton to the master of the mint. "Are the charges you have made against Lord Seymour true or false? Answer!"

"Take me hence, and place me again upon the rack, if you will," cried Sharington. "I would rather die than submit to these interrogations."

"Thou wilt die by the hangman's hand, thou false and equivocating knave!" cried Warwick. "But we have thy confession—signed by thine own hand—and that is enough. Take him hence!" he added to the guard.

And much to his own relief, the unfortunate man was removed.

"Your first accusation falls to the ground, my lords," said Seymour triumphantly. "And I doubt not all the rest will do so."

"Do not delude yourself with any such notion, my lord," said Southampton. "We are all satisfied of the truth of Sir William Sharington's confession, and it is sufficient to condemn you. But your crimes are manifold as they are heinous. Thirty-six articles of high treason and other misdemeanors against the crown will be exhibited against you. You are charged with using all your natural influence over our youthful sovereign's mind to dissatisfy him with the government, and to get the control of affairs into your own hands—with corrupting by bribes certain gentlemen of the privy-chamber and others—with promising his majesty's hand in marriage—with endeavoring to obtain possession of his person, to the infinite peril of the realm—with confederating with divers disaffected noblemen and gentlemen—with secretly raising an army of ten thousand men, and providing money and supplies for that force for one month. You are also charged with putting your castle of Holt, in Denbighshire, into a state of defense, with providing it with a strong garrison and stores of war, with fortifying your castle of Sudley, in Gloucestershire, and with possessing yourself of the strong and dangerous Isles of Scilly, to which you purposed to retreat. All this you have done with the design of exciting rebellion and causing civil war. In

addition to these atrocious crimes, you are charged with others of a more dishonorable nature, and which must stamp your name with perpetual infamy. Not only are you taxed with inciting and abetting the gigantic frauds perpetrated by Sir William Sharington, but it is objected against you, and can be proved, that you have abused the high office with which you have been intrusted by extorting money from merchantmen under various false pleas and pretenses, by seizing upon wrecks and refusing restitution to the rightful owners, and by conspiring with pirates and sharing their plunder. To this long catalogue of offenses it may be added that you have secretly attempted to obtain the hand in marriage of his majesty's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, second inheritor of the crown, well knowing that such marriage would be against the late king's will, and could not be contracted without consent of the council. What answer make you to these charges?"

"I deny them all," replied Seymour boldly.

"Your denial will avail nothing. We have damnable proofs against you. We have the statements of Ugo Harrington, the wretched man slain by you—the depositions of the Marquis of Dorset—of Fowler of the privy-chamber—of Hornbeak, Blades, and other pirates with whom you have conspired, and who are now lodged in the Fleet—and of the Princess Elizabeth's governess, Mistress Ashley. Of the long list of offenses with which you are charged, there is not one but can be proved."

"Still I repeat my emphatic denial of them all," said the Admiral. "I will answer every accusation brought against me, but not here. I demand an open trial, and, in justice, you can not refuse it."

"Crimes of such magnitude as yours can not be publicly discussed with safety to the state," rejoined Southampton. "Following the precedents afforded in such cases during the late reign, a bill of attainder will be brought against you."

"In other words, you mean to destroy me," interrupted Seymour. "I am to be condemned unheard. Finish this mockery of justice, and sentence me at once to the block."

"If you are convicted of your crimes, my lord, your sentence will follow quickly

enough," observed Warwick — "more quickly, perchance, than you may desire. The articles of treason objected against you shall be left with you, and you can answer them as you see fit. This is all the grace we deign to confer. We are satisfied of your guilt, and your bold denial of the charges does not shake our conviction. Ever since your royal nephew came to the throne you have been plotting and contriving for increase of power, and if heaven had not thwarted them, infinite danger to the King's person, and subversion of the whole state of the realm, might have followed your traitorous designs. We can hold out no hope to you. Leze-majesty and other high crimes and misdemeanors have been proved against you, and you will meet a traitor's doom."

"I will meet my death resolutely, come how or when it may," rejoined Seymour. "I spared your life, my lord of Warwick, when you were in my power, and it is thus you requite me. Your aim is to destroy me. But you will fail. The King will not see me perish."

"The King can not pardon a convicted traitor," said Warwick. "Once more, do you persist in your refusal to answer our interrogations?"

"Resolutely," said Seymour.

"Then the examination need be no further continued," pursued Warwick. "Let the prisoner be removed, Sir John."

On this the Admiral was withdrawn, and taken back to the Bowyer Tower.

II.

BY WHOSE AID THE ADMIRAL SENT A LETTER TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

THREE days after the examination just described, Seymour was visited in his cell by the Earl of Warwick and some others of the council, who came to receive his answers to the articles of impeachment. He had cautiously limited himself, it appeared, to a few brief rejoinders, explanatory of his motives for supplying the King with money, and bestowing presents upon Fowler and other grooms of the chamber. To the more serious charges a simple and emphatic denial was all he deigned to return.

Throughout this second interview, Seymour conducted himself with the same spirit and determination which he had heretofore evinced. No menaces could shake him. Peremptorily refusing to

answer the articles in detail, and objecting even to sign the short rejoinders he had made, he persisted in his demand for an open trial, and inveighed against the secret and inquisitorial examinations to which he had been subjected, declaring that he would answer no more interrogations. Thereupon, Warwick and the others left him.

Shortly after this, the bill of attainder was brought into the House of Lords, and passed without delay. When transmitted to the Commons, it encountered strenuous opposition at first, but this was overruled by the Lord Protector's influence, and the bill likewise passed the Lower House. But not without considerable persuasion from the council, in which even Cranmer joined, was the royal assent obtained. This was given on the tenth of March, 1549.

Seymour had been now nearly two months a prisoner in the Tower. Though his fortitude remained unshaken, his proud and impatient spirit chafed sorely against his confinement. No one was allowed to see him unless with a written order from the Constable of the Tower, and then only in the presence of the jailer. Apprehensions being entertained lest he might find means of secretly conveying a letter to his royal nephew, the writing materials which had been left with him, when it was hoped he might answer the articles of impeachment, were removed. No entreaties or promises could prevail on Tombs to supply him with them again.

Cut off from communication with the outer world; deprived of all books, save a few godly tracts left with him by Latimer, by whom he was occasionally visited, and who pronounced him in a most sinful, hardened, and deplorable condition; devoured by ambition; tormented by an incurable passion; the Admiral, it will easily be imagined, passed his time wretchedly enough. Still, he was true to himself; still, he continued haughty and unyielding.

On the night of that unlucky day when the bill of attainder received the royal assent, of which circumstance he was informed by Tombs, he remained seated beside his table to a late hour, with his face covered by his hands.

All at once a noise, proceeding, as it seemed, from a loophole some feet from the ground, caused him to raise his eyes, and to his great astonishment he be-

held, by the dim light of the iron lamp illumining the cell, a diminutive figure standing within the aperture. While he was staring at this apparition, the little personage called out:

"Tis I, my lord—Xit, his majesty's somewhile dwarf. Aid me to descend, I beseech you. An I leap I shall break my neck, and that is not a death I desiderate."

On this Seymour advanced toward the aperture, and catching the dwarf, who sprang toward him, in his arms, set him on the ground.

"What brings thee here?" said the Admiral. "Know'st thou not it is as much as thy life is worth to visit me thus privily?"

"I know that right well, my lord," replied Xit; "and I have adventured my life to serve you. Your generosity toward me demanded a return, and I determined to prove my gratitude. Having been discharged from my post near his majesty by the Lord Protector, because he found out that I had conveyed messages to your lordship, I have once more become an inmate of the Tower, and now lodge with the three giant warders. It was by the aid of Og, the elder of the brethren, that I obtained admission to your cell. He placed me on his shoulders, whence I clambered to yon loophole; and though it was no easy matter, even for one of my slender proportions, I contrived to squeeze myself through the bars. Og is standing outside to aid me on my return."

"I owe thee much for thy fidelity," replied Seymour, greatly touched by the dwarf's devotion. "Of all who have profited by my bounty, thou art the only one who has exhibited gratitude. But how dost thou propose to aid me?"

"I thought your lordship might desire to have some letter or message conveyed for you, and as I knew Master Tombs would neither do your will, nor allow it

to be done, I have come thus privily to offer myself as your messenger."

"I am much beholden to thee," said Seymour. "I have not the means of writing a letter, or I would confide one to thee. My tablets are left me, but I have neither pen nor pencil."

"That is most unlucky," said Xit. "But I will come again—and better provided!"

"Stay!" cried Seymour; "a plan occurs to me. This point shall answer my purpose."

And plucking a sharp aglet from his dress, he punctured his arm with it, and proceeded to trace a few passionate words with his blood on a leaf of the tablets.

This done, he closed the book, tied it with a ribbon, and gave it to Xit.

"Deliver this, I pray thee, to the Princess Elizabeth," he said. "Guard it as thy life. Hast thou any knowledge where her highness now is?"

"I have heard that she is at Shene," replied Xit. "If so, I will engage that your lordship's missive shall be delivered into her own hands to-morrow morning."

"Thou wilt do me the greatest possible service," cried the Admiral. "Whatever betide, let me see thee again on the morning of my execution. I may have another letter or message for thee."

"I will not fail," replied Xit.

Seymour was about to tear some ornament from his attire in order to reward his little envoy, when Xit stopped him, saying he would accept nothing till he had executed his mission.

"I must now entreat your lordship's aid to reach the loophole," he said.

On this, Seymour lifted him from the ground, and the ascent was quickly and safely accomplished.

This done, Xit pressed his hand to his heart in token of devotion, and disappeared.

From the Leisure Hour.

SHAH ABBAS THE GREAT.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE SEVENTH KING OF PERSIA.

As Shah Abbas the Great was one day hunting in the mountains, and had accidentally got somewhat separated from his attendants, he came suddenly on a boy, who, while herding his goats, was playing very sweetly on a small flute. The Shah addressed him, and the boy, who had no suspicion of the hunter's rank, answered not only with perfect frankness, but great intelligence. Very soon, however, Iman Kuli, the then Khan or Governor of Shiraz, appeared in the distance, and the Shah hastily gave him a sign as he approached, which imposed silence on him when he joined his royal master, who continued his conversation with the boy, receiving to all his interrogations replies so replete with good sense and propriety, as set both listeners in no small wonderment.

After leaving the young goatherd, the King asked the Governor what he thought of the little rustic; and the Khan, who was a man of much penetration, replied that he thought, if the boy were taught to read and write, he was likely to make a most useful servant for his Majesty.

Shah Abbas gave in to the proposal at once, and settled the matter by committing the future training of the young herdsman to the Khan himself, who forthwith (having without difficulty obtained possession of the boy's person) took the matter in hand, and that with such happy success that the Khan was able, in a few years, to employ his *protégé* in various subordinate offices within his province, and having thus tested his ability, felt safe in recommending him to his sovereign for higher employment.

The Shah, delighted with the metamorphosis of a herd-boy into an able official, more especially as he could take to himself the credit of having first suspected the value of the uncut diamond, called him to court, and soon felt such confidence in him as to bestow on him the flattering appointment of Nazar, or Master of the House-

hold, installing him at the same time among the dignitaries of the kingdom, under the name of Mohammed Ali Bey.

The new Nazar was neither puffed up by the suddenness of his good fortune, nor blinded by the greatness of his elevation, but conducted himself with such watchful zeal and incorruptible fidelity in his master's service, as to gain his fullest confidence; as the highest proof of which, the King sent him, on two several and very critical occasions, as ambassador to the Great Mogul, and each time had the utmost reason to be satisfied, not only with the faithfulness, but with the prudence of his behavior.

But the court of Persia was not then, and probably is not now, more free than other courts from the baneful influence of that envious rancor which watches for any crevice into which the wedge of calumny can be thrust, in order to accelerate the downfall of a royal favorite; and the very conscientiousness with which the Nazar devoted himself to the duties of his office, and the exactitude and economy with which he regulated and stewarded the estates and revenues committed to his management, created him enemies among the most influential persons of the court, more particularly the eunuchs, and, worst of all, the ladies of the harem, whose extravagant wishes and boundless expenditure he unhesitatingly opposed, and, as far as he could, remorselessly restrained.

With this self-interestedly hostile party several ministers and nobles of the kingdom associated themselves, for political purposes, and strove, all in vain, to their bitter disappointment, to injure the honorable and justly honored man in the opinion of Abbas the Great.

But what they failed to accomplish with that wise and experienced monarch, they anticipated attaining, with less difficulty, from his thoughtless and in every respect

inferior successor, his grandson, Mirza Shah Isafi. Yet, with even him they seemed, for a time, to have reckoned without their host; for although one after another threw in a disparaging word against the Nazar, and insidiously tried to infuse suspicions of his rectitude into the mind of the young monarch, he made as though he heard them not, till all at once there occurred what seemed to the cabal the long-wished for favorable opportunity for effecting the obnoxious one's overthrow, and they availed themselves of it on the instant.

The King was one day amusing himself with the examination of his collection of costly sabers and daggers of various shapes, the hilts of which were all, more or less, richly set with jewels of great value, when one of his chamberlains asked, as if on the spur of the moment, if his Majesty would not cause to be fetched from his royal treasury that specially costly and indeed unique saber which had been given to his illustrious grandfather, Shah Abbas, by the Grand Sultan, and which, being closely studded with jewels of priceless worth, was reported not to have its equal upon earth, and was in consequence always deposited for safety within the locked recesses of the royal treasure-house.

The Shah's curiosity being strongly excited by this glowing description, (and the more so, because he did not remember to have ever seen this renowned saber, even on occasions when his grandfather's jeweled pomp was wont to be displayed before the eyes of strangers,) dispatched a messenger instantly to the Nazar, (who, be it remembered, was also keeper of the crown jewels,) to desire the Sultan's splendid gift might forthwith be sent to him. The Nazar, although he at once declared he had never seen such a saber, commenced an immediate search through all the various repositories of the treasure-house, but without success; and the Shah's messenger returned with this unsatisfactory answer.

The wily chamberlain, after expressing great surprise and disappointment, suggested that the book in which all foreign presents were registered might throw some light on the matter. The Shah commanded it to be brought, and sure enough there stood a full description of the jeweled saber, duly registered on being deposited in the royal treasury.

Now the facts of the case fully explanatory of the apparent mystery, and which were perfectly well known to several of the calumniators, though not to the young chamberlain, whom they put forward on the occasion, were in full accordance with the Nazar's declaration that he had never seen the saber now sought for. He never could have seen it, inasmuch as, before his appointment to the office of Nazar, Shah Abbas had caused all the precious stones, as well as the hilt of massive gold, to be removed from the Sultan's gift, and formed into a jewel of his own device, which, from its high worth and rare beauty, constituted in fact the greatest ornament of the present jewel-chamber. But unfortunately, at the time when this alteration was made, it had been neglected to be noted in the registry, in which the jeweled saber still figured, as before its spoliation; and this fact, too, was well known to more than one of the plotters, and formed in their minds full security against detection.

The malicious enviers were therefore now at the summit of their wishes; and when the Shah, whose curiosity they had purposely excited to the highest pitch, naturally felt not only disappointment but displeasure at the Nazar's declaration that he had never seen the saber, contradicted as that was in distinct terms by the registry he himself ought to have examined when he entered on office, a wide door was opened for all imaginable insinuations and accusations against the apparently falling favorite. They accordingly hastened to inform their lord that the whole country had long been amazed by the immense expenditure in which the Nazar indulged. He had, they said, erected caravansaries for the reception of pilgrims, at his own cost; he had built bridges and dykes for the improvement and security of the public roads; and, lastly, had erected for himself so magnificent a house, or rather palace, that it were worth even his Majesty's while to look through it: and whence, asked they then, could any private individual procure means adequate to all these great undertakings, unless by helping himself from the royal treasury? It was therefore, they concluded, felt by them all as their bounden duty to counsel his Majesty to call the Nazar to a strict account; and if he could prove his innocence, who would be so happy as they?

In the midst of these calumnious tirades, a messenger arrived from the Nazar, soliciting an audience. It was granted; but how different was the reception which Mohammed Bey met from the King, to any he had ever before experienced in that court! With impatient gesture and wrathful tone, the monarch called on the Nazar to "see to it that the missing saber was forthcoming;" and added, which he intended as an alarming threat, that fifteen days would be granted him to arrange his accounts, after the lapse of which time the King himself would institute a search through every nook of the treasure-house, and compare its contents, article by article, with the registry he now held in his hand.

The Nazar, whose conscience spoke him free of ever having wronged his royal master to the value of a farthing, listened to those angry words with perfect composure, and then said in a calmly respectful tone: "I have but one boon to implore from your gracious Majesty and that is, that the examination of the treasury and its comparison with the registry may not be delayed for fifteen days, but take place to-morrow morning."

The Shah was startled, and a feeling of pity for an old servant impelled him to counsel the Nazar to bethink himself well before he rejected the time offered for the due arrangement of his charge. Mohammed Bey, however, remained firm in his request for an immediate examination, and, in accordance therewith, it began on the following morning.

Every thing was found in the most perfect order, and article after article produced, as they stood on the register; not a tittle was wanting, save the jeweled saber. But, on the other hand, there was found in the treasury a most remarkable ornament, compounded of the purest gold, and blazing with the largest and rarest jewels, of which no mention whatever could be found in the registry; furthermore, a richly damascened blade, with a plain, unpretending, soldier-like hilt: of this, too, no note was taken in the register.

The richly jeweled ornament naturally fixed the admiring attention of the Shah; and as no one present confessed to any knowledge of its history, the court goldsmith was summoned to the royal presence, and he deposed to having been employed by his late Majesty Shah Abbas, to

remove the jewels and golden hilt from the sultan's present, and to form them into this ornament, of which the Shah himself gave him the drawing; the damascened blade, however, he had been desired to finish with a plain useful hilt, as the Shah valued the blade more than the setting. It was the saber he now saw on the table.

The calumniators changed color, but kept silence, thankful that no human testimony could be borne to their knowledge of the fact now disclosed. Silently, too, did the Shah lay down the registry and withdraw from the treasure-chamber, in order to pay the visit to the Nazar's house, which he had announced would take place immediately after the treasury scrutiny, not without anticipated confirmation there of all the peculations he had been led to expect in the treasury.

The King and his suite entered the Nazar's dwelling; according to oriental custom, the exalted guest must receive a present from his host. That presented by the Nazar was small in value, yet "as costly," he remarked, on handing it to the monarch, "as a poor private man could afford;" and poor indeed, compared with its tasteful and elegant architecture, were the internal decorations of that so much vaunted mansion. No costly carpets; no rich hangings; no divans covered with gold-enwoven brocades, such as were wont to adorn the houses of nobles similar in rank, were there to be found. All was clean, comfortable, well kept, and in perfectly good taste, but all as simple as might be looked for in the houses of citizens of the middle class. Instead of chandeliers of rich Venetian glass, or of rock crystal, nothing but cheap Persian lamps; and in place of cups and bowls of gold, silver, or Japanese porcelain, their humble representatives in brass, copper, or common pottery, alone met the eye.

In his progress through the various halls and chambers, the Shah had traversed a corridor, on one side of which was a door secured by three iron chains; and although, on his first passing along this corridor, the Shah had given no heed to this carefully-barricaded entrance, yet, on his return, one of his attendants was on the alert to draw the monarch's attention to it. And, with reawakened, probably suspicious, curiosity, the Shah asked Mohammed Bey what was therein guarded with such peculiar care.

"High and mighty King," replied the Nazar, "all that your Majesty hath hitherto beheld, whether in the treasure-chamber, or within these walls, is not mine, but merely possessions committed to my stewardship, by the favor of my sovereign; but that which is hoarded up in this small carefully-secured chamber is truly my own, and I confide in your Majesty's justice and rectitude that it will never be wrenched from me."

The Shah's curiosity, still more highly stimulated by this mysterious speech, impelled him to express an ardent desire to see the treasures of his treasury, and by Mohammed Bey's command the chains were loosed and the chamber thrown open. The Shah eagerly entered a room, in which neither carpet, divan, nor furniture of any kind was to be seen. Into the naked whitewashed wall some iron nails had been driven, and across two of these rude supporters was slung a shepherd's crook; from another hung a wallet, from another a flute; while from two others depended the leathern water-flask and the coarse habiliments of a mountain goatherd. "All these," exclaimed the Nazar, "were my own honestly and hard-earned possessions, when Shah Abbas the Great, your Majesty's illustrious predecessor, found me with my goats. The

great abbas left me in quiet possession of my own, and I cherish the conviction that his potent grandson will not deprive me of them. But I have yet another boon to crave of my gracious king and master, and that is, the permission to lay aside this heavy robe of Nazar, and to resume my light herdsman's garb, to hang my wallet and leathern flask over my shoulders, and, grasping staff and flute, set out once more for my unenvied, unmolested, and still dearly-loved mountains."

The youthful monarch, deeply moved by all these incontestable proofs of the rectitude of his so hardly used and malignantly aspersed servant, drew off, without uttering a word, his own royal robe, and motioned one of his nobles to invest the Nazar with it, that being the highest honor which a Persian monarch can bestow.

The calumniators of such severely tested and sterling worth were justly visited by the well-merited wrath and abiding disfavor of the King; while Mohammed Bey, who showed himself invariably as the protector of the injured and the oppressed, remained to his dying hour in full possession of all his dignities and honors, the confidence of his prince, and the love of his fellow-citizens.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

LOVE'S * TRICOLOR.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

A BLUE-BELL on her baby lap I threw,
When first we were together,
Couched on the fragrant meadow where it
grew—
That showery, sunbright weather!
All April in the skies,
May gleaming through her eyes:
Sweet birds singing,
Blossoms springing—
Buds upon the heather!
A purpling rose I placed within her hand—
That young life's summer token!—
Her girlish soul *my* soul could understand—
The maiden spell was broken!

Soft love-light on her face
Revealed its dimpling grace:
Warm heart-flushes
In her blushes
Told the words just spoken.
A waxen-white camellia on her breast—
Ah! well do I remember!
My love laid down where calm *she* lay at rest
'Twas in the bleak December:
Dead, dead her heart's love-fire—
Mine only may expire
In death's sleeping:
Life-long weeping
Shall not quench its ember.

From The Leisure Hour.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHS.

THERE have been three marked events in the engineering world during the last two generations: Watt's introduction of the steam-engine, which gave power; the introduction of railways, which supplied locomotion; and the invention of the electric telegraph, which, as an instantaneous agent for transmitting thought, is fully as important as either of the others.*

The commercial application of the first two discoveries has been vigorous and fairly successful, but the last invention, especially in its connection with submarine projects, has been particularly unfortunate. Out of nine thousand miles of wire laid down in different parts of the world, only three thousand miles, or one third, can now be reported as in tolerable working order, the remainder being an utter failure and loss—money thrown into the sea. One of the principal causes of this failure is found in the fact that the cables have never been thoroughly tested under water until they were deposited in the ocean. When the Red Sea telegraph was laid, it proved, like most lines just completed, very successful. It was stated to have been worked from Alexandria to Aden, at the rate of ten words per minute, with double relay stations at Kossiar and Suakin. There were a few embryo faults, but it is thought that it might have been worked successfully for a considerable time, if a permanent system of daily tests, and of timely repairs, had been established. The excessive tropical heat, and the effect of the metallic veins at the bottom of the sea, conspired to destroy this line. The sections of the cable—six in number—lasted altogether nine months before the first fault occurred, and only gave way the day before the Indian extension was completed.

The bad business organization of the Red Sea Telegraph Company, and the At-

lantic Telegraph Company, is largely responsible for the terrible waste of capital in these enterprises. The Atlantic Telegraph swallowed up three hundred thousand pounds sterling, and mainly, perhaps, because the scientific details of the scheme were arranged before any thing was practically known about deep-sea cables. The contracts were hastily let, no time was given for the necessary preliminary experiments, and the laying down was hurried on with the most disastrous results.

The Red Sea Cable, the last and most gigantic on the list of failures, has not entirely broken down commercially, simply because a government guarantee was obtained before the enterprise was launched. A capital of eight hundred thousand pounds has been thrown into the sea; but the country, through its ministers, has undertaken to help the shareholders out of their loss, by paying them an annual dividend at the rate of four and a half per cent for fifty years. This dividend, supplied by the national taxes, amounts to thirty-six thousand pounds per annum, and will eventually reach nearly two millions sterling. This waste of public money had its origin in causes entirely apart from scientific difficulties. After the "concession"—the firman from the Turkish government—had been purchased from the projector, it was found that, owing to a complication of arrangements, the directors had also acquired an engineer and a contractor; that practically, the form of cable was decided upon, and that little remained for the Board to do but to pay. Although, at the instance of Lord Stanley, the specimen of the proposed Red Sea cable had been submitted to several scientific authorities, this had not been done until the form had been so far decided upon that it had become a foregone conclusion, as the contract for its manufacture had been entered into. The contract was wrong in principle, as it was taken for a lump sum, thereby offering a premium upon saving some part of the slack or surplus cable.

* The paper is chiefly condensed from an able summary by Mr. Charles Manby, privately printed, of a recent long and important discussion at the Institution of Civil Engineers.

The laying of cables tight or slack has a great deal to do with their failure or success. The Channel Islands cable was laid with such an amount of tension, that it was necessarily subject to abrasion, and when its strength was reduced by some of the wires being chafed, the cable was readily broken asunder. This fact seems to show that, in shallow water, cables should be laid as slack as possible, consistent with avoiding "kinks" or tangles. The failure of submarine cables in shallow water does not appear to be due so much to inherent defects in the cables themselves, as to the localities in which they are placed. Although the Port Patrick and Donaghadee cable, which has been submerged eight years, has never been damaged, yet the Dover and Calais, the Dover and Ostend, and other cables equally strong, have been broken. Then again, although the cable connecting Jersey with Pirhou, on the coast of France, which was laid in the latter part of 1859, has remained in good working order, while the Channel Islands cable has been broken in five or six places in the same time, yet a similar description of cable, five or six miles in length, laid off Alderney, when taken up a short time ago, was found to be in a very bad condition. Again, although the Hague cables have given a good deal of trouble, a similar cable, laid in 1857 on the coast of Norway, has remained in good working order. The decay of cables from corrosion is chiefly due to three causes: first, to simple oxydation from water running over the cable; second, to the cable lying on a metallic surface; and third, to the formation of vegetation upon the cable. These things would seem to point to the necessity of having the bottom of the seas surrounding these islands as carefully depicted as the surface of the land is on geological maps; and such elaborate surveys of the sea-bottom can only be accurately made by the hydrographers acting under and for the Board of Admiralty.

In selecting a route for submarine telegraph lines, it is now thought that deep water should be avoided, as far as possible, even if a considerable *détour* has to be made. In a depth of one hundred fathoms, a cable is beyond the reach of attrition, and is as little likely to be injured as when laid at a depth of two hundred or three hundred fathoms; whilst it can be repaired almost as if it lay in water

thirty or forty fathoms deep. The nature of the bottom is most important, as where rough ground and rocks exist, the cable can not be grappled. To ascertain this correctly, the use of the sounding lead alone is not sufficient; a mush-room anchor, which would bring up a bucketful of the surface material, and occasionally deep-pronged grapnels, ought to be employed.

With regard to the durability and maintenance of shoal-water cables, there seem to be two schools of engineers, one adopting comparatively light cables, the other laying them as heavy as possible. The earliest submarine cables between Dover and Calais, Dover and Ostend, the Magnetic Company's lines to Ireland, as well as several others, were all strong cables, containing several conducting wires, covered with a thick serving of hemp, and having over all massive iron wires of large gauge. These have been singularly fortunate. Some of them, it is true, have been injured by ships' anchors, but such accidents are rare, and the cables have never suffered from "abrasion," or from being "washed away by the sea"—causes which seem to have been so fatal to the Channel Islands telegraph. On the other hand, the new system of laying light cables in shoal water was first adopted by the Electric Telegraph Company, in their lines from Orfordness to the Hague, where, instead of laying one strong heavy iron cable, four comparatively light cables, each with one conductor only, were laid across the North Sea, on the principle that the chances were against all the four being broken at the same time. This experiment was also adopted by the same company between Dublin and Holyhead; but, judging from the high annual cost for repairs, and from the fact that a heavy cable has been recently laid by the company from Dunwich to Zandvoort, in Holland, it does not seem to have proved satisfactory.

With regard to the construction of cables, it is considered that a metallic covering must be adopted, as there are cases where hemp-covered cables have been completely destroyed by marine animals. Iron should never be used as a covering for submarine cables, but copper, or some other metal or substance that will not oxydize, and will receive a gradual submarine deposit of a calcareous nature, affording a permanent protection against dam-

nge or decay. As far as experience has shown, it appears that in the deep ocean, scarcely more than the insulating covering is generally required. Gutta-percha—the usual insulating covering used—has several disadvantages. It is readily softened by heat, is liable to contain cavities, and is chemically affected by every current that passes into it. India-rubber possesses a much higher resistance to electricity, and certain compounds of that material have many valuable qualities for this work, such as flexibility and elasticity. Its durability, of course, can only be tested by time.

Improvements are evidently wanted in many of the processes of telegraphic manufacture, but not patents. Patents have proved the great stumbling-blocks of telegraphy; for, scarcely is the ink of the

agreement for the purchase of one patent dry, before another is offered warranted to supersede all that has been previously accomplished.

Few if any of the submarine telegraphs are commercially remunerative, and with the failures of the Atlantic and Red Sea cables as precedents, companies will scarcely be found to embark in such undertakings without some government assistance. The official mistake made in the case of the Red Sea telegraph is not likely to encourage the government or the country; and although the means of communicating instantaneously with distant nations is perhaps one of the greatest boons which enlightened science has yet to give us, submarine telegraphy will probably have to wait some years before it is extended further.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE GERMAN ALMANACS FOR 1862.

ACCORDING to our usual custom, we proceed to analyze the German Almanacs for the coming year. We need not now discuss their specialities, which, we trust, are sufficiently known to our readers, but we may observe that a very marked change for the better has taken place in them. In the first instance, the Royal Statistical Office of Berlin, at the head of which stands the renowned meteorologist Professor Dove, has made a dead stand against that mass of absurdities the *Centennial Kalendar* in which all the peasants of Germany believe as in their Bible. In a cleverly written and sensible paper, the fallacies of astral meteorology are shown up, and it is fully proved that the planets do not exercise the slightest influence on the weather. This paper nearly all the popular Almanacs have inserted, and we hope that it will have a good effect. We only wish some sensible corporation in this country would make a similar onslaught on old *Moore's*

Almanac, or the owner be compelled to live solely on his own pills.

Another encouraging thing with the German Almanacs is, that they have decidedly grown more national in their tone, and the cry of them all is for Germany unity. William of Prussia has passed any thing but a rosy time of it with the non-Prussian press since his visit to Compiègne, and one writer in the Vienna *Wanderer* openly charges him with being a lickspittle and a sycophant. In Prussia, however, and those German states connected with it by policy, the people judge more fairly of the King's conduct; they consider that he regarded himself as the next victim to Gallic glory, and wished to do all in his power to avert the war. Seeing that Austria is but a broken reed to lean on, the Germans are anxious to restore a powerful and united fatherland under the hegemony of Prussia, and it would be a happy day for Europe when this took place.

In the mean while, the public writers of Germany are doing their utmost to keep the idea before their readers, and to foster that healthy detestation of France to which the fatherland can alone owe its safety. This year the Almanacs are filled with patriotic stories, among which the death of Hofer occupies a great place, and, indeed, the same feeling is perceptible in all the German periodicals. In a recent number of the *Gartenlaube*, for instance, we read a detailed account of the trial and condemnation of Palm, the bookseller, and only one motive could have actuated the choice of that subject—a desire to keep before the public mind the blessings of a French domination. In fact, the whole tone of the German press is martial, and the nation seems at length aroused to a due sense of the danger they have escaped, and which may yet burst over them should M. Fould's neat little plans for making things pleasant in Paris prove a failure. For history teaches that the French never fight so bravely and desperately as when starvation is before the gates.

We need hardly say that the German Almanacs for 1862 contain numerous anecdotes about "Old Fritz," and we will condense one called "Frederick the Great as a Matrimonial Agent," which will furnish a fair idea of the rest. During the Seven Years' War the Prussian horse artillery was most serviceable, especially a gun christened the "Chestnut," because it was drawn by six horses of that color. One day when marching into Bohemia, the King, accompanied by the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, Prince Maurice of Anhalt, and General von Treskow, was engaged in reconnoitering the enemy. So occupied was he, that he did not notice that a picket of the Austrian hussars was dashing up to cut him off. A gunner of the horse artillery noticed it, however, and laid the Chestnut on the enemy, but was restrained from firing by his superior officer, who considered it an encroachment on his authority. The King curiously rode up to the spot:

"'Why is the gun unlimbered?' the King asked.

"'Your majesty,' the soldier answered boldly. 'I want to give that Austrian scoundrel one for his nob.'

"'My son,' the King said good-humoredly, 'pray let him live.'

"'Indeed?' the artilleryman asked. 'But

suppose they give us one, and carry your majesty off; will that be all right?'

"'Well, if that is your opinion, give him something for himself,' Frederick said, now beginning to perceive the danger to which he had exposed himself.

"The artilleryman did not require to be told twice; he pointed his gun, and was so fortunate as to kill the officer and his horse, whereupon the picket bolted off.

"'Come, your majesty,' the soldier said good-humoredly, 'I fancy I've given him his dose?'

"'Yes,' the King answered; 'but you have sent the poor devil too soon into the other world.'

"'Too soon be hanged! Isn't that what I'm here for?'

"'You have certainly done your duty, and therefore deserve my best thanks, and a reward. Farewell, lieutenant.'

"'Your majesty,' the worthy fellow interposed, 'I am not fit to be a lieutenant, for I don't understand mathematics, or any of the scientific rubbish. I should be wretched among my new comrades.'

"'That is really bad, my son! Still you can be a non-commissioned officer, and till the day of your death you shall draw double pay. Does that satisfy you?'

"'It is more than I have deserved. May God save your majesty!'

Sauer (such was our gunner's name) proved himself worthy of the royal favor. He served brilliantly through the war, and, when peace returned, was appointed in command of Fort Prenssen, at Stettin. He married the housemaid of Neumann, a baker, in the town, who bore him one daughter, Anna, and then died. When Anna was sixteen years of age all the officers were in love with her; but her father would not stand any of their nonsense. Anna had to look after the house, and work from morning to night; for, spite of his double pay, Sauer found it difficult to make both ends meet. It would have been easy for him to fill his purse, for the aforesaid baker, Neumann, who was contractor to the garrison, offered him a handsome sum to let his bread pass without weighing it. But he had to do with the wrong man; Sauer became stricter than ever, and the baker hated him.

But the old story of the Montagues and the Capulets was to be repeated in Stettin among a humbler class. The baker had a good-looking son, who delivered the bread at the fort, and he fell in love with Anna, who was quite agreeable. His father, however, got behind the secret,

upbraided Anna in no measured terms for her audacity, and Anton was forbidden to visit the fort again. But what will not love's ingenuity effect. Daily he managed to convey Anna a note, baked in one of the loaves, and which he contrived should safely reach her hands.

When the following autumn came, the great King visited Stettin, for the annual inspection. Anna formed a desperate resolution, slipped out of the house, reached the King's presence, and told him all her story, reminding him who her father was. The King laughed, bade her remain in an adjoining room, and sent an aid-de-camp to command Neumann and his family to his presence. The baker came in trembling, fearing that his roguery was detected, and that it was all up with him, but recovered his spirits when Frederick told him that he had selected a wife for his son Anton.

"At a sign from the King, the doors were thrown wide open, and the loving couple walked hand in hand into the cabinet. At the sight of them the baker pulled a wry face, and could not conceal his dissatisfaction.

"Your majesty," he said in a tone of annoyance, "must surely be jesting. That girl has not a shirt to her back, and is as poor as a church mouse. With her my son must starve, for, if he marry against my will, I am firmly resolved to disinherit him."

"Without deigning an answer, the King, turned to the Duke of Bevern, who was also present.

"How much," he said to him, with a significant laugh, "has your grace to pay this girl?"

"Two thousand thalers," the Duke replied, without hesitation.

"And you?" the King asked the Prince of Anhalt.

"Also two thousand," he answered promptly.

"He sees, then, my dear master," the King then said, turning to the astonished baker, "the girl is not so poor as he fancies. By me she has also four thousand dollars standing, and General von Trezkow will, moreover, supply

her marriage outfit and a decent dinner. Now, I hope that he has no further objection to offer against his son's marriage?"

"Yes, if the matter really be so, I am satisfied," Neumann replied, who, like the rest of the company, did not know whether the King was joking or speaking seriously.

"He still appears to doubt. Messieurs, we must out with the money to convince this incredulous Thomas."

"By the King's order the privy treasurer brought in two heavy bags of coin, which he counted on a table. There were four thousand thalers in shining gold, which he told Anna to take.

"Now, my Lord Duke of Bevern," the King said, with a smile, "you will pay your debt to the girl."

"In truth," the latter said, with some embarrassment, "I do not remember—"

"Nor I, either," the Prince of Anhalt added.

"And I do not know," General von Trezkow exclaimed, "why I am called upon to supply the wedding outfit of a perfectly strange girl."

"Ei, ei, messieurs!" the King answered seriously. "I did not think that you possessed so weak a memory. I must, therefore, come to your help, and refresh it. Do you not remember that affair in Bohemia, when we were all in the utmost danger of being cut off by a picket of Austrian hussars?"

"Of course," the Duke of Bevern answered. "A brave artilleryman noticed the danger, and killed the enemy's officer with a well-aimed shot."

"The hussars fled," the Prince of Anhalt remarked.

"And we were saved," General von Trezkow added. "Your majesty wished to promote the worthy man to a lieutenancy, but he declined the honor."

"Quite right," the King interrupted him; "that soldier's name was Sauer, and there stands his daughter, who seems to have inherited her father's resolute temper. Will you now object, gentlemen, to pay your debt?"

"We recognize the liability," the three gentlemen said simultaneously.

"The matter is settled then," the King said. "The girl has eight thousand thalers, is handsome, good, and virtuous. Now, my dear master, are you satisfied with the match?"

"I desire no better daughter-in-law," Neumann answered, "and gladly give my consent."

THE NEW EMPEROR OF CHINA.—Our Russian correspondent's letter contains the following announcement: "The young Emperor of China, who is only seven years old, was proclaimed sovereign with all the usual ceremonies on the 25th of August, at Zehol, where his father died. Although the late Emperor's brother,

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Prince Kung, is not a member of the new regency, he has been requested by them to remain at the head of the Foreign Department. This is considered an act of great importance for the future good understanding between the Court of Peking and the representatives of the European powers."—*London and China Telegraph*.

From Chambers's Journal.

A B O U T S P I T Z B E R G E N .

SPITZBERGEN (literally, the "sharp-topped mountains") was, in the seventeenth century, the seat of the most flourishing whale-fishery ever known, as many as four or five hundred sail, mainly of Dutch and Hamburgers, resorting there in a season. New-Amsterdam, *alias* Smeerenberg (or Blubber Town,) to the north-west of it, had indeed arrived at such a pitch of civilization as to produce hot rolls for breakfast every morning, while even the charms of female society were provided to gladden the not icy hearts of the arctic fishermen. "Nothing can exceed," says Mr. Lamont, whose interesting volume* of adventures in the northern seas now lies before us, "the sublime grandeur of a really fine day in these regions—the sea as calm and bright as a mirror, and covered with countless floating icebergs of a dazzling whiteness, and of all imaginable sizes and shapes; no sound to be heard but the terrific peals of thunder caused by the cracking of the glaciers, the hoarse bellowing of the walrus, and the screams and croaks of the gulls and divers. All this makes up such a scene, that no man who has once beheld it can ever forget it. Alas! that there should be a reverse to this beautiful medal; but often ten minutes suffice to change the face of every thing entirely; a chilling blast of wind comes from the eternal ice-fields to the north-east; thick fog and probably snow follow immediately; the brilliant sugary-looking glaciers are hidden, and nothing remains of the glorious panorama of sea and ice and hills and glaciers, but a dim and cold and misty circle of an acre in extent around the boat."

In winter, of course, the second and more somber of these pictures is the only one visible from Spitzbergen, when the sunless atmosphere admits of any thing being seen at all. The place had plenty of summer visitors, but at the approach of the Icy

King, all men forsook that inhospitable treeless shore, and sailed southward. Every one dreaded delay, as well they might, when once the arctic current in early September overcame the remnant of the warmer Gulf Stream, and brought down the polar ice to seal the bays, and build its adamantine wall around Spitzbergen. This mighty current runs at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and does its gigantic jailer's work in a very few days. Then woe betide the luckless vessel that gets becalmed up some long bay or fiord, for she is fast in winter's indissoluble hold for nine long months, and almost certain death awaits her crew. Although, therefore, the advantages of having something of a permanent settlement in Spitzbergen were obvious, and the merchants offered large rewards to volunteers, none could be induced to try the experiment of wintering there. It was thought that human life could not be supported through so severe a season; and since nobody was ready to settle the question in person, of his own free will, an English company obtained a "grant" from government of certain criminals, and determined to make involuntary experimentalists of them. These persons being under sentence of death, at once acceded to the conditions. "They were taken out in one of the whalers, and a hut was erected for their winter-quarters; but when the fleet was about to depart, and they saw the awful gloomy hills, already white with the early snows, and felt the howling gales of north-east wind, their hearts utterly failed them, and they entreated the captain who had charge of them to take them back to London, and let them be hanged, in pursuance of their original sentence, rather than leave them to perish in such a horrible country! The captain seems to have had more of the "milk of human kindness" in him than his philanthropic employers, for he acceded to their request, and took them back to London. As hanging them would not have been of any pecuniary

* *Seasons with the Sea-Horses.* By JAMES LAMONT. Hust & Blackett.

benefit to the company, they were then good enough to procure a pardon for the men."

Soon after the failure of this enforced colonization plan, the experiment of wintering in Spitzbergen was tried involuntarily by those famous four Russian sailors of whom we have all heard so much in our childhood. "These poor fellows had nothing but what they stood up in, with one gun, and a few charges of ammunition; but they appear to have been men of a very different stamp from the London jail-birds, and they at once set to work to make the best of things. They built a hut, and killed some reindeer with their gun; and then, their ammunition being exhausted, they manufactured bows and arrows, spears and harpoons, of drift-wood. They pointed their weapons with bones and pieces of their now useless gun, and twisted their bow-strings out of reindeer's entrails. They made traps and nets for birds and foxes. With these rude and imperfect weapons, they not only provided themselves with food and raiment, but kept off the assaults of the polar bears. It is almost incredible; but these men not only survived, but preserved good health for six long years. It seems extraordinary that such energetic fellows as they clearly were, should not, in all that time, have contrived to travel across the country, or round the shore, to the west coast, where they would have been certain of relief every summer, especially as they were on the most desolate part of the island, and one often inaccessible and always little frequented by the whalers. In the sixth year of their captivity, one of the four died, and the survivors began to lose all hope of deliverance, and to fall into a state of despondency, which would certainly have soon proved fatal to them all, had not a vessel at this time fortunately approached the coast, and rescued them. During their long banishment, these poor Robinson Crusoes had killed such quantities of bears, deer, seals, and foxes, that the proceeds of the skins and blubber made a small fortune for them."

Other parties, after this, either left on the island accidentally, or remaining there on purpose, were successful in keeping themselves alive during the winter; and an Archangel company set up a permanent establishment there for the purpose of hunting the seal and walrus, reindeer and polar bear. "Their men were left

there in September or October, and were distributed in small parties of two, three or four individuals each, in wooden huts, which had been constructed in Archangel, and were erected in different parts of the coasts and islands of Spitzbergen. The men were paid by a share of the proceeds, and were supplied by their employers with provisions, consisting principally of rye-meal, salt pork, and tea. They had a sort of head-quarters establishment at Hvalfiske Point, which was under the charge of a superintendent or clerk, who distributed the supplies to the hunters, and collected the skins and blubber from the different outposts; and the company sent over a vessel in the month of May, every year, to relieve the men, and carry the proceeds of their labors to Archangel."

This plan was found so trying to the human constitution, that the men only remained alternate winters on the island; and in 1858, there was still living at Kola, in Lapland, an aged Russian who had thus actually wintered thirty-five alternate seasons in Spitzbergen. Many hundreds of his comrades, however, must have died, since the traveler in these awful solitudes comes frequently across the ruins of a small log-hut, with two or three green cairns of stones in front of it; and it is also common enough to see the human skeleton bleaching beside those of the bear and reindeer. The quantity of animals killed, and the consequent profits, must have been very great, as, in spite of the loss of life, the establishment was kept up until about seven or eight years ago, when such a dismal tragedy occurred at Hvalfiske Point, that the company was broken up, and no one has ever wintered in Spitzbergen since. During the summer of the year in question, (either 1851 or 1852,) "a prodigious quantity of heavy drift-ice surrounded Hvalfiske Point and all the southern coast of East-Spitzbergen. The men belonging to the Russian establishment had all come in from the various outposts, and were assembled at the head-quarters to the number of eighteen, waiting to be relieved by the annual vessel from Archangel. By a concurrence of bad fortune, this vessel was lost on her voyage over, and was never heard of again. The crews of the other vessels in Spitzbergen knew nothing of these men; or if they did, they naturally supposed that the care of relieving them might safely be left to

their own vessel, as nothing was yet known of her loss either there or at Archangel. The ice in the summer months prevented any vessel from accidentally approaching Hvalfiske Point, and no one went near it until the end of August, when a party of Norwegians, who had lost their own vessel, traveled along the shore to seek for assistance from the Russian establishment; but on approaching the huts, they were horror-struck to find its inmates all dead. Fourteen of the unhappy men had recently been buried in shallow graves in front of the huts, two lay dead just outside the threshold, and the remaining two were lying dead inside, one on the floor, and the other in bed. The latter was the superintendent, who had been able to read and write, and a journal-book lying beside him contained a record of their sad fate.

"It appeared that, early in the season scurvy of a malignant character had attacked them; some had died at the out-stations, and the survivors had with difficulty assembled at the head-quarters station, and were in hopes of being speedily relieved by the vessel; but the latter not arriving, their stores got exhausted, and the unusual quantity of ice surrounding the coast prevented them from getting seals or wild-fowls on the sea or the shore. In addition to the scurvy, they then had the horrors of hunger to contend with, and they gradually died one after another, and were buried by their surviving companions, until at last only four remained. Then two more died, and the other two not having strength to bury them, dragged their bodies outside the hut, and left them there. These two then lay down in bed together to await their own fate, and when one of them died, the last man—the writer of the journal—had only sufficient strength remaining to push his dead companion out of the bed on to the floor, and he had soon afterward expired himself, only a few days before the Norwegian party arrived. The Russians had a large pinnacle in the harbor and several small boats on shore, but the ice at first prevented them reaching the open sea; and latterly, when the ice opened out, those who survived so long were much too weak to make any use of the boats. The shipwrecked Norwegians, therefore, took advantage of the pinnacle to effect their own escape to Hammerfest, carrying with them the poor superintendent's jour-

nal, which the Russian consul at that port transmitted to Archangel."

What a curious product of our civilization it is, that a gentleman of easy circumstances—as our author would seem to be—in company with a real live lord, should be induced to visit this forbidding coast "for fun," and to shoot what he is pleased to term "sea-horses"—walrus! At Hammerfest, the most northerly town in Europe, they exchanged their comfortable English yacht for a vessel better fitted to contend with icebergs, but so impregnated with the odors of its dreadful trade of blubber-collecting, that a bottle of chloride of lime, with the cork out, was necessary to their existence in its state-cabin, an apartment of seven feet by four, but so constructed that its inhabitants could neither stand up nor lie down in it; while, toward the close of the expedition, when the produce of their own harpoons got to be rather "high," the awful effluvia caused by the commingling of putrid walrus-oil with bilge-water, compelled them to burn pastilles before retiring to rest. Only conceive pastilles in a blubber ship! Again, how anomalous does it seem that our author should watch for polar bears through a double opera-glass! "Strange sights," he soliloquizes, "has that large, old battered opera glass seen in its day, for, besides its legitimate occupation of gazing at the beauties in the opera-houses of London, Paris, Florence, Naples, Havana, and New-York, it has seen great races at Epsom, great reviews in the Champ-de-Mars, great bull-fights in the amphitheater at Seville. It has stalked red-deer on the hills of the Highlands, scaly crocodiles on the sand-banks of the Nile, and read the hieroglyphics on the tops of the awful temples and monuments of Thebes and Karnak. It has peered through the loopholes of the advanced trenches at the frowning dust-colored batteries of the Redan and the Malakoff. It has gazed over the splendid cane-fields of the West-Indies, from the tops of the forest-clad mountain peaks of Trinidad and Martinique; over the falls of Niagara; over the Bay of Naples from the top of Vesuvius; over Cairo from the tops of the Pyramids; over the holy city of Jerusalem from the top of Mount Calvary; and now it was occupied in quietly scanning the colossal proportions of a polar bear, amid the icebergs of the frozen north."

Of this last anomaly our author appears

to be fully conscious, but there is a curious confusion apparent in his views with respect to polar bears and special providences. Like a good Scotchman, Mr. Lamont was a rigid observer of the Sabbath, never looking for deer or seal upon that day, like other wicked people in those parts, nor even shooting them when they came in his way, except on one very tempting occasion, when he "forgot." Still it must be confessed he ran this pious custom exceedingly close. "We always considered Sunday to terminate *punctually* at midnight; in these regions, it is just as light in July at midnight as at mid-day, and it was a singular circumstance—might I not venture, without being deemed presumptuous, to suggest that this might be *more* than merely accidental?—that we saw our first bear a few minutes after this Sunday had expired."

Surely this notion of reward is a little startling; and "might we not venture, without being presumptuous, to suggest" that Mr. Lamont's watch was fast?

About three o'clock one morning—luckily a week-day—the two "gentlemen-sportsmen" were awakened by a cry of "Walrus on the ice," and upon going on deck were regaled with a delightful spectacle. "Four large flat icebergs were so densely packed with walrus that they were sunk almost awash with the water, and had the appearance of being solid *islands of walrus!* The monsters lay with their heads reclining on one another's backs and sterns, just as I have seen rhinoceroses lying asleep in the African forests; or, to use a more familiar simile, like a lot of fat hogs in a British straw-yard. I should think there were about eighty or one hundred on the ice, and many more swam grunting and spouting around, and tried to clamber up amongst their friends, who, like surly people in a full omnibus, grunted at them angrily, as if to say: 'Confound you, don't you see that we are full!'"

The narrative of the slaughter of these poor unwieldy beasts is not very pleasant. About one out of every three that are shot eludes the hunter by slipping off the ice ere he can come up with it, and dying under water; while the unselfish anxiety of the females for the safety of their young exhibits itself in a most painful and touching manner. "I never in my life witnessed any thing more interesting and more affecting than the wonderful

maternal affection displayed by this poor walrus. After she was fast to the harpoon, and was dragging the boat furiously amongst the icebergs, I was going to shoot her through the head, that we might have time to follow the others; but Christian called to me not to shoot, as she had a "junger" with her. Although I did not understand his object, I reserved my fire, and upon looking closely at the walrus when she came up to breathe, I then perceived that she held a very young calf under her right arm, and I saw that he wanted to harpoon it; but whenever he poised the weapon to throw, the old cow seemed to watch the direction of it, and interposed her own body, and she seemed to receive with pleasure several harpoons which were intended for the young one. At last, a well-aimed dart struck the calf, and we then shortened up the lines attached to the cow, and finished her with the lances.

"I don't think I shall ever forget the faces of the old walrus and her calf as they looked back at the boat! The countenance of the young one, so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing; and the old cow's face, showing such reckless defiance for all that we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf! The plan of getting hold of a junger, and making him grunt to attract the herd, is a well-known 'dodge' among the hunters."

The "skyppar" of a sloop was once seized upon by a bereaved cow-walrus, and dragged by her twice to the bottom of the sea without receiving any injury beyond having a scar plowed on each side of his forehead by her tusks; and it is his opinion that she did not wish to hurt him, but mistook him (uncomplimentarily enough) as he floundered in the water, for her calf! It is, however, in general, very dangerous to be upset among walrus, who have been sometimes known to tear an unfortunate harpooner in half with their terrible tusks. The Spitzbergen hunting and fishing trades, indeed, are both dangerous, and entail more hardships perhaps than any other pursuit; consequently, as often happens, those who follow them are ever ready to repay themselves for toil and abstinence by excess. These northern sailors are, indeed, so greatly given to drinking, that

some proprietors will only intrust their ships to teetotal crews, nor is this to be wondered at, when we remember that the safety of a whole ship's company, who may have taken to their boats after walrus or other game, depends upon the sobriety of the one or two men left in charge. Some five years ago, a small sloop from Hammerfest came to a certain island off Spitzbergen, where many walrus had been killed the previous season, for the purpose of looking for bears who might be feeding on the carcasses. They found upward of fifty bears congregated there, and holding a sort of carnival over the remains.

"The crew of the vessel consisted, as is usual, of ten men, of whom the skipper and seven others landed to attack the bears, after having anchored their sloop, securely as they thought, to a large grounded iceberg close to the island, and given the two men left on board strict injunctions to keep a good look-out. They had a most successful 'battue,' and killed twenty-two or twenty-three of the bears, the rest making good their escape to sea; but this chase occupied many hours, and meanwhile the two ship-keepers took advantage of the captain's absence to institute a search for a cask of brandy which was kept in his cabin—merely with the harmless intention of smelling it, of course; but from smelling they not unnaturally got to tasting, and from tasting they soon became helplessly drunk. While they were in this happy state of oblivion to bears, icebergs, and things in general, one of the sudden dense fogs of the north came on, the tide rose, the iceberg floated, and in a few minutes it and the sloop along with it were out of sight of the island, and drifting away in the fog. The hunting-party had thought nothing of the fog, as they imagined the iceberg to be 'fast;' so when they had flensed all their bears, they rowed round to where they had left the sloop, and were mightily disconcerted at seeing neither sloop nor iceberg. They shouted, and fired signal-shots, and rowed out to sea, and rowed all around, until they got so bewildered that they lost the island themselves. However, after a great deal of trouble, they found the island again, and waited upon it for several days, expecting, of course, that when the weather cleared the sloop would return. The weather cleared, but no sloop appearing, there

stared them in the face the alternatives of passing a winter of starvation and almost certain death on the island, or of attempting to cross the stormy four hundred and eighty miles of sea which divided them from Norway, in a small, open boat! Like bold fellows, they chose the latter chance for their lives, and abandoning one of their boats on the island, the whole eight got into the other one, with as much bear meat as they could stow, and rowed for dear life to the south; four rowed while the other four lay down in the bottom of the boat, and being providentially blessed with fine weather, they actually succeeded in reaching the coast of Finmarken in about eight days' time, but half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, as may be supposed."

Thus were these men almost miraculously preserved from the fate of the poor Russian colony, the scene of whose calamity Mr. Lamont himself visited and photographed. In London drawing-rooms, therefore, has doubtless been often witnessed by ladies, whom no wind has been ever suffered to visit too roughly, the very counterfeit presentment of that appalling spot—that lone Spitzbergen scene where so many strong men perished of starvation, ice-bound, and cut off forever from the rest of their species. Every thing in that picture remains as the dead men left it: their weapons, their cooking utensils, the bones of the creatures they killed, and even the very fragments of their clothes and bedding lie scattered around. "The huts were all formed of logs dovetailed into one another at the corners, and were tolerably entire except the roofs, which had been flat and covered with earth, but had now mostly fallen in. The principal one, about twenty-four feet square, had been used both as sitting-room and dormitory; off this was a small wing with a brick fire-place, evidently used as a kitchen. Another hut was the store-house, and a third—of all things in the world—a Russian bath-house of a rude description, in which I suppose they had enjoyed the national luxury of parboiling themselves, and then rolling in the snow at a temperature of—fifty degrees or so. The roof of the main hut had fallen in, and a little glacier, about as large as a boat turned bottom up, had formed in the middle of the floor. On a gentle eminence, at a distance of two or three hundred yards from the huts, they

had built up a sort of look-out-house of loose stones; and here we may conceive they passed alternately many weary hours in watching the ice-laden sea before them. They may even have been tantalized by seeing the topsails of vessels passing outside of the icy barrier, but far beyond their reach. On a little piece of level ground, not far from the huts, they had kept themselves in exercise by playing at a game resembling cricket, as was evident by the bats and rude wooden balls they had used still lying on the mossy ground. Altogether, there was something inexpressibly sad and desolate about the remains of this unfortunate establishment; and, by the rude Norwegian sealers, the place is regarded with a degree of superstitious awe, which perhaps may be the reason for the huts being in such a good state of preservation."

Upon the whole, then, Mr. Lamont has invested Spitzbergen for us, for the future, with a romantic interest which we did not believe could have belonged to that sterile and man-abandoned region; and for this we more especially thank him, although to many the chief attraction of his volume will be its adventurous sporting scenes. Both himself and his companion, indeed, appear to have been excellent shots, and resolute and indefatigable sportsmen. Some notion of their success may be gained from the fact, that they almost cleared the heavy expenses of hiring the odoriferous Anna Louisa, its "skyppar" and crew, for the whole season—in blubber, the produce of their own rifles and harpoons; their total gamelist being as follows: forty-six walrus, eighty-eight seals, eight polar bears, one white whale, and sixty-one reindeer.

From Chambers's Journal.

OIL-SPRINGS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

It is as yet little known in this country that our transatlantic kinsmen, both of the States and Canada, have lately witnessed the development of a source of natural wealth, of an entirely new and singular character—namely, oil-springs. It is found in certain districts near the northern lakes, that great magazines of oil and asphalt rest in deep recesses of the earth, whence the substance can easily be obtained by pumping, if it does not come naturally to the surface.

A gentleman named Denton, who visited the Canadian oil-springs in January, 1861, thus describes them: "They are situated from twenty-eight to thirty miles south-east of Port Sarnia, in a flat, swampy, and densely-wooded country. The stiff soil is overlaid with a very uniform deposit of tenacious drift-clay, the thickness of which varies from fifty to one hundred feet. In it are occasionally found boulders of primitive rock and masses of limestone,

evidently torn from the underlying formation, and transported but a short distance from the place of their original deposit. In the drift-clay, or at the base of it, most of the oil hitherto found has been discovered at depths varying from thirty to seventy feet.

"At Kelly and Adam's Wells, I found them pumping by hand from four to five barrels a day from each well, of dark oil, having the consistency of Orleans molasses; but I have no doubt that, with proper appliances of pumps and steam-engines, forty or fifty barrels could be easily produced.

"Eight or ten miles south of these, at Underhill's Well, where five or six thousand gallons flowed over and ran down Black river when it was first opened, we found a man, 'greasy as a tallow-ketch,' drawing up oil with a common wooden pump at the rate of twenty barrels per day.

"At Williams's Wells, two miles from

there, asphaltum covers the ground for two or three acres, in some places more than two feet in thickness. The gas disengaged from the oil seems to have produced an eruption, and elevated this part of the country above the general level, and the oil overflowing, its more volatile properties have been evaporated, and this bed of asphaltum is the result.

"It is a common idea, even with geologists, that the oil has been produced from beds of coal; but this oil-field is of itself sufficient to show the incorrectness of the notion. The limestone found in this region, under the drift-clay, I recognize as a member of the Hamilton group of the Devonian formation, and as such is geologically many thousand feet below the lowest member of the carboniferous formation, below which workable coal-beds are never found.

"The truth is, that this oil, found so abundantly in Canada, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and many other localities, is not coal-oil, but coral-oil. Stored away in cells, forming in the aggregate immense reefs as it was collected from the impure waters of the early oceans by minute coral polyps, it has been driven by heat and pressure into reservoirs and crevices, where man's ingenuity is discovering it day by day. I have in my possession many specimens of this fossil coral, with the oil plainly visible in the cells.

"In Canada, the oil-fever is raging. Land is changing hands rapidly, and selling from eight to one thousand dollars an acre, according to its supposed propinquity to the oleaginous deposit. On the Michigan side of the river, I have no doubt that oil will yet be discovered in large quantities, though at a greater depth. Mr. White, of Port Huron, who accompanied me on my Canadian trip, took me to one spot about three miles west of Port Huron, where gas is passing off continually in quantities sufficient to light a large city, good evidence of oil beneath, from which the gas is disengaged."

In striking harmony with the nature of this extraordinary mine of wealth, there occurred in April last an accident of gigantically calamitous character. A *jet d'eau* (so to speak) of oil caught fire! The affair occurred at Tidione, in Pennsylvania, as thus described in a local newspaper:

"During the drilling of an oil-mill, a sudden rush of oil, at the rate of

seventy barrels an hour, took place, the stream ascending forty-one feet above the surface of the ground. Above this mass of oil, the gas or benzine rose in a cloud for fifty or sixty feet. All the fires in the neighborhood were immediately extinguished, excepting one four hundred yards distant. The fire from this ignited the floating gas, and in a moment the whole air was in roaring flames. As soon as the gas took fire, the head of the jet of oil was in a furious blaze, and falling like water from a fountain over a space one hundred feet in diameter, each drop of oil came down a blazing globe of boiling oil. Instantly the ground was in a flame, constantly increased and augmented by the falling oil. At once a scene of indescribable horror took place. Scores of men were thrown flat, and numbers, horribly burned, rushed blazing from the hell of misfortune, shrieking and screaming in their anguish. Just within the circle of the flames could be seen four bodies boiling in the seething oil; and one man, who had been digging at a ditch to convey away the oil to a lower part of the ground, was killed as he dug, and could be seen, as he fell over the handle of the spade, roasting in the fierce element. Mr. H. R. Rouse, a gentleman largely interested in the wells in this locality, and whose income from them amounted to one thousand dollars a day, was standing near the pit, and was blown twenty feet by the explosion. He got up and ran about ten or fifteen feet further, and was dragged out by two men, and conveyed to a shanty some distance from the well. When he arrived, not a vestige of clothing was left upon him but his stockings and boots. His hair was burned off, as well as his fingernails, his ears, and his eyelids, while the balls of his eyes were crisped up to nothing. In this condition, he lived nine hours. The heat of the fire was so intense, that no one could approach within one hundred and fifty feet without scorching their skin or garments. It was the most frightful, and yet the grandest, pyrotechnical display ever vouchsafed to a human being. On Friday morning, the oil was still rushing up, on fire, with the same regularity and speed, throwing, it was calculated, at least one hundred barrels an hour, covering an immense space with flaming oil—a loss to the

proprietors of the well of from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars daily. No human power can extinguish the flames, and the oil must burn until the well is exhausted. The following wells, with machinery, were burned, with the accompanying estimated loss of oil: Wads-

worth's Well, three hundred barrels daily; Dobb's Well, two hundred and fifty barrels daily; Van Andon's Well, one hundred barrels daily; T. Morian's Well, two hundred and fifty barrels daily; Hawley and Merrick's Well, about two thousand five hundred barrels daily."

From Chambers's Journal.

THE ZOOLOGY OF CEYLON.

"BIRDS, beasts, and fishes" was the name of a certain drawing-room diversion much affected in our youth, and which used to afford us great satisfaction. Since then, Natural History has rarely been presented to us in a very pleasing garb. The majority of our old favorites are now lumped together under the scientific titles of Mammals and Vertebrates. Those very pigeons, whose legs appearing through the pie-crust filled us with such delightful anticipations, are now *Columbidæ*; the crabs, whose sidelong motion won our infant admiration, are *Crustacea*; the oyster—even "the whistling oyster"—is a *Mollusc*.

Sir Emerson Tennent, however, who, understanding the feelings of the unlearned upon this subject, is also in a position to gratify them, has filled up the void. When we read his book, the same sort of pleasure ravishes us as when we arranged the contents of the Ark upon the lid of our play-box, and supplied the place of the cow's hind-leg—which was always breaking short off—with a pin. Noah—in a round hat, and very unsteady—is the individual to whom our deepest gratitude is due in the matter of Natural History, and next to him comes Sir Emerson Tennent. The title of his charming volume has but a single blemish—*Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon, with a Monograph of the Elephant*. That last sentence is too fine; in the next edition, we sincerely trust he will erase, or print in its stead, with an autograph of the elephant, which will be rarer, and yet more intelli-

gible. The elephant was pretty well disposed of in his previous *History of Ceylon*, already noticed in this *Journal*, so we will repeat nothing about him, beloved as he is, and always will be by us, in spite of all that Mr. Charles Reade has said against him. But, even thus curtailed, the wealth of material in this book is so prodigious, that we hardly know where to begin. The island of Ceylon abounds with animal life. The description of the creatures which make it their home (for why *habit-at?*) forms quite an epitome of Natural History. The trees are alive not only with birds, but with monkeys, spiders, snakes—nay, fishes! A flock of monkeys will take possession of a Palmyra palm, and so effectually will they crouch and conceal themselves among the leaves, that at the slightest alarm the whole party becomes invisible in an instant. The presence of a dog, however, excites such an irrepressible curiosity, that, in order to watch his movements, they will never fail to betray themselves.* A live dog is to them the same wonderful sight as a dead monkey is to other people. "He who has seen a white crow," says a Singhalese proverb, "the nest of a paddi bird, a straight coconut tree, or a dead monkey, is certain to live forever." The remains of a mon-

* In this way, too, these agile creatures become the prey of the leopard; his approach causes an instant and fearful excitement, which they manifest by loud and incessant screams, and leaps from branch to branch. The leopard walks round and round the tree, till one or more of the poor creatures, exhausted by terror and exertion, falls down to be eaten.

key, are not, they say, to be found in the forest.

But there are more singular inhabitants of Ceylon trees than monkeys. The flying-foxes hang from them like fruit. The flight of these creatures is directed by means of a membrane attached to the inner side of each of the hind-legs, and kept distended at the lower extremity by a projecting bone, just as a fore-and-aft sail is distended by a "gaff." "Over the entire surface of the thin membrane of which they are formed, sentient nerves of the utmost delicacy are distributed, by means of which the animal is enabled during the darkness to direct its motions with security, avoiding objects against contact with which, at such times, its eyes and other senses would be insufficient to protect it." By day they suspend themselves from the highest branches of the silk-cotton trees, hanging by the claws of the hind-legs, with the head turned upward, and pressing the chin against the breast. At sunset, taking wing, they hover, with a murmuring sound occasioned by the beating of their broad membranous wings, around the fruit-trees, on which they feed till morning, when they resume their pensile attitude as before. They hang in such prodigious numbers, that the branches often give way beneath their accumulated weight. They fly in clouds as thick as bees or midges. "When at rest, or asleep, the disposition of the limbs of the flying-fox is most curious. At such times, it suspends itself by one foot only, bringing the other close to its side, and thus it is enabled to wrap itself in the ample folds of its wings, which envelop it like a mantle, leaving only its upturned head uncovered. Its fur is thus protected from damp and rain, and to some extent its body is sheltered from the sun. As it collects its food by means of its mouth, either when on the wing or when suspended within reach of it, the flying-fox is always more or less liable to have the spoil wrested from it by its intrusive companions before it can make good its way to some secure retreat in which to devour it unmolested. In such conflicts they bite viciously, tear each other with their hooks, and scream incessantly, till, taking to flight, the persecuted one reaches some place of safety, where he hangs by one foot, and grasping the fruit he has secured in the claws and opposable thumb of the other, he hastily reduces it to lumps,

with which he stuffs his cheek-pouches till they become distended like those of a monkey; then suspended in safety, he commences to chew and suck the juices, rejecting the refuse with his tongue."

We regret to add that the flying-fox is strongly attracted to the cocoa-nut trees during the period when toddy is drawn for distillation, and exhibits at such times symptoms only too much resembling intoxication. It can not, it seems, be naturalized in England; but why not try Scotland, and suspend the Forbes Mackenzie Act and the flying-fox together?

One very tiny bat, well called the humble-bee, is so familiar and gentle that it will alight on the cloth during dinner, and manifests so little alarm that it seldom makes any effort to escape before a wine-glass can be inverted to secure it. Even this miniature creature, however, has its parasites, as other bats have, although they are excusable in his case upon the well-known ground of being "such very little ones." They are called *Nycteribia*, and have three pair of legs, armed with claws, and equally distributed over the upper and under sides; the creature being thus enabled to use them like hands, and to grasp the strong hairs above it while extracting its nourishment. It must look like the animated crest of the Isle of Man as it rolls along, "hurling itself forward on hands and feet alternately, like a clown in a pantomime, and so swiftly that its speed is said to exceed that of any known insect."

On the trees, too, the chameleon lies motionless on its branch, awaiting its insect prey. Instantly, on their appearance, its wonderful tongue comes into play. Though ordinarily concealed, it is capable of protrusion till it exceeds in length the whole body of the creature. "No sooner does an incautious fly venture within reach, than the extremity of this treacherous weapon is disclosed, broad and cucurbitiform, and covered with a viscid fluid; and this, extended to its full length, is darted at its prey with an unerring aim, and redrawn within the jaws with a rapidity that renders the act almost invisible. Whilst the faculty of this creature to assume all the colors of the rainbow has attracted the wonder of all ages, sufficient attention has hardly been given to the imperfect sympathy which subsists between the two lobes of the brain and the two sets of nerves that permeate the op-

posite sides of its frame. Hence, not only has each of the eyes an action quite independent of the other, but one side of its body appears to be sometimes asleep, while the other is vigilant and active; one will assume a green tinge, while the opposite one is red; and it is said that the chameleon is utterly unable to swim, from the incapacity of the muscles of the two sides to act in concert."

By the side of the chameleon you will see leaves of every variety of hue, from the pale yellow of an opening bud to the rich green of the full-blown leaf, and the withered tint of decay; and yet these may not be leaves, but only "walking leaves," insects in whose preservation nature has exhibited her most cunning handiwork. "So perfect is the imitation of a leaf in structure and articulation, that this amazing insect, when at rest, is almost undistinguishable from the foliage around. Not only are the wings modeled to resemble ribbed and fibrous follicles, but every joint of the legs is expanded into a broad plait like a half-opened leaflet. It rests on its abdomen, the legs serving to draw it slowly along, and thus the flatness of its attitude serves still further to add to the appearance of a leaf. One of the most marvelous incidents connected with its organization was exhibited by one which I kept under a glass shade on my table. It laid a quantity of eggs that in color and shape were *not to be distinguished from seeds*. They were brown and pentangular, with a short stem, and slightly punctured at the intersections."

In trees, the Ceylon spider weaves his net so stoutly that it will take your hat off as you ride by. He catches in it not only flies and cockroaches, but even small birds, such as humming-birds: one was once seen to attack a young sparrow, half-grown, and seize it by the thigh, *which it saved through*. "The savage then caught the bird by the throat, and put an end to its sufferings by cutting off its head." Nor need we wonder at these feats, when we read that the legs of this spider will cover "an ordinary breakfast-plate." This is a dreadful image, but it is doubtless drawn from experience. At Ceylon entertainments, there are more objectionable intruders than he. It is one of the penalties you have to pay in return for luxuriance of vegetation, for glory of landscape, for tropical wonders of all kinds. If you breakfasted under a tree

in Ceylon, you would probably get covered with ticks. "These live in immense numbers in the jungle, and attaching themselves to the plants by the two fore-legs, lie in wait to catch at unwary animals as they pass. A shower of these diminutive vermin will sometimes drop from a branch, if unluckily shaken, and disperse themselves over the body, each fastening on the neck, the ears, and eyelids, and inserting a barbed proboscis. They burrow with their heads pressed as far as practicable under the skin, causing a sensation of smarting, as if particles of red-hot sand had been scattered over the flesh. If torn from their hold, the suckers remain behind, and form an ulcer. The only safe expedient is to tolerate the agony of their penetration till a drop of cocoa-nut oil, or the juice of a lime, can be applied, when these little furies drop off without further ill consequences. One very large species, dappled with gray, attaches itself to the buffaloes." These creatures are more terrible to our minds than even the leeches, which in Ceylon drive horses wild, and hang in bloody tassels from men's legs, and although there is a picture in this volume of "Land-leeches in pursuit," which makes our blood run cold.

A far more unexpected creature than even a tick, however, to meet with up a tree is the *Anabas scandens*, as Cuvier calls him. A perch in a tree one is indeed familiar with, as the twig selected by a bird of the air, but a climbing perch is a real novelty. We ourselves, who are fishermen, and have had some success with the minnow, honestly own that we should be very much alarmed if a shoal of perch should ascend any tree upon which we chanced to be sitting. Our idea would certainly be that they were incited by the desire of vengeance, and not of getting water out of a hollow. Sir Emerson Tennent did not himself ever meet a perch under the above circumstances, but others have enjoyed that great advantage; among the rest, "Daldorf communicates to Sir Joseph Banks, that in the year 1791 he had taken this fish from a moist cavity in the stem of a Palmyra palm that grew near a lake. He saw it, when already five feet above the ground, struggling to ascend still higher; suspending itself by its gill-covers, and bending its tail to the left, it fixed its anal fin in the cavity of the

bark, and sought by expanding its body, to urge its way upward, and its march was only arrested by the hand with which he seized it."

As for "fish out of water" in Ceylon, they are almost as often met with as in their own element. The *Anabas scandens*, for instance, has his bones so disposed in plates and cells as to retain a supply of moisture, which, whilst he is crawling on dry land, exudes so as to keep his gills damp. "This little creature issues boldly from its native pools, and addresses itself to its toilsome march generally at night or in the early morning, whilst the grass is still damp with the dew; but in its distress, it is sometimes compelled to move by day, and Mr. E. Layard on one occasion encountered a number of them traveling along a hot and dusty road under the mid-day sun."

Descending from the trees, and committing ourselves to Ceylon *terra firma*, we find, not only on it, but under it, the most astonishing phenomena.

Fish on the king's highway (with the exception of pikes) are rare enough, but fish underground are rarer; yet it is certain that, in the dry season in Ceylon, fish secrete themselves in the earth at the bottom of the exhausted ponds, and there await the renewal of the water at the change of the monsoon. It is quite usual in parts of the country which are flat, and where small tanks are numerous, for the natives in the hot season to dig for fish. "The clay," says an eye-witness, on one of these occasions, "was firm but moist, and as the men flung out lumps of it with a spade, it fell to pieces, disclosing fish from nine to twelve inches long, which were full grown and healthy, and jumped on the bank when exposed to the sunlight." The fresh-water fish *Ampullaria glauca* is found in great quantities in the rice-fields, where it burrows in this fashion, and at a considerable depth in the mud deposits a bundle of eggs, with a white calcareous shell, to the number of a hundred or more in each group. "A knowledge of this fact was turned to prompt account by Mr. Edgar Layard when holding a judicial office at Point Pedro in 1849. A native who had been defrauded of his land, complained before him of his neighbor, who, during his absence, had removed their common landmark, diverting the original water-course, and obliterating its traces by filling it up

to a level with the rest of the field. Mr. Layard directed a trench to be sunk at the contested spot, and discovering numbers of the *Ampullaria*, the remains of the eggs and the living animal, which had been buried for months, the evidence was so resistless as to confound the wrong-doer, and terminate the suit."

Mr. Emerson Tennent appears to believe that this self-sepulture of the fish and subsequent reappearance immediately after rain, is the explanation of the so-called showers of fishes. They come from the earth, and not from the air, it seems. Alligators bury themselves in mud during the dry season in a similar manner. "At Arnetivee, in the eastern province, while riding across the parched bed of the tank, I was shown the recess, still bearing the form and impress of a crocodile, out of which the animal had been seen to emerge the day before. A story was also related to me of an officer attached to the department of the surveyor-general, who, having pitched his tent in a similar position, was disturbed during the night by feeling a movement of the earth below his bed, from which, on the following day, a crocodile emerged, making its appearance from beneath the matting." "If it was our lot to dwell in Ceylon," said we, upon reading the above narration, "we would never sleep out of a hammock." But then, we forget those Geckoes, "the most familiar of the lizard class," which, being furnished with pads to each toe, are enabled to ascend perpendicular walls, and adhere to glass and ceilings. "In a boudoir where the ladies of my family spent their evenings, one of these familiar and amusing little creatures had its hiding-place behind a gilt picture-frame. Punctually as the candles were lighted, it made its appearance on the wall, to be fed with its accustomed crumbs; and if neglected, it reiterated its sharp, quick call of *chie, chie, chit*, till attended to. It was a delicate gray color, tinged with pink; and having by accident fallen on a work-table, it fled, leaving part of its tail behind it, which, however, it reproduced within less than a month."

The geckoes, however, are welcome guests compared with the crows. All day long in Ceylon these birds are watching for offal from the kitchen, or superintending the operations of the dining-room, and as doors and windows are necessarily opened to relieve the heat, nothing is

more common than the passage of a crow across the room, lifting on the wind some ill-guarded morsel from the dinner-table. No article, however unpromising its quality, provided only it be portable, can with safety be left unguarded in any apartment accessible to them. The contents of ladies' work-boxes, kid gloves, and pocket-handkerchiefs, vanish instantly if exposed near a window or open door. They open paper parcels to ascertain the contents; they will undo the knot on a napkin if it incloses any thing eatable, and a crow has been known to extract the peg which fastened the lid of a basket in order to plunder the provender within.

"On one occasion, a nurse seated in a garden adjoining a regimental mess-room, was terrified by seeing a bloody clasp-knife drop from the air at her feet; but the mystery was explained on learning that a crow, which had been watching the cook chopping mince-meat, had seized the moment when his head was turned to carry off the knife." If one crow can not get a bone away from a dog, another will come and divert the animal's attention till his black confederate succeeds. They are as cunning as the jackals, and that is saying a great deal. The jackal having hidden his game in the jungle, will issue therefrom with an air of easy indifference, and if a man or any other enemy be in sight, will seize a cocoa-nut husk or any other worthless thing in his mouth, and fly at full speed, as if eager to carry off the pretended prize, returning for the real booty at some more convenient season.

Ceylon differs greatly from that island, the historian of which, under the head of Snakes, informs us that there are no snakes. There is scarce any place, indeed, in which you can lie down, and be quite secure of not being visited by these reptiles. They come on board the very ships off the coast, by climbing up their cables; and if the stranger be a cobra, there is this cheerful fact to be kept in mind, that its companion is perfectly certain to found in the same place.

But let us once more forget these disagreeables in the almost magic beauties that charm ear and eye, on every side, in this fair island. Beneath the waters of Lake Ballicalea, there is music nightly, as in a *café chantant*, and always most melodious and distinct when the moon is at the full. "In the evening, when the moon rose, I took a boat, and accompanied

the fishwomen to the spot. We rowed about two hundred yards north-east of the jetty by the fort-gate; there was not a breath of wind or a ripple except those caused by the dip of our oars. On coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest base. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume. The sounds varied considerably at different points as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceed was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until, on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed." These sounds are supposed to proceed from *mollusca*, called "crying-shells," and not from some Singhalese Sabrina and her mermaidens. Scarce less from fairy-land must appear the flight of flamingoes, which, from their color and military order, are called by the natives "English soldier birds;" their strong wings beating the air with a sound like thunder, and as they soar overhead, the flock which appeared almost white but a moment before, converted into crimson by the sudden display of the red lining of their wings.

But neither beast nor bird in Ceylon, beautiful and singular as they are, can compare in rarity and splendor with its insects. "In the solitude of the forests, there is a perpetual music from their soothing and melodious hum, which frequently swells to a startling sound as the cicada trills his sonorous drum on the sunny bark of some tall tree. At morning, the dew hangs in diamond drops on the threads and gossamer which the spiders suspend across every pathway; and above the pool, dragon-flies of more than metallic lustre flash in the early sunbeams. The earth teems with countless ants, which emerge from beneath its surface, or make their devious highways, to ascend to their nests in the trees. Lustrous beetles with their golden elytra bask on the leaves, whilst minuter species dash through the air in circles which the ear can follow by

the booming of their tiny wings. Butterflies of large size and gorgeous coloring flutter over the endless expanse of flowers, and at times the extraordinary sight presents itself of flights of these delicate creatures, generally of a white or pale-yellow hue, apparently miles in breadth, and of such prodigious extension as to occupy hours and even days uninterruptedly in their passage—whence coming, no one knows; whither going, no one can tell. As day declines, the moths issue from their retreats, the crickets add their shrill voices to swell the din; and when darkness descends, the eye is charmed with the millions of emerald lamps lighted up by the fire-flies amidst the surrounding gloom."

This charming book concludes with an account of the Rotifer, a singular creature, which, though it can only truly live in

water, inhabits the moss on housetops, diving each time the sun dries up its place of retreat, to revive as often as a shower of rain supplies it with the moisture essential to its existence; thus employing several years to exhaust the eighteen days of life which nature has allotted to it. One savant kept some dead rotifera for twenty-seven years without moistening in any way the substance in which they lay, and at the end of that time they recovered upon being immersed in a little water. This must surely have been more satisfactory to them than if they had lived their little span of life all at once.

If we ourselves, like rotifera, were limited to but eighteen days of existence, we can only say in conclusion, that, if we had the choice, we would elect to pass one of them at least in company with Sir Emerson Tennent's *Natural History of Ceylon*.

S K E T C H O F G E N E R A L W O L F E .

As the name of this military hero has immortalized the Battle of Quebec, in which he lost his life, as represented in the plate which embellishes our present number, a brief sketch of him will impart additional interest to the plate and the battle-scene.

GENERAL JAMES WOLFE was born at Westerham, Kent, January, 1726, son of lieutenant-general Edward Wolfe. He early embraced the military profession, and distinguished himself at the battle of la Feldt, and was present afterward at every engagement during the war, and every where gathered fresh laurels by his valor, coolness, and judgment. At the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, instead of resigning himself to indolence and pleasure, he devoted himself more assiduously to military labors, and when lieutenant-colonel of Kingsley's regiment, he introduced such order and discipline in the corps, that the gallant conduct of the soldiers in the plains of Minden is proverbial to this day. These great talents did not long remain in obscurity; when Mr. Pitt

was placed at the head of affairs, the genius of Wolfe was called forth to execute his gigantic plans. Though the meditated attack on Rochfort was abandoned, the fall of Louisburgh displayed to the admiration of the nation the abilities of their favorite general, who was immediately after selected, 1759, for the command of the expedition against Quebec. In this bold enterprise, the many difficulties from situation and from superior numbers, were quickly surmounted by perseverance and by military stratagem, and the English troops, permitted to face their enemy, triumphed over all opposition; but in the moment of victory the conqueror received a ball through his wrist; yet, disregarding the wound, he animated his men to battle. A second ball, a few minutes after, shot him through the body, and rendered it necessary to carry him off to the rear of the troops. In the last agonies his attention was roused by the cry, "They run!" and eagerly inquiring who ran, he no sooner heard the reply, "The defeated French," than he exclaimed,



the original by Douglass

for the Editor

engraved by John Sartain, Phila.

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE, AT QUEBEC, 1759.

"Then I thank God, and I die contented," and instantly expired, thirteenth September, 1759. His remains were carried to England, and buried with becoming pomp in Westminster Abbey, where a splendid monument was erected by the nation to his honor. His death forms the subject of a beautiful painting by West, which has been engraved in a masterly manner by Sartain. To the great abilities of the general, to steadiness, strength, and activity of mind, Wolfe united the milder virtues of life, sincerity and candor, a quick sense of honor, of justice, and public liberty. While he bore the meed of superiority in constitutional courage, in penetration, in cool judgment, and in unshaken presence of mind, he was equally admired and respected for beneficence and charity, and the estimation of the great was accompanied by the love of the soldiery and the gratitude of the poor.

BENJAMIN WEST'S PICTURE.

THE DEATH OF GEN. WOLFE.

[As there is both a historic and artistic interest connected with the picture from which this engraved embellishment is copied, we take pleasure in presenting an account of the picture, with some curious reminiscences of the olden time, from the pen of Mr. John Sartain, the accomplished artist, whose admired talents and skill have furnished so many rich embellishments for the *ECLECTIC* in past years, as follows:]

The subject which has been chosen as the embellishment to the present number of the *ECLECTIC* is remarkable, not only on account of its merit as a composition, but because it became the means of effecting a great revolution in the practice of historical painting in the particular of costume. The work is by the American artist West, and was produced in England about the year 1766. Down to that period it was the invariable custom to represent the men and women who figured in events of modern times, as clothed, not in the garments worn in the epoch in which they lived and acted, but in that of the Greeks or Romans. This was deemed indispensable, in order to impart the necessary dignity. Although modern action might be heroic, they thought it impossible to

appear so, unless the outward man wore the habiliments of the ancients.

But West had the good sense to hesitate before committing himself to so great an absurdity as the portraying of actors in an event occurring in 1759, in America, as so many Greeks of some two thousand years ago. Accordingly, he ventured on the hazardous experiment of running directly counter to the prevailing taste of his day, and of presenting the scene on his canvas just as it might be supposed to have really appeared to an eye-witness. Any man less calm and self-possessed would hardly have persevered, in the face of so many ominous warnings as met our Pennsylvania Quaker artist, as soon as it became known that he was about to plunge into so startling an innovation. He held on his course, however, and succeeded in breaking through the shackles of a stupid and absurd mode, and produced, in his own way, a picture that came to be considered as one of the very finest historical pictures in England. So powerful and contagious is the force of habit, that even the sagacious and philosophic Reynolds declared that this attempt of West's to paint modern heroes in modern dress must prove a failure. After the work was finished, he went to see it. Having sat before the painting for perhaps half an hour, in silence, he arose, saying: "West has conquered. I retract my objection. He has treated the subject as it ought to be treated, and I foresee that this picture will not only become highly popular, but will be the cause of a revolution in art." "I wish," said the King, "that I had known all this before, for the objections made have been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture. But you shall make a copy for me." Whether this copy was ever made does not clearly appear.

It is a striking and singular fact, and one that illustrates the perverse inconsistency of fashion, that at the very time when the painters were representing on canvas modern heroes in the dress of the past, the dramatic representations on the stage paraded the heroes of the past in the ungraceful dress of the moderns. Thus, Garrick played Macbeth in powdered wig, embroidered coat and waistcoat, knee-breeches of black silk, white silk stockings, and the ordinary shoe with large silver buckles on the instep—just the dress in which his successors act Sir

Peter Teazle. Poor Desdemona stalked about the stage in alarmingly high-heeled satin shoes, a hideous deformity over the hips, called hoops, and looking like shelves made to rest the elbows on, while a lofty structure of whalebone and other material erected on the head supported the powdered hair. It was reserved for John Philip Kemble to reform all this in his art in one direction, as West had done for painting in the opposite one.

When West arrived in England in 1763, there was not taste and encouragement enough in all that country for the support of one historical painter. The Bishop of York, for whom West had painted a picture illustrating a passage in Tacitus—"Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus"—was deeply impressed with the young painter's talents in the highest department of art, and tried to raise by subscription a sufficient sum of money to free him from the necessity of painting portraits, hoping thus to begin the building up a school of historic art. The attempt failing, he applied to the King, then free from cares. The acquaintance was a fortunate one. He received a commission for a picture, which was followed by numerous others, and they continued on terms of the most friendly intimate familiarity for more than half a century, during all which time he was constantly engaged on royal orders, and would have been till his death but for the King's loss of reason. When this calamity occurred, the intrepid old man commenced the series of great paintings, of which the "Christ Rejected" and "Death on the Pale Horse" form a part. The latter work is the property of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, which institution possesses also his picture of "Paul and Silas Preaching." Numerous other productions of his pencil are in the same city, the most important being the famous picture of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," long in the possession of the Penn family at Stoke, in England, from whom it was purchased by Mr. Joseph Harrison some ten or twelve years since, and it may now be seen in the gallery of that gentleman. The Boston Athenæum owns a very fine specimen in the "King Lear in the Storm," which, by the way, was changed into that subject, after having been commenced for another, totally different.

For George III. he planned, and in great part executed, a magnificent series of pictures on the progress of Revealed Religion, which he divided into four classes—the Antediluvian, the Patriarchal, the Mosaical, and the Prophetical; in all, thirty-six subjects, an equal number being taken from the Old and the New Testaments. Eight only remained to be painted of this surprising work, when the derangement of his patron's mind arrested his pencil. He was informed by the new authority that the works painting for the royal chapel must be suspended, and he found that the customary quarterly installments in which he had received his thousand pounds a year on account of the works in progress, had been stopped also. It was evident that the Prince Regent—afterward George IV.—was unfavorably disposed toward West and his works. When he became king, and was amusing himself with alterations in Windsor Castle, he was about to consign to the lumber-room all the pictures by West with which one of the apartments was filled. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the artist, courtly as he was, ventured to remonstrate, declaring that there was not a painter then living capable of supplying their place with works of equal merit; so they were allowed to remain.

West and his patron were both born in the same year, and both died in 1820, within two months of each other, at the advanced age of eighty-two. After the painter's death, a three days' sale of his pictures produced about twenty-five thousand pounds. He had received from the King a trifle over thirty-four thousand pounds, and from different individuals probably about six thousand pounds more. In all, say something under two hundred thousand dollars. This, sum, obtained during his life, was hardly an adequate compensation for so much skill and labor exerted assiduously for nearly sixty years. A curious calculation has shown, that were all his works collected together, it would require a gallery eight hundred feet long, fifty feet broad, and twenty feet high, to contain them.

West's style of composition was noble and dignified. Some of his works are so well disposed in every respect, that it is difficult to imagine how they could be improved, and his facility in planning the general construction of a picture is perfectly surprising. What they are chiefly

deficient in its *intensity*; they command admiration, but do not thrill you as some others do—Allston or Haydon, for example. They never violate the supposed proprieties of art; are full of learned lines and graceful or happy thoughts; but they fail to awaken enthusiasm, except in a very feeble degree. His great facility in composition proved detrimental to him, for it was one inducement to pass too soon from a great work not fully elaborated and developed, to the commencement of another, to be left in its turn in like manner. Hence he painted too thin, and the natural sinking of the colors has

allowed the original outline drawn on the bare canvas to reappear conspicuously. This applies, however, chiefly to his later works. The "Penn's Treaty," "Lear in the Storm," and others, are well loaded with color throughout the light masses. Washington Allston, who was as just and impartial as he was competent to sit in judgment, said that "of late years West had been placed by the public as much below his true place in the scale of merit, as, in the earlier part of his career, he had been esteemed above it." This also expresses the opinion of J. S.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

THE nation has just sustained the greatest loss that could possibly have fallen upon it. Prince Albert, who a week ago gave every promise that his valuable life would be lengthened to a period long enough to enable him to enjoy, even in this world, the fruit of a virtuous youth and a well-spent manhood, the affection of a devoted wife and of a family of which any father might well be proud—this man, the very center of our social system, the pillar of our state, is suddenly snatched from us, without even warning sufficient to prepare us for such a blow so abrupt and so terrible. We shall need time fully to appreciate the magnitude of the loss we have sustained. Every day will make us more conscious of it. It is not merely a prominent figure that will be missed on all public occasions; not merely a death that will cast a permanent gloom over a reign hitherto so joyous and prosperous; it is the loss of a public man whose services to this country, though rendered neither in the field of battle nor in the arena of crowded assemblies, have yet been of inestimable value to this nation—a man to whom more than any one else we owe the happy state of our internal polity, and a degree of general contentment to which neither we nor any other nation we know of ever attained before.

Twenty-one years have just elapsed since Queen Victoria gave her hand in

marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe Gotha. It was an auspicious event, and reality has more than surpassed all prognostics, however favorable. The Royal marriage has been blessed with a numerous offspring. So far as it is permitted to the public to know the domestic lives of sovereigns, the people of these islands could set up no better model of the performance of the duties of a wife and mother than their Queen; no more complete pattern of a devoted husband and father than her Consort. These are not mere words of course. We write in an age and in a country in which the highest position would not have availed to screen the most elevated delinquent. They are simply the records of a truth perfectly understood and recognized by the English people.

It has been the misfortune of most royal personages that their education has been below the dignity of their position. Cut off by their rank from intimate association with young persons of the same age, they have often had occasion bitterly to lament that the same fortune which raised them above the nobility in station had sunk them below them in knowledge and acquirements. Thanks to the cultivated mind and sterling good sense of the Prince Consort, no such charge will be brought against the present generation of the royal family of England. Possessing talents of the first order, cultivated

and refined by diligent and successful study, the Prince has watched over the education of his children with an assiduity commensurate with the greatness of the trust, and destined, we doubt not, to bear fruit in the future stability of our reigning family and its firm hold on the affections of the people. Had Prince Albert done no more than this, had he limited his ambition to securing the happiness of his wife and children, this country, considering who his wife and children are, would have owed him a debt which the rank he occupies among us, and the material and social advantages attached to it, would have been quite adequate to repay. But there is much more which the Prince has done for us. It was a singular piece of fortune that the Queen should find in a young man of twenty years of age one whom a sudden and unlooked-for elevation could not elate, nor all the temptations of a splendid Court and a luxurious Capital seduce; who kept the faith he had pledged with simple and unwavering fidelity, and in the heyday of youth ruled his passions and left no duty unperformed. But it is still more singular that in this untried youth, the Queen should have found an adviser of the utmost sagacity, a statesman of the rarest ability and honesty of purpose. Perhaps all history can not afford an instance of the performance of high and irresponsible but strictly limited duties, with a dignity and singleness of intention comparable to that which has made illustrious the reign of Queen Victoria.

Her Majesty found in her husband a wise and true counselor, and rose far superior to the petty jealousy which might have prevented a mind of less elevated cast from availing itself of such invaluable services. The result has been a period of progress and prosperity quite unequalled even in what may fairly be called the happy and glorious history of England. The rancor of contending parties has never assailed the Crown, because all have felt alike that they were treated with the most loyal impartiality. Any one who would thoroughly appreciate the degree of merit which this impartiality implies should study the history of our colonies under their constitutional government, and observe how impossible the ablest governors have found it to maintain that impartiality between rival leaders which during

the reign of the Queen has never been forgotten for a moment. If faction has almost died away among us, if the nation is united as it never was united before, it is because every shade of opinion has had full and fair play, and the powers of government have not been perverted to oppress one side or unduly to elevate the other. In the Prince, notwithstanding his German education, we have had as true an Englishman as the most patriotic native of these islands. He has had the sagacity to see and feel that the interests of his family and his dynasty had claims upon him superior to any other, and at no period has our foreign policy been less subject to the imputation of subservience to foreign interests and relations than during the last twenty years.

We have hitherto spoken of the manner in which the Prince has acquitted himself of the duties which may be said to have been cast upon him in virtue of his position as husband to the Queen. We have yet to speak of another duty which he may be said to have assumed of his own accord. As a foreigner of cultivated taste and clear judgment, he saw defects in us which our insular pride probably had prevented us from discerning in ourselves. He saw that our manufactures, with all their cheapness and durability, were strangely wanting in the graces of color and form, and that the whole life of the nation, public and private, had something of a sordid and material tint. The Prince set himself to correct these evils with indefatigable diligence. He labored to create the Great Exhibition of 1851, and has been the principal patron of those public establishments which are giving a new impulse to the Arts of Design, and are probably destined to regenerate the taste of the country, and bring our powers of decoration to a level with our astonishing fertility of creation. Even now there is rising under his auspices, in a suburb of this metropolis, a building destined to receive the products of the industry of all nations, and to give, we doubt not, a fresh impulse to the creation of whatever may serve for the use and enjoyment of mankind.

It is not too much to say that for the last twenty-four hours the public has been stupefied by the calamity which has befallen the highly-gifted man who has been

for so many years the Consort of the sovereign. Nor will the intense feelings called forth by the event be confined to these islands. Wherever throughout the world the character and influence of the Prince Consort are understood, there will be regret and pity, astonishment and speculation, to the full as much as among ourselves. For her majesty the deepest sympathy will be felt on every side. The life of the Queen and her husband for nearly twenty-two years was so calm and happy and domestic, that we had been accustomed to look upon them as realizing that ideal of earthly happiness which, it is said, seldom falls to the lot of princes. Until within a few months no severe family loss had troubled the Queen. All her children had lived; she had seen her eldest daughter married to the heir of a great monarchy; another daughter was about to form an alliance prompted by mutual affection. But in the loss of her devoted husband a dreadful blow has indeed fallen upon our sovereign. The world in general knew that in public affairs her majesty consulted her husband, but it hardly appreciated how constant were the services, how unwearied the attentions, which this position of the Prince Consort involved. For years he hardly ever stirred from the side of the Queen; and, knowing how much the direction of a large family, the management of a great court, and the administration of public affairs must tax her strength, he gave her his help with an energy, an acuteness, a tenderness, and a solicitude of which there are few examples. He has been cut off just when his mind was most vigorous, his experience verging on completeness, when his children are at the age when a father's authority is more than ever necessary, and—by a singular fatality—at a moment when the country is threatened with a most terrible conflict.

The Prince Consort was taken ill some twelve days since. Symptoms of fever, accompanied by a general indisposition, made their appearance. For some days the complaint was not considered to be serious, but from the early part of last week the medical men in attendance and the persons about the court began to feel anxious. It became evident that, even if the disorder did not take a dangerous turn, a debilitating sickness would at least confine the Prince for some time to the palace. It need not be said that no statement was made which could un-

necessarily alarm her majesty or the public. It was not till Wednesday, when the fever had gained head and the patient was much weakened, that the first bulletin was issued, and even then it was said that the symptoms were not unfavorable. It is said that as early as Wednesday morning the Prince expressed his belief that he should not recover. On Thursday no material change took place in his condition, and on Friday morning the Queen took a drive, having at that time no suspicion of immediate danger. When, however, her majesty returned to the Castle, the extremities of the patient were already cold, so sudden had been the fresh access of the disorder. The alarming bulletin of Friday was then published. From that time the state of the Prince was one of the greatest danger. On Friday evening it was thought probable that he would not survive the night, and the Prince of Wales, who had been telegraphed for to Cambridge, arrived at the Castle by special train about three o'clock on Saturday morning. All night the Prince continued very ill, but in the forenoon of Saturday a change for the better took place. Unhappily, it was only the rally which so often precedes dissolution; but it gave great hopes to the eminent physicians in attendance, and was communicated to the public as soon as possible. The ray of hope was fated soon to be quenched. About four o'clock in the afternoon, a relapse took place, and the Prince, who from the time of his severe seizure on Friday had been sustained by stimulants, began gradually to sink. It was half-past four when the last bulletin was issued, announcing that the patient was in a critical state. From that time there was no hope. When the improvement took place on Saturday, it was agreed by the medical men that if the patient could be carried over one more night his life would in all probability be saved. But the sudden failure of vital power which occurred in the afternoon frustrated these hopes. Congestion of the lungs, the result of complete exhaustion, set in, the Prince's breathing became continually shorter and feebler. Quietly, and without suffering, he continued slowly to sink, so slowly that the wrists were pulseless long before the last moment had arrived, when at a few minutes before eleven he ceased

to breathe, and all was over. The Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, their Royal Highnesses the Princess Alice and the Princess Helena, and their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Leiningen were all present when his Royal Highness expired. He was sensible, and knew the Queen to the last. The Duke of Cambridge and the following gentlemen connected with the Court were

present: General Bruce, Sir Charles Phipps, General Gray, General Bentinck, Lord Alfred Paget, Major Du Plat, General Seymour, Colonel Elphinstone, and the Dean of Windsor. An hour after and the solemn tones of the great bell of St. Paul's—a bell of evil omen—told all citizens how irreparable has been the loss of their beloved Queen, how great the loss to the country.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

LATE accounts from Italy inform us that Vesuvius was very recently in a state of more menacing activity than it has been in since it suffocated Pliny, and made a sepulcher of Pompeii. Last Sunday week, an earthquake startled the inhabitants of Torre del Greco—a town time after time destroyed, time after time rebuilt, and reinhabited by those who, when asked how they could return to move

per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso,

carelessly quoted their proverb which affirms that "The jackchain does not dread the smoke." However used to earthquake and eruption, the Torre del Grecans, a fortnight ago, rushed out in naturally dire, even though only temporary, alarm when they heard the awful subterranean rumble, and saw their houses and churches cracking and tumbling as if built of cards, the very earth gaping beneath their feet. The shock over, they rushed back to save as much of their property as they could, and the roads were soon choked with vehicles laden with furniture; but so rapid was the subsequent flight that adventurous visitors to the deserted town saw melons and other articles of food dangling outside the houses, just as strings of herrings might a short time ago be seen swaying in the wind above ingles in the ghastly gap in our High Street.

The eruption commenced. The volcano vomited forth molten stone and lurid

flame. A tall column of black smoke rose from the central crater, branched forth tree-like, and descended to earth like the shoots of the banyan. The land was strewn with ashes. The mountain thundered and fired red-hot shot, as if far more than all the artillery in the world were there engaged in deadly strife. The sun was eclipsed at Naples by the gloom which spread through the air like ink dropped into water. The purple waters of Parthenope assumed the pea-soup hue of Tennyson's "yellow sea," which laps the muddy strand of Weston-super-Mare. A thick peppering of black dust lay upon the tawny turbidity. The lava rushed along in a red torrent, desiccating vine-stalks in an instant into cinders, overthrowing a church, and submerging houses. By a sharp turn of the Pyriphlegethon, Torre del Greco was saved, but at one time fears were entertained that the fiery flood would even flow on to Naples.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—As volcanic phenomena are among the grandest exhibitions of the natural world, a few historic facts in regard to Mount Vesuvius may be acceptable, to refresh the minds of our readers, in connection with this new outburst of its power. Vesuvius, from the earliest historic records down to the year 79 of the Christian era, had remained dormant. That eruption entombed Herculaneum and Pompeii with its lava and ashes, and for sixteen hundred years all traces of those cities were lost, and discovered at

length only by accident. Since 79, there have been forty-five, or more, authenticated eruptions. The diameter of the mountain mass at its base is about eight miles. It has been estimated that four times the bulk of the mountain has been ejected by its successive eruptions. In the eruptions of 1779, jets of liquid lava were thrown up to the height of at least ten thousand feet, having the appearance of a column of fire. In 1793, millions of red-hot stones were shot up into the air, and falling back covered the cone with fire. The historian, Charles Sigonius, records that the eruption of A.D. 472 filled all Europe with ashes, and produced such alarm at Constantinople, more than six hundred and fifty miles from Vesuvius, that the Emperor Leo abandoned the city. The different eruptions have reduced the height of the mountain eight hundred feet, or blown off eight hundred feet from the top of it. Some of the eruptions have opened a communication with the sea and the volcano. In 1631, the sea receded twelve paces, and left vessels aground; and in 1698, on the return of the sea, large quantities of shells half-burnt were found along the shore. Hot sea-water, fishes, shells, and sea-weed were ejected from the mountain.

The pure lava is a sort of liquid fire, of the consistence of melted glass. When the volcano is moderately active, the river of lava runs out through a subterranean channel, about half-way up the mountain. We spent a night on Mount Vesuvius, a few years ago, when it was in an active state, and saw a river of fire flowing out, and the burning lake formed by it a mile and a half long, and a mile in width. Once in a few minutes the throat of the crater became choked up, and then the jets of melted lava would be thrown up two hundred feet above the summit. We stood on the cone, and looked over into the crater, and watched with absorbing interest the grand phenomena. The mountain under our feet was trembling and shaking with the internal concussions. Its activity lasted eight or nine days. The guides informed us that when the crater becomes choked up so as to prevent the outflowing of the lava, an earthquake is sure to follow. The south of the kingdom of Naples abounds in the ruins of ancient cities and villages, whose names have nearly perished. Sicily, formerly united to the continent of

Naples, lost by one earthquake—that of 1693—forty-nine towns and villages, nine hundred and twenty-two churches, colleges, and convents, and ninety-three thousand persons buried in the ruins. These historic facts, of which there are a multitude more like them, may add interest to the account of the recent eruption as above narrated. The village of Torre del Greco is three miles from the mountain, near the shore.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

(From the London Times.)

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

NAPLES, Dec. 10th.

I returned too late from Torre del Greco to give you a detailed description of the eruption of Vesuvius by yesterday's post, so, leaving for the present all the petty jealousies of the Neapolitans, let me to-day give you fully the report of what I heard and saw on the spot. From Naples little is seen excepting these grand columns of smoke which rise gigantically into the air, and which, according to as close a measurement as could be made, were calculated—that from the lower mouths at ten thousand feet, and that from the upper crater at three thousand feet in height. Our streets are free from the dust of the mountain, and though for some time after the sun rose it appeared to be in a state of eclipse, yet, to witness all the wonders of the spectacle, it is necessary to leave the capital and visit the site of the disaster.

From the confines of the city to Torre del Greco, one passes between two lines of a curious population, who have turned out to see the crowds who flock down to Torre del Greco. The wind blows off the mountain due north and south, so that, until you get just under the column, you are not exposed to the shower of dust which falls thickly and constantly, almost blinding one, and certainly not conducing to easy respiration. On arriving at the devoted little town, which numbers, by the by, twenty-two thousand souls, I found the place, except at the station, almost deserted. Every house was abandoned, and, as proving how rapid was the flight, melons and other articles still hung suspended outside the windows. At the station, there was a vast crowd of persons, some of the last lingering inhabitants,

with beds and other articles of furniture, anxious to be off; others consisting of the Bersaglieri and Nationals, who remained to guard the place, for misfortune is no protection against the hordes of thieves who just at present drive a thriving trade in the neighborhood.

The first thing which strikes the eye is the blackened appearance of every object, the fine dust, which had fallen in heavy showers, lying four and a half inches in depth in the streets and on the tops of the houses. Some of these were cracked horizontally across the flat roofs, and others perpendicularly, but it is not until you turn off to the left, a little beyond the station, that the full amount of the damage is to be witnessed. From this point, ascending the mountain, a number of houses are passed which have been most materially injured, from four hundred to five hundred in all, and rendered to a certain extent unsafe. At one house in particular, a handsome building, too, the proprietor, who had returned for some articles which he had left behind, was breaking the windows to get in, entrance by the doorway being impossible. I shall here insert the report which was sent to me yesterday morning by Giovanni Cozzolino, the principal guide of the mountain, as it will explain precisely the site where the mouths which are now vomiting forth fire, smoke, and lava, have been formed:

"On the eighth instant, at about a quarter past eleven A.M., a great trembling of the ground was felt at Torre del Greco, which continued at intervals of from five to ten minutes. The population were in great alarm, expecting an earthquake. At Resina this tremulous motion was felt, though not so strongly, about mid-day. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon a large opening was made in the ground above Torre del Greco, and a half a mile lower than the crater of 1774, and the first cone was formed underneath the house of Francesco Cruci. This house was thrown into the air, as were four others in a Masseria close by. The lava has arrived (on the morning of the ninth) at about a quarter of an hour's walk above the monastery of the Cappucini, (which has been destroyed,) and is about a half a mile in breadth. All the houses in Torre have fissures in them, and the population have fled to Naples. At the time that the new cones were formed, the top of

the mountain was tranquil, but about two o'clock in the morning, the grand crater at the summit burst out with a tremendous noise, throwing stones and ashes to a great height. Every effort of this kind is accompanied by a sound as of thunder. One of the guides, called Gennarino Sannino, while attempting to get a piece of the red-hot lava in which to put a coin, was killed on the spot by a stone which fell upon his head."

The report is meager, erroneous in some instances, and some of the details have been modified by what has since taken place. The road and the streets by which you approach the principal point of interest are in many places opened; and at the place alluded to by the guide, there are not one only, but two considerable cones and several smaller ones; indeed, in many places there are indications of the crust of the earth giving way to subterranean fires. The principal of these cones is an ellipse, and both at first sent out a body of lava, which threatened Torre del Greco with rapid destruction. One of those happy elevations which so often change the course of the current, divided it into two streams, flowing down on either side. The opening of the main crater, too, at two o'clock A.M. of Monday morning, diminished the violence of the lower stream, and possibly saved the town.

Last night the view which presented itself from my windows was very grand; the black column rose majestically, and was then carried off by the wind far over the sea, while forked lightning, as it were, and brilliant lights, such as those of Roman candles, played about the crater. This morning the volumes of smoke are rising and rolling one over another in grand involutions, while the eastern sun behind them gives hues which it is difficult to describe. Beyond the pall which hangs over the sea it is impossible to see any thing, except when an opening is made by a gust of wind, and then one sees a picture of Sorrento or Capri hung in the center of a deep black cloud.

I think much property will be destroyed, though not many lives, as all have escaped. What is ruin, however, to many, is prosperity to others, and there are many here who are calculating on a good season at last—on full hotels and much profit.

Dec. 11th.—Vesuvius, though still active, has much diminished in violence—a

fact to be regretted rather than otherwise, as the probability of earthquakes increases. Yesterday morning several violent shocks were felt, and still greater damage inflicted on the town and neighbor-

hood. I am just going over, but shall have no time to report to-day. Another person has been killed by falling into the lava, which rose on Monday morning to the height of twenty-eight palms.

From Chambers's Journal.

OLD ENGLISH PRIVATEERS.

UNTIL very lately, for more than two centuries, the Admiralty of every maritime nation has granted "letters of marque," or commissions to private individuals for arming and equipping vessels to assist in carrying on a war by distressing the enemy's commerce. All prizes so taken, according to the usual regulation, became the property of the privateer-owners, to be divided between them and the ship's company. Unless protected by such commissions, the crews of foreign letters of marque, in the event of capture, were liable to be treated as pirates, instead of experiencing, as is the rule, the ordinary fate of prisoners of war. Our own countrymen were subject to the same rule by our own cruisers, when not furnished with the requisite papers from the English Admiralty. Privateers likewise gave security that they would not attempt any thing against the law of nations; as, for example, to assault an enemy lying in any port or haven under the protection of a prince or republic, whether friend, ally, or neutral, for the peace of such places must be inviolable. If England was at war with confederate powers, a separate commission was required for each; otherwise, if a captain carrying one only against the Danes, should in his course meet with and capture a Frenchman, his prize would not be good, and would be taken from him by the first man-of-war of his own nation that met with him. Formerly, the proceeds of privateering were divided into five parts: four going the merchant fitting out the rover, and a fifth to the Crown; hence the origin

of a phrase now little understood, namely, "The King's Fifths." Where a vessel had struck, and was secured, the hatches were immediately spiked up, and the lading and furniture guarded from embezzlement. Great care was taken to secure all her papers, especially her commission, if she also proved to be a privateer, with a number of captures in possession. If no legal commission was discovered aboard, all the prisoners were to be landed in England, and examined before a magistrate, in order to their condemnation as corsairs. When merchant-vessels captured by an enemy's privateers were retaken by those of their own nation, the owners paid one sixth of the value to the officers and men of the rescuing vessel. When an English privateer captured one of the enemy, the Admiralty paid five pounds to every man on board previous to the commencement of the action. So a slaver in the present day being adjudged a pirate, a similar sum per head is paid to the crew of her Majesty's ships taking her; but the slaver herself, having all her sails hoisted, is sometimes allowed to drift and dash ashore upon the cliffs of the harbor where she has been adjudged a prize.

Men of Liverpool, and Bristol citizens, how much your octogenarian merchant-princes gloat over the memory of these fleshpots of Egypt, privateering and slave-dealing, once your staple occupation! The latter, by the by, they distinguished as "a roaring African trade," and rather plumed themselves upon it, although Burke had anathematized them, declar-

ing "that the very bricks of their houses were cemented with human blood!" Nor was this passionate outbreak a merely splendid rhetorical exaggeration. As far back as 1732, more than eighty years before the abolition, Liverpool in one year procured 22,720 slaves, the net profit on whom amounted to £214,617.

But to return to our sea-rovers. We are bound in fairness to admit that privateering is but a legalized piracy; yet, offering splendid visions of wealth and luxury, to be won by the sword and good right arm of the bold and enterprising, it can scarcely, in the event of a general war, remain in abeyance; other nations would revive the practice, and we must follow in self-defense. The people of Liverpool, during the late war, did a large amount of business in this way also. Their commerce was imperiled by a swarm of French letters of marque constantly cruising outside the port. Her merchants signed a "round robin," addressed to the editor of the "leading journal," calling on him to discontinue the publication of a list of vessels loading for foreign neutral ports. Rates of insurance on vessels bound to Jamaica rose to twelve per cent; from Jamaica to Cowes, twenty guineas; from Liverpool to Gibraltar, twenty guineas; from Newfoundland to the Mediterranean, twenty-five guineas per cent. These charges were almost, if not altogether, ruinous to commerce, so the merchants took to privateering. They armed and equipped nearly 200 vessels, the burden of which amounted to 12,800 tons, carrying 1300 guns, and 10,000 seamen. This formidable armament not only swept the seas of our foes, but, by the capture of rich prizes east and west, enabled Liverpool to uphold its credit and extend its trade.

The Anson privateer, of 150 tons and 100 men, was the first that left Liverpool; the Brave Blakeney followed. These two gave a very satisfactory account of their French foes at the very beginning of their first cruise, the Anson returning in a fortnight with two West-Indiamen worth £15,000. They afterward brought in a large French East-Indiaman, named the Carnatic, on board of which was discovered a box of diamonds.

The chance of acquiring such immense wealth animated the sailors with a valor

and daring, the mere reputation of which sometimes made their foes an unresisting prize. In the beginning of 1779, the Dragon, Liverpool privateer, brought to action *La Modeste*, a vessel of the same profession. The latter, after one broadside, hauled down her colors. As she struck, the sea ran so high that boarding was impossible. As soon as the weather abated, they made an attempt to man their prize, in which all the boats belonging to either ship were stove. The impatience of the English being now uncontrollable, regardless of danger, five men stripped, leaped into the raging waves, swam to the French ship, and took possession. Five naked men on guard over an armed crew of more than two hundred! "Parbleu!" shouted the French skipper; "none but Englishmen would have conceived, much less carry into execution, such a mad-brained feat."

Besides Liverpool, the great commercial seaport of Bristol had its full share of gainful privateering. Two famous private armed ships, the *Duke* and *Duchess*, commanded by the renowned Captain Woodes Rogers, sailed thence to the Pacific, and after causing immense destruction to the Spanish trade and settlements, returned to Bristol with many prizes, his own ships having on board ingots of gold and silver, plate, coin, jewels, silks, and other rich spoils of that tropical land. The owners of the *Duke* and *Duchess*, although "peace-at-any-price Quakers," gave a practical recognition of the then political axiom, "There's no peace beyond the Line;" for without allowing the crews a chance of "spending like asses what they had worked for like horses," they at once dispatched them in search of a fresh booty. Amongst this was a Spanish brig, the *Marquess*, in which, stowed away with much valuable cargo, the Englishmen found five hundred bales of Popish indulgences, "sixteen reams in a bale," consigned to the South-American priests, who retailed them at prices varying from fifty pieces of eight down to three reals each, according to the purchaser's means and rank. "We threw most of them overboard, to make room for better goods," laconically remarks the captain, "except what we kept to burn the pitch off the ships' bottoms, when wanting to careen them."

About this time, likewise, the Duke and Prince Frederick, usually called the "family privateers," brought into King-road, at the mouth of Bristol river, two prizes, laden with 1093 chests of silver, worth upwards of three-quarters of a million sterling, besides five chests of wrought plate, many tons of cocoa, the model of a church in pure gold, and other costly items. The captors, desirous of conveying this rich spoil to London, but afraid to venture round on account of the many French cruisers in the English Channel, sent the treasure to London in forty-five wagons, guarded by the crew. After its arrival, the owners contrived to get all the seamen

kidnapped, and sent off as slaves to the Indian plantations—a not uncommon practice of the time. Few of these poor fellows returned, and the whole prize-money was retained by their villainous employers. After a lapse of some years, a suit in Chancery began on behalf of those few who got home again, which in the memory of persons living was still undecided. At that time, eight or ten individuals, grand-children of the crews of the "family privateers," and entitled to a very large sum of money, were living in St. Paneras Poor-house, or supporting themselves by retailing fruit about London streets.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

MEMOIR, LETTERS AND REMAINS OF ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated from the French, with large additions. In two volumes. Vol. I. 430 pages; Vol. II. 442 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

DE TOCQUEVILLE was a remarkable man and a rare genius. His works, his travels, his journeyings and sojournings, are a rich addition to the treasures of literature. "His letters are valuable as sources of information and instruction, and above all as a moral study. The depth and seriousness of his mind, combined with an almost feminine grace and delicacy, the elevation which pervaded his whole character, and which breathes in nearly every sentence that he wrote, will be peculiarly appreciated by an English reader." This is high praise, but the commendation is merited. It is a strong mark of excellence, that its pages are not stained or marred with poisoned moral sentiment. The travels of our author extended to Italy and Sicily, and over a great portion of the United States and Canada. He is an agreeable and instructive traveler, and his power of description simple and beautiful.

Volume II. comprises some two hundred and twenty-five letters addressed to many persons of celebrity, imparting a large amount of instruction and information on a great variety of subjects.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMPSON, D.D., twenty-five years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With Maps, Engravings, etc. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

BIBLE history, Bible illustrations, and Bible scenes are sources of inexhaustible study and in-

struction. Every traveler, every visitor to those sacred localities who contributes to make them better known and appreciated, renders a useful and important service to mankind. Dr. Thompson has well performed his task, and improved his opportunities. For a quarter of a century he has resided amid the scenes and scenery to be described, and from midday to midnight, in winter and in summer, has gazed upon them with a joyous enthusiasm that never tired. The long sojourn, and the patient observation and research, are embodied in these attractive volumes.

The numerous engraved illustrations, presenting the forms of beasts, birds, reptiles, trees, plants, and many other objects, animate and inanimate, which are spoken of or alluded to in the sacred writings, are exceedingly interesting and instructive to the reader and the student of the Bible. We are ever ready to welcome and commend books which have for their object the elucidation of Bible truths or Bible lands. The reader will find Dr. Thompson's book an excellent guide to conduct him over the scenes of sacred history, while he remains reading by his own fireside, at his own home.

A "ROGUE ELEPHANT."—The natives have their stories about these rogues, and the following, taken down from the narrator's lips, is worth quotation:

"In 1847 or 1848 I was a superintendent of a cocoa-nut estate belonging to Mr. Armitage, situated about twelve miles from Negombo. A rogue elephant did considerable injury to the estate at that time; and one day, hearing that it was then on the plantation, a Mr. Lindsay, an Englishman, who was proprietor of the adjoining property, and myself, accompanied by seven or eight people of the neighboring village, went out, carrying with us six rifles

loaded and primed. We continued to walk along a path which, near one of its turns, had some bushes on one side. We had calculated to come up with the brute where it had been seen half an hour before; but no sooner had one of our men, who was walking foremost, seen the animal at the distance of some fifteen or twenty fathoms, than he exclaimed: 'There! there!' and immediately took to his heels, and we all followed his example. The elephant did not see us until we had run some fifteen or twenty paces from the spot where we turned, when he gave us chase, screaming frightfully as he came on. The Englishman managed to climb a tree, and the rest of my companions did the same; as for myself I could not, although I made one or two superhuman efforts. But there was no time to be lost. The elephant was running at me with his trunk bent down in a curve toward the ground. At this critical moment Mr. Lindsay held out his foot to me, with the help of which and then of the branches of the tree, which were three or four feet above my head, I managed to scramble up to a branch. The elephant came directly to the tree and attempted to force it down, which he could not. He first coiled his trunk round the stem, and pulled it with all his might, but with no effect. He then applied his head to the tree, and pushed it for several minutes, but with no better success. He then trampled with his feet all the projecting roots, moving, as he did so, several times round and round the tree. Lastly, failing in all this, and seeing a pile of timber, which I had lately cut, at a short distance from us, he removed it all, (thirty-six pieces,) one at a time, to the root of the tree, and piled them up in a regular business-like manner; then placing his hind feet on this, he raised the fore part of his body, and reached out his trunk; but still he could not touch us, as we were too far above him. The Englishman then fired, and the ball took effect somewhere on the elephant's head, but did not kill him. It made him only the more furious. The next shot, however, leveled him to the ground. I afterward brought the skull of the animal to Colombo, and it is still to be seen at the House of Mr. Armitage."—*Tennent's "Ceylon."*

THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

BY FREDERICK TENNTSON.

Let us speak low; the infant is asleep;
The frosty hills grow sharp; the day is near,
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep
Into the cradle of the new-born year;
Hush! the infant is asleep—
Monarch of the Day and Night;
Whisper—yet it is not light:
The infant is asleep.

Those arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow;
His closed eye shall wake to laugh and weep;
His lips shall curl with mirth and writhe with sorrow;
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep:
Softly—softly—let us keep
Our vigils; visions cross his rest;
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,
Although he be asleep.

Now, Life and Death, armed in his presence wait:
Genii with lamps are standing at the door;
Oh! he shall sing sweet songs; he shall relate
Wonder, and glory, and hopes untold before;

Murmur melodies that may creep
Into his ears, of old sublime;
Let the youngest borne of Time
Hear music in his sleep.

Quickly he shall awake: the East is bright,
And the hot glow of the unrisen sun
Hath kissed his brow with promise of its light;
His cheek is red with victory to be won.
Quickly shall our king awake,
Strong as giants, and arise;
Sager than old and wise
The infant shall awake.

His childhood shall be forward, wild and thwart;
His gladness fitful, and his anger blind;
But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart—
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and kind!
He shall give delight and take,
Charm, enchant, dismay and soothe;
Raise the dead and touch with youth:
Oh! sing that he may wake!

Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh?
Where is the armor, and his laurel crown?
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,
And win him kingdoms wider than his own!
Like the earthquake he shall shake
Cities down, and waste like fire;
Then build them stronger, pile them higher,
When he shall wake.

In the dark spheres of his unclosed eyes
The sheeted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies.
Or stream o'er thirsty deserts, winged with wars;
For in the pauses of dread hours
He shall fling his arms off,
And like a reveller sing and laugh,
And dance in ladies' bowers.

Of times in his midsummer he shall turn
To look upon the dead bloom with weeping eyes;
O'er ashes of frail beauty stand and mourn,
And kiss the bier of stricken hopes with sighs.
Of times, like light of onward seas,
He shall hail great days to come,
Or hear the first dread note of doom,
Like torrents on the breeze.

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,
With stormy sorrows, and serenest pleasures,
And his crowned age upon the top of Time
Shall throne him great in glories, rich in treasures.
The sun is up; the day is breaking;
Sing ye sweetly; draw anear;
Immortal be the new-born year,
And blessed be its waking.

MODESTY promotes worth, but conceals it; just as
leaves aid the growth of fruit, and hide it from view.

FANCY runs most furiously when a guilty conscience
drives it.

WHEN we behold a beautiful mother with lovely
children around her, we are reminded of those trees
which blossom in October, and whose fruit and blossoms
are on the bough at once.

WHEN is a lane very unlike an action of law?—
When you can see the end from the beginning?

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

The following graphic word-painting is from *The Spirits of the Midnight Hour*, by Mr. Motherwell, a poet of Scotland:

"And lo! even like a giant wights
Slumbering his battle toils away,
The sleep-locked city, gleaming bright
With many a dazzling ray,
Lies stretched in vastness at my feet;
Voiceless the chamber and the street,
And echoless the hall;
Had Death uplift his bony hand
And smote all living on the land,
No deeper quiet could fall.
In this religious calm of night,
Behold, with finger tall and bright,
Each tapering spire points to the sky,
In a fond, holy ecstasy;
Strange monuments they be of mind,
Of feelings dim and undefined,
Shaping themselves, yet not the less,
In forms of passing loveliness.

"O God! this is a holy hour:
Thy breath is o'er the land;
I feel it in each little flower
Around me where I stand,
In all the moonshine scattered fair,
Above, below me, every where,
In every dew-bead glistening sheen,
In every leaf and blade of green,
And in this silence grand and deep,
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep."

THE GORILLA CONTROVERSY.—Mr. J. B. Doyle, of Sandymount, writes to the *Times*: "It will be a singular turn to the Du Chaillu controversy if the author of the *Periplus* should turn out to be the true discoverer of the gorilla; and that more than twenty-three hundred years before the British Museum was enriched by the fine specimens contributed by Du Chaillu, the museum (if such existed) of Carthage was possessed of two skins of the female gorilla, brought home by their enterprising navigator, Hanno. Let the reader form his own opinion from the following passages taken from Falconer's translation of the Greek of the *Periplus*. Hanno, having penetrated to the southward as far as the fifth degree of north latitude, according to Bougainville's map, states:—'On the third day after our departure thence, (from the mountain called by him the Chariot of the gods,) having sailed to those streams of fire, we arrived at a bay called the Southern Bay, at the bottom of which lay an island like the former, having a lake, and in this lake another island full of savage people, the greater part of whom were women, whose bodies were hairy, and whom our interpreters called 'Gorilla.' Though we pursued the men we could not overtake any of them, but all fled from us over the precipices, defending themselves with staves. Three women were taken, but they attacked their conductors with their teeth and hands, and could not be prevailed upon to accompany us. Having killed them, we flayed them, and brought their skins to Carthage.' The really 'singular' part of this business is not that Hanno brought the skins of the so-called gorillas to Carthage, but that Mr. Doyle should be ignorant of the fact that the passage from the *Periplus*, which is to give 'a singular turn to the Du Chaillu controversy,' is quoted and commented upon in M. Du Chaillu's own book.

HAWORTH'S PERAMBULATOR AND STREET RAILWAY.

—This patent consists in the laying down of three lines of rails, the center one having a groove, in which the perambulator attached to the vehicle revolves, and thereby maintains the wheels upon the rails. The rails, being laid perfectly level with the roadway, present no obstruction to the ordinary traffic. The perambulating wheel, which works in the grooved rail, is centered on a bar hinged to the fore-axle of the omnibus, and spurred to it on both sides, so that as the wheel traverses the groove the axle is necessarily at right angles to the rails. The perambulator is suspended by a chain attached to a lever fixed on the footboard, which the driver can raise or lower with his foot at pleasure, and thereby either keep or leave the rails. This facility of running off the rails renders it unnecessary (except in the case of very extensive traffic) to have a double line, as the single one can be left and then rejoined at any point. In quick curves, or junctions of streets, they may even be dispensed with altogether, the vehicle taking the ordinary road.

The advantages presented by the adoption of this patent, as laid down by the inventor, are as follows: Cheapness of construction, and applicability to streets and turnpike roads; adaptation of the rails to existing omnibuses, luries (?) or other vehicles, without alteration; no impediment to the ordinary traffic; reduction in the public highway rates, from the great saving effected in the repair of the roads, by the omnibus traffic being transferred from the road to the rails; increased ease and comfort in traveling; great saving in haulage power, and in wear and tear of rolling stock; absence of noise, dust, and mud. At Salford a line of Haworth's rails, from Pendleton to New-Bailey street, (nearly two miles,) has been in daily operation for above two months, giving great satisfaction, it is stated, both to omnibus proprietors and to the public.—*London Ill. News*.

SETTLING A CIVIL AND MILITARY DIFFERENCE.—A letter from Warsaw, in the *Précurseur d'Anvers*, gives the following strange account of the death of General Gerstenzweig:

"The general, partly from obedience to orders, partly from natural severity of disposition, had arrested a great many Poles, and had placed them in the citadel. Shortly after fears were entertained that an insurrection would break out, and that consequently numerous prisoners in the citadel would be an embarrassment. Accordingly, the commander of the fortress, in conjunction with Count Lambert, ordered several of them to be released. On hearing this, General Gerstenzweig went in a state of great irritation to Count Lambert, reproached him with having acted through fear, and called him a coward. As several officers of the staff were present, a duel seemed inevitable; but, as a hostile meeting between two such high personages at that moment might present great inconveniences, it was decided that one of the two should kill himself the same evening, and that lots should be drawn to decide which it should be. The lot fell on General Gerstenzweig, and he fired three times with pistols at his head, the last time inflicting a mortal wound. These incidents explain why General Lambert shortly after left suddenly for St. Petersburg."

THE man who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose.

DANGER OF BAD AIR.—When bad air works gradually, and is not directly obvious, its effects are not believed in. An accident which has recently happened to Sir F. Goodricke and his family at Studley Castle will probably have a good effect. According to the *Birmingham Post*, it would seem that to provide for the increasing severity of the weather the servants had commenced heating the various apartments of Studley Castle by the hot-air flues provided for that purpose. Whether from want of proper regulating, or from negligence in removing and not replacing the covers of the apertures, a large quantity of carbonic gas was emitted in the several rooms. The first to feel the perilous effects of this supercharged atmosphere was a lady visiting at the castle. Finding that she was rapidly becoming insensible, Sir Francis instantly set out for Mr. Morris, surgeon, who came at once, and on his arrival found that Lady Goodricke was also apparently dying. Mr. Morris soon divined the cause and took his remedies accordingly; but while he was attending to Lady Goodricke and the lady first seized, Sir Francis himself and Miss Goodricke also swooned. Every attention possible was given to the sufferers, and happily they were all ultimately restored.

A FIRE-PROOF DRESS.—The Emperor and Empress of the French have been witnessing, in the park at Compiègne, a trial, by Mr. Buvert, of a newly-invented fire-proof dress. A cottage was erected in the park for the purpose of the experiment. The frame-work of the building was iron, and the roof and walls were made of fagots and other combustible materials. Mr. Buvert's dress is described to be both water-proof and fire-proof, and is copiously stuffed with sponges sewed together. He wears a helmet like that of a diver, with an apparatus for supplying fresh air, and glasses to see through. At a signal from the Emperor he set fire to the temporary cottage; and when the flames had got well ahead he went into the midst of them several times, with perfect impunity. The experiment was considered to be entirely successful. Fire-proof dresses have been, of course, invented before, and have been exhibited in use; but practical difficulties have hitherto prevented their application to general purposes.

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck was to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you had only a shilling a week, was to live upon elevenpence and save a penny; good luck was to trouble your heads with your own business, and to let your neighbors alone; good luck was to fulfill the commandments, and do unto other people as we wished them to do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, because they were the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.—*De Fraine's Lectures.*

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

A LIVELY imagination is a great gift, provided education tutors it; if not, it is nothing but a soil equally luxuriant for all kinds of seeds.

INDEBTEDNESS OF THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH.—The mercantile indebtedness of the Southern to the Northern merchants has been ascertained from various sources of information, as follows: There is due the four cities of New-York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, about \$211,000,000, divided as follows: New-York, \$159,900,000; Philadelphia, \$24,600,000; Baltimore, \$10,000,000; Boston, \$7,600,000. In the dry-goods interest alone, in these cities, our estimates show that New-York loses \$75,000,000; Philadelphia, \$14,000,000; Baltimore, \$5,500,000; and Boston, \$2,000,000; making a total of indebtedness to the dry goods trade of \$97,500,000. The total liabilities of the South to the Northern States are estimated at \$300,000,000.

The *Bombay Gazette* says that a monster train, consisting of seventy-seven carriages, was run from Surat to Baroda, the day before the fair held on the Dussera festival. When it passed over the Taptee and Nurbudda iron bridges, the passengers offered to the rivers cocoa-nuts in such large quantities that the waters for the time seemed quite covered with them. It is said that this shower of cocoa-nuts was offered that the rivers, over which such monster trains were to pass, might not open "their wide mouths and swallow up the human freight."

A LEARNED young lady defines a thimble as a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

A RICH, miserly old widower, made a proposal of marriage to a young girl. He promised her every thing she wanted, if she would have him.—"Will you let me keep my carriage?" asked she.—"Yes," was the reply. They were married, and a carriage was purchased. "Where are the horses?" inquired the lady. "That's more than I bargained for," said old stingy, "I promised that you might keep your carriage. There it is. Keep it where you please, my dear!"

AS flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

THE talent of success is simply doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. Fame never comes because it is craved.

FINE connections are apt to plunge you into a sea of extravagance, and then not to throw you a rope to save you from drowning.

THE swan subdues the eagle when he attacks her on her own element; so the weakest may subdue the strongest foe, if he but keep his place and do his duty.

A bad word from a woman's lips is unnatural. We would as soon expect a bullet from a rosebud.

HE who puts a bad construction upon a good act reveals his own wickedness at heart.

LADIES are like violets—the more modest and retiring they appear, the more you love them.

THE FRENCH POST-OFFICE.—The receipts for the Post-Office in France have been constantly progressing since 1815. In that year they were 17,500,000*fr.*; in 1829, 30,500,000*fr.*; in 1847, 50,000,000*fr.*; in 1860, nearly 58,500,000*fr.*; and for 1862 they are estimated at 63,000,000*fr.*, of which 58,000,000*fr.* are for letters, 1,713,000*fr.* are for journals, the rest from the duty of 2 per cent on money orders, bank-notes, etc. In 1847 the sums sent through the Post-Office did not amount to 40,000,000*fr.*; in 1853 they exceeded 61,000,000*fr.*; and in 1861 they are estimated at 85,000,000*fr.* The increase in the Post-Office revenue is the more remarkable, that in 1847 the rate of postage was reduced, and that on Jan. 1, 1849, the uniform rate of 20 centimes was adopted. In 1847 the number of letters sent through the Post-Office was 126,480,000, and of them only 12,648,000 were prepaid; the proportion of the latter was 10 per cent. In 1860, 263,500,000 letters were conveyed by post, and of them 237,150,000, or 90 per cent, was prepaid. In 1860 the number of journals sent through the Post-Office was 121,340,000; and that of pamphlets, etc., to 57,800,000.

READING, WITHOUT BENEFITING, A POET.—I well remember the indignation of Wordsworth, as walking near his house he was accosted by one of those hordes of tourists that used to besiege him, who, holding up a book, exclaimed patronizingly: "Ah! Mr. Wordsworth, see, I read you!" "You read me, do you?" replied the poet, seizing the book, "and you think you do me a favor. Sir! this is a dead robbery." It was a pirated Paris edition; and the poet, returning the volume, went on, leaving the astonished tourist transfixed in the road. Wordsworth told me at that time—it was before Mr. Moxon paid him £1000 for a uniform edition of his works—that he had not then made £50 altogether by his works; yet there had been 120,000 copies of his poems sold in Paris, which were totally superseding all further chance of sale of his own edition.—*W. Howitt, in the "Critic."*

UTILIZING TIDES.—Let us suppose, says the *London Review*, that by the action of the tides, the difference of level of the surface of the ocean at a certain spot is 21 feet between high and low water; omitting for the present all consideration of the power of the subjacent liquid; what is the mechanical value of a space of 100 yards square of this water? 100 yards square by 21 feet deep equals 70,000 cubic yards of water, which is lifted to a height of 21 feet, or to 1,470,000 cubic yards lifted to a height of 1 foot. Now since one cubic yard of water weighs about 1683 pounds, 1,470,000 cubic yards weigh 2,474,010,000 pounds, which is lifted in six hours. This is equivalent to lifting a weight of 412,335,000 foot pounds in one hour; and, since one horse-power is considered equivalent to raising 1,800,000 foot pounds per hour, we have, locked up in every 100 yards square of sea surface, a power equal to a 230 horse power steam-engine; acting, be it remembered, day and night to the end of the time; requiring no supervision, and costing nothing after the first outlay but the wear and tear of machinery. By means of appropriate machinery connected with this tidal movement any kind of work could be readily performed. Water could be hoisted or air compressed to any desired extent, so as to accumulate power for future use, or for transport to distant stations. Light of surpassing splendor could be generated by means of magneto-electric machines; and, with a

very little exercise of ingenuity, every light-house on the coast could be illuminated with sun-like brilliancy and with absolutely no expenditure of fuel. An American many years ago (probably thirty) suggested various modes of utilizing the tides.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY IN IRELAND.—In the month of July last some ancient regal ornaments were found by a poor countryman. The circumstances attracted general attention throughout the country, and several parties expressed an anxiety to obtain the ornaments, which were of pure gold, and consisted of a crown and collar. An intimation was even sent through the authorities under the regulations of treasure trove, demanding the ornaments, of course at their proper value. They have since been publicly exhibited in the collection of the Dublin Society, and much admired by those who relish antiquarian researches. The Messrs. Hynes offered the countryman a handsome douceur if he would point out where he found the relics, but this the wily native knowingly declined to do, no doubt expecting that other articles of value might be discovered in the same locality. He has, however, at length divulged the particulars. The man resided at a place called Skea, near the celebrated ruins of Clannacnoise, on the brink of the Shannon. In the course of some agricultural operations he removed a large flag which opened the passage to a spacious cavern, in which were found the crown and collar, together with some ancient bronze weapons and several utensils used for culinary purposes. The discoverer of this singular labyrinth kept it concealed from the knowledge of any one for a considerable length of time, but at length he has been induced to show it to a very few individuals under a promise of secrecy; and, as he is about to leave this country for Australia, he intends for a consideration to lead the way to this curious subterranean chamber, evidently the retreat of the ancient monarchs who reigned in the locality. The intricacies of this hidden apartment possess many singular vestiges of a defunct race. It was, no doubt, at once a fortress and residence. The hard-pressed chieftain and his followers found in its recesses the most perfect security and concealment, for if any pursuers had the temerity to tread the tortuous windings of the entrance, certain destruction was sure to reach them ere they reached the apartments, several feet below the surface of what appears to be a lime-stone crag. Amongst other relics of bygone days are ten elaborately ornamental slabs, of an octagonal form, and bearing long inscriptions in the Ogham character. The discovery of this wonderful cavern throws much light on the legends of Bryan O'Donoghoe, and to this means of retreat from his enemies is no doubt due the story of his compact with the Evil One, from the consequences of which the Abbot St. Kieran is said to have released him.—*Dublin Paper.*

ALSO IN SCOTLAND.—Some discoveries of a remarkable character, says the *Scotsman*, have been made recently in Perthshire. Mr. Paterson, farmer Barns, on the estate of Kincardine, in the course of removing some stones from a knoll lying near the farmstead, came upon a flag of nearly a ton weight, under which a grave was discovered. The sides were formed of four flag stones placed on edge, and a similar one formed the bottom. The grave contained the remains of a human body, "which must have remained many hundred years." The space which contained the skeleton is about three feet and

a half long, barely two feet wide, and two deep. In this space the body could not, of course, have been laid at length, considering that the bones were those of a full-grown person. The grave is supposed to be that of a Roman. Several others of like description have been found in the district. More recently still another Roman grave has been found, within two miles of the same place, on the estate of Blackford. While a farmer was plowing, the implement came in contact with a Roman urn, containing a quantity of bones. The vessel was entire, with the exception of a portion of the bottom. As is very frequently the case, the urn was placed with the mouth downward, covering the bones; it was about 18 inches long, and 19 inches wide at the mouth. Numerous coins have been found in the same locality. "The troops of Agricola," says our authority, "on their march to the camp at Ardoch, came through Gleneagles, and, consequently, would pass near the spot indicated."

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.—A law reporter in Lord Eldon's Court had occasion to be absent whilst a case, not very entertaining or promising for a report, was dragging its slow length along. Handing his note-book to his friend, Mr. (afterward and now Sir George) Rose, the reporter requested he would take a note of any thing worth reporting in the case. To those who know the merry witty humor of the now retired judge, thus asked to furnish a report, the result might have been anticipated to be something droll. The reporter, on his return, opening the page of his manuscript book where the arguments and cases cited should have appeared, found instead the following lines:—

Mr. Leach made a speech
Angry, neat, and wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was prosy, dull, and long;
Mr. Parker made the case darker,
Which before was dark enough;
Mr. Cook quoted his book,
And the Chancellor said, "I doubt."

Of course these lines made the round of the bar, and were highly relished. Ultimately, they reached the Chancellor himself, who made known his acquaintance therewith in this wise. Mr. Rose some time after made a motion to the Chancellor, which his Lordship was obliged to refuse. Refusing it accordingly, he wound up his judgment by adding, "And in this case, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor has no doubt."

PHOTOGRAPHY ON WOOD.—The preliminary preparation of a wood-block by the artist, previous to the ordinary process of drawing on the design with pencil, is somewhat as follows. The surface of the block is lightly rubbed over with a very thin mixture of flake white and weak gum-water; to this some artists add a little finely-powdered brick-dust. The effect of this is to communicate a slight roughness to the surface, as well as to whiten the color for the reader throwing up of the fine lines of the pencil. The design is then drawn on this white surface, and the white parts are cut away, leaving the black pencil marks in relief. A process for photographing on wood, which I devised in the year 1847, seems not only to fulfill in the most perfect manner all the above-named conditions, but it has the further advantage of being absolutely identical in its

manipulations with the ordinary process through which every block goes preparatory to its being engraved. I merely substitute for the flake white in general use, another powder equally white and impalpable—the oxalate of silver. This is mixed with the usual proportion of gum, or plain water and brick-dust, and applied to the surface of the wood. That is all the preparation the block undergoes. It is now sensitive to light, and merely requires exposing to sunlight behind a photographic or other negative for a perfect copy of the required subject to be printed on it. When this is effected, the block is ready to be cut, being in all respects in the same state as when prepared by the draughtsman; the only conditions enforced on the engraver being his capability of translating tone into tone, and working either behind a pale yellow glass, or by artificial light.—*W. C., in the London Review.*

CALVIN AND KNOX.—A more careful study of the character of John Knox would dissipate many of the prejudices against this truly great man, and show that he was possessed of much broader sympathies and more liberal views than is commonly supposed. In this respect he suffers almost as much from misrepresentation as his friend Calvin.—*The Athenæum.*

SAL-AMMONIAC FOR A SNAKE-BITE.—Arriving one evening at a large settlement, we had scarcely installed ourselves in the Sheikh's rakuba when shrill cries of the women denoted the presence of death. The Sheikh informed us that a valued negress, who had reared his children, had been bitten by a serpent at the well; and so fatal was its venom that the negress would certainly die. To a request to see her, in order to apply some remedy, he replied that it was quite useless, the poison of the serpent being deadly. Persisting in my desire, I was shown into an inner court, where, extended on the ground, I found a powerfully constituted woman, past the middle age, in whom life was still apparent. Speechless, she could reply to none of my questions, but her weeping fellow-slaves told me that the reptile had bitten her in the foot. By the light of a candle I discovered a few small punctures on the right toe, and cutting into them with a razor, the blood flowed freely. From a small medicine-chest I produced a vial of sal-ammoniac, with which I saturated the wound I had made, and, mixing a dozen drops in some water, poured it down her throat. Then, bidding her master place her on a couch and cover her up well, I left the rest to Providence. Although I had effectually cured poisonous scorpion wounds, never having had a trial on serpent bites, I was by no means certain of success; and while thanking me for my attention, the Sheikh and the village wiseacres were certain death would ensue. My first thought in the morning was of the suffering negress, and to my astonishment they told me she was following her usual occupation of drawing water. It is needless to say that the surprise and gratitude of the Sheikh and inmates of his house were boundless; and although proud of my success, I was glad the departure of our caravan furnished me with an excuse to rid myself of the importunities of a crowd of real or pretended invalids.—*Petherick's "Soudan."*

ACROSS CHINA.—The following extract from a private letter by a member of the expedition which made the bold attempt to cross the Chinese Empire,

and by way of Tibet to reach India, gives a summary of results. It will appear from it that our countrymen penetrated the Empire to the extent of 1800 miles, having entered to a considerable length the border province, Szechuen, with its area of twice the extent of Britain, and computed population of 32,000,000.

"Our party penetrated 1800 miles into the interior, and then found the country so overrun with rebels that no men could be induced to accompany us, and no carriage of any sort was procurable; the townspeople in one place fired upon us, and though they could not have prevented our proceeding, it became evident that no one would be allowed to accompany us, and we were compelled to return. We have mapped the Yangtse River for 1000 miles higher than any Europeans had ascended, and collected all the information possible relative to the commerce and rebels of Western China."—*Letter from Shanghai, July 18th.*

PARIS ZONED WITH FLOWERS.—A curious project has just been submitted to the Municipality of Paris. The plan is to gird Paris with a zone of flowers. The gentleman who proposes this plan of a "*Jardin de Ceinture*" is said to be a celebrated botanist and agriculturist. He proposes to the state to transform the fortifications and earthworks facing the city, both of which are now so much unproductive waste ground, into a great *pépinière d'acclimation*, or a nursery for exotics of every possible kind, whether from hot or cold countries, according to the aspect of the ditch, wall, and earthworks. The administrators of this garden, which he guarantees to form with a given capital for a commencement of operations, would pay to the state a certain rent per hectare; undertake to cultivate no species of parasitical fruit or flower that would be injurious to the wall or difficult to remove in case an enemy was expected; to sell at a low market price the produce of the fortifications; and, in the space of two years and a half, to clear all the expenses that the society may incur in carrying out the project. Nothing can be more brilliant than the results which are promised.

An emerald has been found in the mines of Muco, South-Africa, weighing over two pounds and a half, the largest in the world.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Thou'rt walking in the sunshine,
Seem to gaze upon the light,
But never more shall sun or sky
Unto these orbs be bright.
The song of birds is on the breeze;
The meadows flushed with bloom;
But thou canst neither hear nor see,
Dark, silent as the tomb.

Thy wrinkled cheek bears passion's trace,
As dried-up rills leave tracks;
Alike, thy joy and anger gone,
The last hope fervor lacks:
The blushing beauty, who to thee
Seemed life, and was thy bride;
Her name, thou scarcely canst recall,
Or tell when 'twas she died.

How strange it seems, that thou hast been
A laughing, rosy boy;

Thy father's anxious hope and care,
Thy mother's tender joy:
That thou so feeble, blind, and deaf,
With schoolboys gamboled wild;
And clomb the mountain, skimmed the plain,
A reckless, fearless child.

Where are those youthful playmates now,
Where is that mother dear;
And where the friends of manhood's prime,
That thou'rt untended here?
Thou canst not tell, but like a stone
Reared o'er the silent dead;
Effaced by years, show time's have been,
Whose records all are fled.

And yet, as dying fires emit
Bright flashes as they close;
So memory may flash back the light
Of youth, its joys and woes:
'Tis sunset now; thy sun has set,
Fate soon shall smooth thy bed;
And few will miss that tottering step,
Or weep that thou art dead.

Is this the end of mortal hope?
Doth thus the warrior bend?
Forgotten by himself, can thus
The proud man homeward wend?
Ah! yea. All earthly things, as grass,
Must wither where they spring:
Fear not, O man! to meet thy God,
To dust forbear to cling!

J. W. THIRLWALL.

THE PASTIMES OF KINGS, EMPERORS, AND STATESMEN.—Ministers, conquerors, heroes of all descriptions, dance, fiddle, play chess, or flirt, by way of getting rid of care for a season. We all know how Cato played at dice, how Scipio gathered shells, how Augustus passed his time in tossing nuts with his grandchildren. Domitian and Commodus indulged in sports less innocent, the one impaling miserable flies, the other walking about dressed in a lion's skin like Hercules, knocking down those he met with a mighty club. We all know how Nero fiddled when Rome was burning. In modern times Henry IV. and our George III. were fond of galloping about the room with a prince or two on their backs; Charles IX., of gloomy memory, was fond of cards; Louis XIV. liked Molière and comedy; Louis XV., Pompadours and Du Barrys; Louis XVI., watch and lock-making. Napoleon the Great had very little time for amusement till he got to St. Helena, and there was small fun for him there; Charles X. was given to whist; our "gentleman George" passed his evenings and nights in debaucheries of all kinds. It would be an endless task to enumerate the pastimes of statesmen, philosophers, or men of letters, though an interesting and lively volume or two might be filled with such histories.

A TEST OF TRUE AFFECTION.—A middle-aged single man was dangerously ill at St. Omer's. He threatened to disinherit any nephew or niece that persisted in attending on him. All but one left him—of course they could not disobey these very strict injunctions of a dying man; but Josephine would not desert the sufferer—he might disinherit her, if he liked. He died; and it was then discovered that he had considered Josephine as the only relative who had

proved disinterested, and he left her all his property, valued at eighty thousand francs.

ONE reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any person who does not think more of what he has to say than of answering what is said to him.

GOOD THOUGHTS AND GUARDIAN SPIRITS.—The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, pure, and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS IN FRANCE.—The grave legal question as to the validity of the marriage of priests is about to be submitted to the Civil Tribunal of Perigueux. A priest, who had been debarred from the exercise of ecclesiastical functions, resolved to marry a young woman of Deuville, near that city; but the mayor of the village refused to perform the necessary formalities, and accordingly the priest has brought an action to try the question.

YOUNG GIRLS.—To our thinking there is no more exquisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age. There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendor of the day. There is at least full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dew-drop glistens on the half-opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of womanhood sparkles from the sports of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she foolishly aspires, she glides amongst her grosser play-fellows like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal-barges. Unconsciousness (alas! how soon to depart!), has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.

It is said that the photographic art in Paris, including all classes of photographic workmen, employs no less than ten thousand persons. The portrait card is the most profitable branch.

A FINE FAMILY.—As to the prolific capacity of the natives of Central Africa, the following incident is a testimony: At a village, named Goa, Dr. Barth made acquaintance with its chief, one Dood, whom, to get rid of the exigent swarm of his sable attendants, he invited to call upon him next morning, attended only by his sons. Before sunrise Dood appeared with forty grown-up men or strong striplings, saying he did not like to bring the little ones for fear of trespassing on his visitor's generosity. Being asked how many he had, he began to count them by breaking a reed into small pieces, (none of these negroes can count beyond ten,) and calling over ten names as he placed a piece before him on the deck, and, omitting the babies, he made the sum total seventy-three.

A MAN'S own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

TEN MEN STARVED TO DEATH IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—The whaler *Alert* arrived at Peterhead on Tuesday, from Cumberland Straits, where she was frozen in the whole of last winter, the crew having suffered great privations, and one half of them died from cold and scurvy. The *Alert* left Peterhead last summer, not intending to winter in the north; but, after several unsuccessful attempts to get out of the Gulf, was obliged to put back and bear up for Kitterton Island. Here the sufferings of the crew during a long Arctic winter were such as can not be described. Unexpectedly detained in that dark and desolate region, and unprovided with the comforts necessary for subsistence in the intense frost which prevailed, one after another the crew succumbed to the combined effects of cold and scurvy, until the half of the crew (ten) were dead, leaving only other ten, much enfeebled by disease. The horrors of such a winter may be conceived, as well as the emotions with which the survivors would hail the appearance of this year's ships. Quite unable to bring the vessel home themselves, the captains of the *Alibi* and *Arctic*, of Aberdeen, generously sent two boat's crews on board of the *Alert* to assist the remainder of her crew, and she arrived, as we have stated, at Peterhead on Tuesday, where her arrival with such melancholy news has overspread the town with the deepest gloom, all the crew belonging to that port.

"WELL, Jeems," said Zeb, "I kissed Julia for the first time last night, and I declare it electrified me."

"No wonder," said Jeems, "it was a galvanic battery."

A YOUNG WOMAN can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there is any nonsense in him, he is sure to talk it to her.

DURING an examination, a medical student being asked, "When does mortification ensue?" he replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered, 'No.'"

TO BLOOMING YOUNG MAIDENS who will one day be married, we would say a few words. A girl has fancies which she would like to gratify, fitting only for those of a heavier purse. Now then, while she is yet young, let her learn content. Let her not spend her money on gewgaws, unbecoming and unsuitable; let her fill her mind with stores of knowledge, her heart with faith and thankfulness, her hands with daily duties, and the plainest face will become so radiant that the eye of man will rest upon it with a lovingness which no gay attire could elicit. Happy in fulfilling her duties as a girl—happy in the gentle sway her virtues and her doings as a wife entitle her to—thrice happy in her maternity, training her children to walk in the footsteps of noble women and great men, and for a wider sphere in another world; and all this is in her power, without more wealth than a very limited income would suffice for.

LITTLE TROUBLES.—It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

THAT'S THE QUESTION.—What is the use of a seat of war to a standing army?

A SMILE may be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.